



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

IN A NEW WORLD

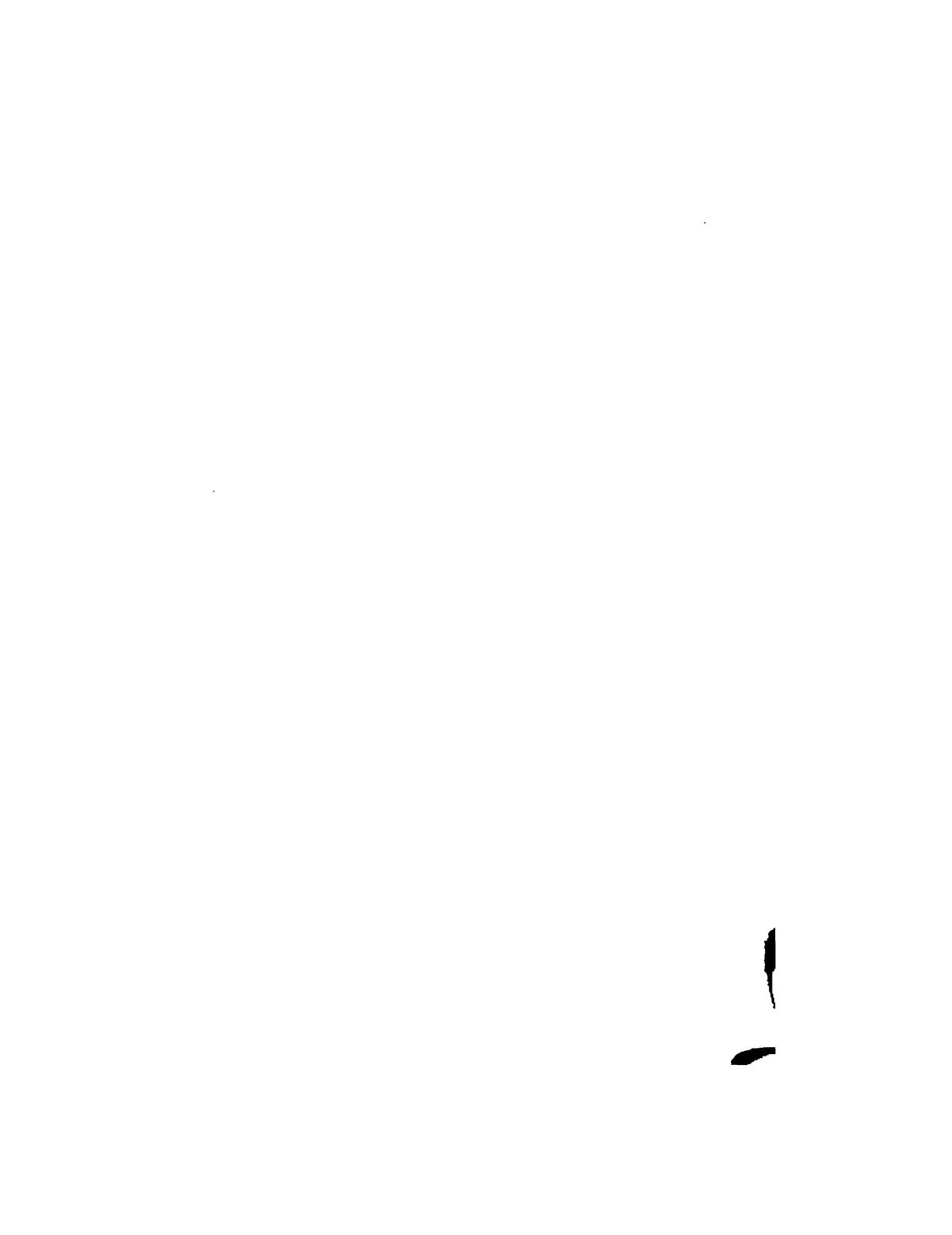
MRS. HANS BLACKWOOD



6. 1880.
for Dr. -

OHe^-

151 Edm





IN A NEW WORLD





IN A NEW WORLD

BY

MRS. HANS BLACKWOOD

IN ONE VOLUME

LONDON :
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1894.

All rights reserved.

ALE5367

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	COMING SHADOWS	1
II.	THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING	14
III.	IN THE LAP OF LUXURY	24
IV.	'THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE'	32
V.	'AS LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM'	43
VI.	'FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD'	55
VII.	RETURNING HOME	75
VIII.	A WOMAN OF THE WORLD	87
IX.	'UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE'	93
X.	FLEEING FROM SHADOWS	118
XI.	'IN POPULOUS CITY PENT'	131
XII.	IN SEARCH OF THE RUNAWAY	140
XIII.	'MUSIC HATH CHARMS'	151
XIV.	'KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN CORONETS'	167
XV.	THE SPELL OF THE SIREN'S SONG	177
XVI.	THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN	194
XVII.	'BE SURE TO BE OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE'	213

CHAP.		PAGE
XXVIII.	'BEFORE YOU ARE ON WITH THE NEW'	228
XIX.	DISMISSED	238
XX.	BACK AT EXTON PARK	250
XXI.	A MISUNDERSTANDING	262
XXII.	DAISY GOES ABROAD	268
XXIII.	A CHANCE ENCOUNTER	277
XXIV.	IN THE TOILS	286
XXV.	OUT OF TRIBULATION	297

IN A NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

COMING SHADOWS.

'But who shall tell, when want and pain have crost
The clouded light of some forsaken day,
What germs of beauty have been crushed and lost,
What flashing thoughts have woken to fade away ?'

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

IT was a dull autumn day; the leaves of the sycamores had nearly all fallen, and strewed the short drive (avenue it could hardly be called) which led to Exton Park.

The trees were so diminutive, that to an eye not accustomed to the stunted growths on the northern coasts of England, they would immediately have suggested the idea of Chinese trees,

whose branches, in the circumference of a flower-pot, imitate those of the gnarled, knotted forest oaks. 'Park' too—the place had nothing of that about it, excepting the name, for 'down of our country' they call fields 'parks,' and a large one which lay in front of the house was nearly all the 'acreage which belonged to the mansion.'

An iron railing separated the field from a few stiff flower-beds which fronted the windows. The frost had blackened the dahlias, and nothing seemed to prosper except the box edging, which was both luxuriant and disorderly. Several iris, growing in spite of the east wind, stood on the grass, and were the only things which gave an idea of shelter about the house—a dark-grey stone building, with three heavy stone windows on each side the portico.

The sea, some half-a-mile off, hardly formed a redeeming point in the landscape, seen as it was through the gaps in the low sand-hills, behind which were the 'golf-links,' but only temporary ones, for along the shore their size and shape often altered as the sea encroached, when every strong wind and tide covered the smooth 'greens' with

shingle, and the bright little scarlet flags were for ever being swept away.

Flat fields, red-roofed cottages, a coal-pit in the distance, and the straight lines of the plantations, were the principal features of the country, which could be seen from the front windows of Exton Park —nothing picturesque or in the smallest degree interesting. A girl was looking from one of the deep mullioned windows in the drawing-room, sometimes working, sometimes studying the landscape, with that expression of face which may betoken either deep thought or utter vacancy, one cannot always decide which. She rose as she heard the sound of wheels on the carriage drive, and then one saw that she was thin rather than slender, but she was well and strongly built. She was fair, very fair, and her grey eyes large and handsome. Her mouth too was rather large, showing a somewhat irregular row of pearly white teeth when she smiled. It was a sweet, bright, winsome face, on which the sun seemed ever shining, glinting in the golden hair, kissing the rosy lips and peach-like cheeks, shooting his beams into the large wondering eyes, lurking in the dimples in

cheek and chin, altogether making his home with her.

She went to the hall door, and met a tall, middle-aged man, with a face clean-shaven except for a well-tended moustache, the usual military adornment. Her voice was low and full as she welcomed her uncle, and asked for news in a general way, although she must have known that nothing very remarkable had in all probability happened that day at Burton, the large manufacturing town where her uncle drove in most days to shop.

‘Women are always insatiable about news; I never knew such creatures,’ answered Colonel Burgoyne, with an air of benignant superiority. ‘No, I saw no one, and heard nothing; met Bob Stanley twice in the street, that’s all; bought some mackerel cheap, they’ve had a great haul to-day. Got seven for a shilling; tell your aunt to have them all pickled, they’ll save the butcher’s bill. But stop, Daisy, I am forgetting. I have some news for you.’

‘Well, uncle?’

‘Well, miss, I have heard from Charlie Herrick.

You won't have him home yet; I don't know but what it is as well. You are young enough in all conscience; time enough, time enough,' and the Colonel smiled in a meaning sort of way.

There was but little disappointment visible in Daisy's face, but fortunately her uncle was not observant, and besides, had his own opinions as to the nature, habits, and customs of girls, into whose dispositions he believed that he possessed a special insight.

'Here is the letter, and one enclosed for you; and now be off, my dear, for I have plenty to do before dinner.'

Daisy Burgoyne slowly betook herself to her own room, and sat down leisurely to read her letter. Letters in this handwriting had never stirred up in her heart any feelings of love; was it that they reminded her she was no longer free, or was it that she had no heart to be stirred into love?

She was an orphan, and had but a childish recollection of either father or mother. She had lived at first with her grandmother, and at her grandmother's death had come to Exton. Five

years had passed since, at fifteen, she had become one of her uncle's family. He had taken on himself even from the time that she was left an orphan all the material responsibility of a father. He had always cared in his way for her, her interests, if they did not in any way interfere with his own, self being ever his first consideration; but he never suffered his wife to fail in any outward forms of affection towards his niece Daisy.

Her father, the eldest son of a poor country gentleman, died soon after he succeeded to his property, worse than penniless. Whether the little money that yet remained to Daisy would ever be recovered for her seemed doubtful, very doubtful. It was invested in collieries, from which it seemed inclined never to arise, and had all been muddled away in some inexplicable manner of which nobody could even desire to attempt an explanation.

Nearly a year ago Daisy had become engaged to Captain Herrick, the man whose letter her uncle had just given her.

Colonel Burgoyne and his wife were both on the matrimonial side. There was no other special

vocation for her in view. Mrs Burgoyne's own girls were growing up (and growing up very plain, short, square, and uninteresting, like their mother), and it was more than urgent that pretty Daisy Burgoyne, with her sweet winning ways and graceful figure, should be removed from the family circle at Exton Park. This, with all the other little considerations which generally influence so largely great decisions, carried the day, and Daisy was told that she *must* accept Captain Herrick's offer; marriage, loveless or otherwise, must be her fate.

She opened her letter, a very uninteresting composition, with many desires for a speedy return, and some very dull particulars of the society of Cape Town and the customs and manners of the natives. It seemed to tell the tale of the writer's character—an upright, finikin handwriting, and in spite of the uprightness a something wavering and uncertain about it, like that of a school-girl. If he had not taken great pains it would have sloped and straggled untidily. There was little or nothing of love in it, only one or two set phrases on the subject, which, altered and trans-

posed, were originally the same ; these generally appeared just before he signed himself—‘Yours most heartily and affectionately.’

A few days before he joined his regiment, the 8th King’s Own, and sailed for the Cape, an accident had brought his proposal for Daisy to a climax. He had known her for nearly a year, but he had never ventured to tell her how much he loved her, or to ask her to be his wife. He would probably have gone away, and his declaration have remained unspoken, had not Colonel Burgoyne one day, when they were sitting smoking in the garden, remarked that he did not know what the deuce he was to do with Daisy. He had made an unlucky speculation which involved the loss of part of her small inheritance, and he could not afford to keep her with six children growing up, expenses increasing every day, and income decreasing in alarming measure, with those dreadful collieries going to the bad.

Captain Herrick felt his moment had arrived ; he told the Colonel how he loved Daisy Burgoyne. He had, besides his pay, some few hundreds a year of his own, and if the Colonel, as her guardian,

would give his consent, he would try to win her love, which he did not feel at all sure of at present.

And so the matter was settled, and Colonel Burgoyne was really pleased. She could not have done better—so he thought—and if her father were alive he would be, or at all events ought to have been, satisfied. The Colonel had Daisy into his room for a few minutes' talk; he told her all the advantages she would have in promising to be Captain Herrick's wife, and all the disadvantages of refusing him, and after a little hesitation Daisy was talked into it.

Of course her aunt, Mrs. Burgoyne, heartily approved, for Daisy had been rather an anxiety to her in many ways; she was so tall, and took so many yards of stuff to make her a gown, which meant so many shillings more out of her slender purse than what she had to spend on her own dear dumpy girls.

Mrs. Burgoyne was kinder to her than usual that evening, and sat chatting about her future prospects, which from a worldly point of view were fairly good, and Daisy felt that she had some-

how grown taller and broader, and the flounces of her dress seemed to rustle consequentially along the passage as she went towards her room.

It is hopeless to attempt the description of a woman; all that is most attractive in her beauty can be neither rendered by pen nor pencil, nay, not even by the boasted fac-simile of a photograph. Large grey eyes, deep, soft, winning; a colouring like the delicate pink of the inner petals of a moss rose; silky hair, golden brown in the shade and a glorious hue in the sun; a rounded outline of form, less that of the nymph than of the goddess, and the graceful yet dignified bearing of a queen—what is all this but a commonplace, good-looking girl, defined in commonplace words as a botanist might define a flower? Does it not utterly fail to paint that rarest and most dangerous combination, the ideal united with the physical type of womanly perfection; the form that can alike win devotion and command respect; the beauty to dream of, to worship, and to caress?

Daisy Burgoyne made a pretty picture as she sat half hidden by the red damask cushions on a sofa in the drawing-room at Exton Park.

The morning after Captain Herrick had got permission to ask her to be his wife, the door was thrown open wide and he was announced. Daisy rose to meet him with just a shade of shyness about her. The proposal was soon made, without much demonstration or sentiment. Daisy listened silently—she rather liked being liked, everybody does. To be honestly and heartily made love to always carries some weight with it, even though the feeling be all on one side, and she felt a certain degree of responsibility at being the recipient of such an expenditure of deep feeling. It was altogether a new experience, a new sensation to her. She had lived in such a cold world. She did not say much herself; she was not quite sure if she cared for Charlie Herrick; certain she was that she did not *love* him. But her youth had not been an enviable one, and indeed her share of happiness in life was none of the largest, therefore she thought that life with any one else would be better than vegetating with her uncle and aunt at Exton.

A young lady's first offer, like a young sportsman's first partridge, combines the two very

agreeable elements of novelty and success, nor does the one or the other devote much consideration to the intrinsic value of the bird in the bag.

Charlie refused to stay for the Exton Ball which was in prospect; it was the one piece of dissipation, the only one ball in the year, and Daisy had rather looked forward to having him there. He could have stayed if his fidgety, punctilious love of order had not taken him to Portsmouth two days earlier than he really need have gone. Daisy found that this her first wish was disregarded, and Charlie's energetic declaration, 'that all through life she might do what she liked with him,' was, in point of fact, but a figure of speech. She was not in the least hurt, but the heights of responsibility upon which she dwelt the day before were somewhat lowered.

Charlie set calmly forth on his three years' devotion to his country, well pleased and contented with his lot. He was a matter-of-fact sort of lover, and attached no idea of insecurity to a long engagement. Aunt Charlotte would have regarded too hasty a marriage as absolutely in-

decorous; with her narrow-minded ideas she thought all young people should really know one another thoroughly before they took the sacred vow, and Colonel Burgoyne, who had settled all things without consulting either of them much, had no idea of a woman not waiting three years, or even thirty, if her parents or guardians wished it.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOUD WITH THE SILVER LINING.

'Why are we weighed down with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?'

TENNYSON.

A FEW errant gleams of sunshine found admittance through the small panes, and danced and flickered about—some on the bare walls, with only here and there a text or coloured print, and some on the faded carpet in Daisy's room, as the autumn breeze capriciously tossed the rustling leaves outside. One of the golden intruders fell across Daisy's often-washed white dress, and seemed to linger tenderly on the slim fingers that were holding her letter, which, when she had finished, she pushed impatiently away from her. When she lifted up her face it looked cold and

distressed, yet even with such disadvantages the yellow sunbeams might have travelled far and wide before they found a sweeter and lovelier face on which to rest.

But the revelation of her beauty has yet to come to Daisy Burgoyne. As she stood up, pushing her wealth of hair carelessly back, and looked into her small mirror, she knew of course that she was beautiful, but she realized no more than the merest child what a potent power in this planet of ours—a power setting at defiance all other powers—such beauty could be made.

She went hastily down to dinner, which passed off much as usual. Aunt Charlotte was occupied by an impartial examination of the shortcomings of Miss Dobson, the governess who taught the children French and music, and heard the eldest boy his declensions, though herself quite ignorant of the Latin tongue. Uncle George never talked when he had nothing to say, and was therefore silent.

Aunt Charlotte was a short stout woman with a florid complexion. In her youth it had been often compared to lilies and roses, but now, alas!

the roses reigned supreme, though at a distance, well dressed, she still made a show. She would have bullied her husband if she could, but as it was she fell back upon the children, servants, Miss Dobson, and Daisy, who, as she grew older, was gradually losing the dread she had once felt for her aunt. Mrs. Burgoyne was called a kind-hearted woman; that is to say, she was kind when neither her self-love was touched nor her jealousy aroused; easily flattered, and jealous of the affections of others, very spiteful, in a sanctimonious, self-righteous manner if she conceived herself in any way injured, eager for authority, and always insisting upon giving everybody else advice. She was intensely limited, but possessed a simple, undoubting faith in her own capacity; perhaps she was right, for she was often called amongst her friends a most agreeable and superior woman.

‘There is an invitation for you, Daisy, to stay at Eversholt Hall. Mrs. Garside will be there; they are not my style of people; she *is* agreeable, I believe, but it is not the sort of agreeability which I like.’

Mrs. Burgoyne said this with the air so many people affect when owning to the cleverness of others, with an air of reluctant defiance, when it intrudes itself upon them too evidently to be denied. Their manner seems to express: 'Yes—well—So-and-So may be amusing, and I dare say is. I could be amusing too if I liked, but I don't like.'

15 'I give Daisy leave to go,' said Colonel Burgoyne dogmatically to his wife. 'It is good for girls to see a little of the world—a *little* of the world—not too much.'

Daisy was rejoiced; here was emancipation from her gloomy life. She was really delighted at the prospect of her visit, she had so few pleasures, and going to Eversholt stood to her in the place of balls, flirting, and all such female diversions, for none of which she had the least taste, that is to say, she firmly believed so, but then so far in her life she had had little chance of trying.

Sir Henry and Lady Parker were the owners of Eversholt Hall. It was a fine old house, and stood on an eminence overlooking the well-

timbered park that sloped down to the sea. I say well-timbered, but only in the number of trees, certainly not their size, for nothing in the way of a tree ever grew higher than twelve feet in the bleak, cold sea air that blew across the hills of Blankshire.

The Parkers, or rather Sir Henry, who was an old college friend of Daisy's father, had always taken an interest in the little orphan girl, and since Daisy had grown up generally asked her to stay with them at least once a year. So the question of Daisy's visit was settled, and the conversation returned to its usual monotonous course.

One other person yet remains to be described, and the family party will be complete—Miss Gordon, commonly called Aunt Gordon, Colonel Burgoyne's aunt, and consequently Daisy's great-aunt. She was old and rich—very rich. Mrs. Burgoyne principally valued her for what use she might be to the children now, and what she might possibly do for them in the future. Colonel Burgoyne thought his aunt rather a tiresome old lady in her way, but still had a certain amount of

affection for her; and Daisy, who was young and impulsive, did not very deeply regard her seemingly passive amiability—‘she was good and kind, but certainly very wearying occasionally.’

If Aunt Gordon had only known what the three thought of her she would not perhaps have been so generous and civil. The large hampers at Christmas, with turkeys, Stilton cheese, and many other excellent viands, besides sundry clothes for each member of the family, these would have ceased to find their way to Exton; but she did not know, and so they came each year with the most rigid punctuality, two days before Christmas Day.

She had just now asked Daisy to go back to London with her and pay her a visit, but such a needless, frivolous expense her aunt would not hear of. London was a bad place for girls, and she easily persuaded the Colonel that Daisy was *not* to go.

‘Well, when I’m married you’ll just ask me, aunt?’ whispered Daisy in a defiant under-tone; ‘when I’m married.’

‘Yes, my dear, I will; but you know matri-

mony cannot be all visiting, pleasures, and amusements,' said Aunt Gordon, reprovingly.

'Oh, of course not,' said Daisy. 'I mean to set up a little Exton of my own, a well-ordered paradise,'—mockingly—'but I mean to have some fun, and I'll get an outing sometimes,' she added in the true North-country chant.

'Don't be foolish, my dear, and reckon upon marriage only as a means of—'

'Oh, all right, dear aunt, certainly not. Shall I read to you? I know your eyes are weak to-night,' said Daisy, not wishing to have the sermon continued.

'No, thank you, my dear. I want to finish this stocking, and I cannot count the stitches when you read.'

None of the party was more grateful than Daisy when bed-time came; the evenings at Exton were more dreary and monotonous than the days. Aunt Charlotte was always occupied in mending the children's clothes, or knitting stockings and socks for them. The Colonel went off to his den to smoke his pipe—not always one of peace, for there were certain financial difficulties

which would always flutter through his brain when he sat down in his room alone. Daisy was left to amuse herself in the evenings as best she could.

Aunt Charlotte had always more or less looked upon Daisy as a needless expense, as a needless trouble, and she could not hide from herself the fact that her niece was growing into an exceedingly lovely girl, and consequently might be a certain anxiety. When sometimes Daisy's spirits rose in childish mirth, they were the next moment crushed out of her, and she felt as though she must run away from it all somewhere —she knew not where. It seemed as if her longing could almost wrench from fate the arrears of life and love that were due to her. It was an undefined desire, this craving for happiness; she honestly believed that mere freedom would satisfy it, and she knew she never, never could get it at Exton.

Aunt Gordon went back to London, and the days passed away as many more had done before. Mrs. Burgoyne never came into the drawing-room in the morning, so Daisy had it all to herself, when not working or acting as a sort of vice-house-



keeper for her aunt, who thought part of a young lady's education was to be taught to do the useful things of life. This was the only quiet part of the day for Daisy; in the afternoon she always had to take a constitutional with Aunt Charlotte, and a drive into Burton occasionally with Colonel Burgoyne was the only variation in her monotonous life. It was a very dull, comfortless existence that she led; no wonder that she longed to get away from it. It was but a gloomy home for a young thing like Daisy to grow up in; the cold, bleak rooms would re-echo drearily to her light, springy step, and she felt out of place. They did not want her there—they could not want her. She had never received any tenderness from either of them; but her uncle had been kind to her in all material things, and she was burdened with a sort of remorseful gratitude towards him. She did not know always how to express her gratitude, and she constantly reproached herself for not loving him better.

He was an irritable, imperious man, something of a martinet, not enduring that one of his family should have an opinion of their own. Mrs.

Burgoyne would sometimes assert herself, and then would ensue a conjugal dispute, in which the lady generally got the best of it;—luckily these did not often occur. He was a curious man in some ways. Daisy's reserve and passiveness did not always please him; he would have taken contradiction better from her. She had the habit of being afraid of him, and all her efforts at approach only made her feel distinctly that they were far more familiar than intimate.

She had no friends of her own age; her only girl friend was a Miss Sawyer, who lived with her father about six miles from Exton; but she was so patronizing, Daisy did not care to see much of her, and Aunt Charlotte considered herself 'County,' and did not wish to associate with the Burton society. Their county friends were few and far between, so that no young life could possibly be much more wretched. She didn't expect letters by every post like other girls; the coming of the postman never stirred her pulse in the least. She had no one to write to her except Charlie Herrick, and his letters never stirred up any feelings of excitement.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE LAP OF LUXURY.

'A still small voice spake unto me,
Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?'

TENNYSON.

IT was a very different life at Eversholt Hall, and though only in the next county, you might well have fancied it another country altogether. The last days of September were going out with the rich tints of autumn and the sunny skies of June. The scarlet geraniums in the flower-garden surfeited the eye with their bright masses loading the shaven sward; the tall hollyhocks reared their gaudy rosettes above a splendid confusion of verbena, petunia, anemone, and calceolaria spangled with spots of gold. The pendant fuchsias drooped in their last loveliness, and the sweet heliotrope exhaled her dying fragrance ere she sank to

decay ; only the roses were past. All was left that could extort admiration, but the balmy scent that gives its dearest charm to the summer garden was gone with the summer prime.

The Hall stood rather low down on the side of a hill amid a lovely scene ; the old oaks grew apart one by one, dotting the undulating park, where the deer browsed lazily in the shade, and the white swans glistened on the burnished surface of the lake. The distant voices of the harvestmen came sweetly blending with the hum of insects in the sun-dried air, and the wood-pigeon cooing softly in the leafy depths of the trees ; and ever and anon, smiting sweeter and sweeter upon the ear, sounded the chimes, striking faintly from the square tower of the far-away village church. It was a dear old place, with its red-brick wings and white portico, with all sorts of architectural incongruities.

There was still sunshine on the hills opposite the house. The gentlemen had not yet come in from shooting, and Lady Parker and Mrs. Garside were sitting over the fire, in the midst of a long and intimate conversation. Dress and sentiment,



intellectualities and actualities, people one cultivates for pleasure and those you are obliged to know; all these were talked over and despatched in that quick, womanly way, where one word must explain the whole. What *can* the weaker vessels do when left to follow the devices and desires of their own hearts; what but enlarge upon the follies from which, happily, *they* are exempt?

Evelyn Garside was not pretty in the strict acceptation of the word—not pretty, if regular features are all that make the beauty which dwells the longest in our recollection; but a thousand pretty women have faded from my memory, while this one, with her faults and her graces, her enthusiasm and her worldliness, her simplicity and her vanity, is still before me.

She was fair, if not ‘divinely tall,’ though enemies would have called her colouring *fade*; but no one who had ever seen her face change as she told a thrilling story, or felt her smile when she wished to please (and it was her wish pretty often), could have thought her so. She dressed, too, to perfection, and was never to be surprised in unbecoming colours or costume; while her

figure, which had always been her strong point—and a very strong point such a figure is—preserved its symmetrical outline, though its owner was a good deal past thirty—indeed as far past as she well could be.

Lady Gertrude Parker was a great contrast to her friend and old school-fellow. Tall, but rather awkward, ‘fine-looking’ some people might have called her; but few would have said ‘pleasing.’ She had a good deal of capacity, yet did not possess the art of making the most of herself. Less good-looking people than she was have often been called pretty, and those who far less deserved it—clever. Singularly devoid of all those small attractions which give success in society, she had been taught to consider society her vocation.

Her mother, an extravagant, brilliant woman, who did succeed in the world, brought her out in vain. It appeared that neither success nor husband were in store for her. Poor Gertrude! She was romantic, and her ideas of a husband were rather exacting.

But her day came at length; a worthy, prosaic

gentleman, Sir Henry Parker, fell in love with her, and she contented her mother by accepting him. But she was terribly disappointed in him and could not love him, and showed it in her sarcasm, which was not natural, but had grown upon her. What is a sarcastic, bitter tone, after all, but the expression of disappointment, more wearisome sometimes than open appreciation, though gaining less distinction for itself. Neither so ready nor so expensive as Evelyn, it was the great difference between them which constituted their mutual attraction.

Evelyn had married for love; she had a warm, genial heart. Some of her friends thought her too gushing, too effusive, but she could not help it, it was her nature. Luxuriously brought up by a strict, over-bearing step-mother, she had always looked forward to falling in love as a great entertainment and delectation. She had a *grande passion* for her husband, and for a short time they simply worshipped each other, whilst her visions and dreams of life seemed more real and better fulfilled than those of most people. But in time there fell some shadows upon her pleasant exist-

ence. The silver lining that there is to some happy clouds had begun to grow dim, and clouds dark and grey began to hover and spread out around her.

What it all was she could not tell. She, her husband, or somebody had been extravagant, and their pretty London house had to be given up, and Jack Garside fell ill. It was whispered too that he had not been quite so kind to her as he might have been—that he had not behaved to her in all things as he should have done; but then these were only the whisperings of society, and like all such whisperings not in any way to be relied on. At any rate Evelyn never spoke ill of her husband—was never heard to utter a word against him; he might have been all that society said he was, but if she suffered, she suffered silently.

He was away in the south of France now for his health, and did not care to have her with him; it was better in every way, so he said, and more economical, that she should stay with his people, or at least make her home there for a time.



‘In the spring he would rejoin her,’ she said rather languidly to Lady Parker, as they sat chatting in the large hall at Eversholt, over their afternoon tea; and perhaps Evelyn had no great desire that the spring should come quickly.

‘And what shall you do then?’ asked Lady Gertrude, with a woman’s curiosity.

‘Do? Why, we must settle somewhere or other,’ responded Evelyn. ‘Jack may perhaps get a place somewhere, and something to do, or get an appointment in India, or some outlandish country.’

‘And shall you go with him?’

‘Yes, I suppose I must; but I shall not stay long,’ said Evelyn, with a wilful, merry look. ‘Still, I can’t be too much away from Jack,’ she added, more softly; ‘he does not like it, I don’t know why, for he does not seem to care much about me now. He was pleased once when anybody admired me; but now he sneers when they do, and seems to be jealous.’

‘You are right, my dear. You must not be too much away from him, it would never do,’ said Lady Gertrude, who was generally practical in her

remarks. ‘I believe you have more influence over him than it pleases you to own in your melancholy moods.’

‘Influence over some people, perhaps, but not over him,’ she replied sadly.

‘Yes, you have power over some people, I know—Ernest Buchanan for one.’ And Evelyn Garside smiled rather consciously, for Lady Parker had thrown a spark upon a flame which was still smouldering beneath the exterior decorations of that graceful form. Evelyn had known a touch of romance; now she knew—sometimes, alas! to her pain—the effect of the dreams which follow upon the heels of romance. It is often so with sweet, susceptible women. Fate paints a picture for them, rosy with unalloyed happiness, and bids them view it only, not possess it. That picture is the Pisgah of their life; and as with a fond and lingering look they gaze upon it, all their soul seems to concentrate in one despairing sigh which shapes itself into the ineffably mournful music of ‘what might have been.’

CHAPTER IV.

‘THERE’S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE.’

‘Oh, land first seen when life lay all unknown,
Like an unvisited country o’er the wave.’

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE day came for Daisy’s anticipated visit, but Mrs. Garside had left when she arrived at Evers-holt, and the party only consisted of an aunt of Lady Parker, one or two sporting men, and Mr. Buchanan, a distant cousin of Daisy’s, whom she had never seen.

She felt very childish and small as she went down the broad oak staircase, wondering to herself what the people would be like, and wishing that her shabby old ball dress could by any possibility look like the smart, dainty tea-gowns of the other ladies.

When she entered the drawing-room the two

ladies were standing in the window, and a tall man leaning by the fire turned round and courteously claimed Miss Burgoyne's acquaintance on the score of cousinship—distant cousinship, certainly, but still how useful they sometimes are—relationships that can expand or contract to suit the surroundings. Ernest Buchanan's greeting was so easy and self-possessed, so unlike the usual spasmodic civilities of the few men she had ever met, that Daisy seemed to feel at home with him at once. He was one of those comely, cheerful, plausible individuals who are so popular with the world. The men voted him such a good fellow, because, forsooth, he was ready at any hour to eat and drink, to play whist or billiards, smoke or join in any diversion that was uppermost. Always well got up, thanks to Mr. Poole, his London tailor, always fresh-coloured and healthy-looking, thanks to his digestion, which was indeed faultless—and long-suffering, for it had an arduous task—constitutionally good-humoured, and displaying habitually that superficial cordiality which supplies its possessor with so many acquaintances, but perhaps fewer friends.



He was an acquisition to every pleasure-party, a welcome guest in every country house, a necessary feature of every race meeting or other public gathering of the thoughtless and the gay. The very gipsy girls at Ascot knew Ernest Buchanan too well to offer to tell him his fortune. 'You've got it in your face, me dear,' they would say, peering roguishly up into his well-favoured countenance, flushed with luncheon and success. 'There's luck in the tone of your voice, and luck in the turn of your eye, and it's no use to look in your hand with such a beautiful moustache as yours. Give the poor gipsy half-a-crown.' Nor was the flattery undeserved. Ernest Buchanan's moustache was indeed worthy of the pains he bestowed upon it.

The butler threw open the door with great pomp with the welcome announcement of dinner. Sir Henry led the way with the Vicar's wife—an extremely comely personage—finding even his own capacious doorways much too small for the passage of two such 'first-raters' alongside. The Vicar followed with Lady Parker's aunt, and thinking probably much more of the good things in store

for him than of the lady on his arm. Daisy fell to the lot of an innocuous young gentleman, the son of a neighbour of no particular calibre, who always agreed with everybody; and Lady Parker was led in by an old, wizened individual in a black stock and with only one eye. Bent, shrunk, and faded he was, with the star of a bullet-mark on his cheek-bone. What a life had his been, compared to any of the others! He had led three forlorn hopes; had been broke by court-martial; had married a West Indian heiress, been ruined and divorced; had been a slave-dealer, perhaps a pirate; commanded a free corps in South America; had seen life in all its most thrilling phases, and its most varied ups and downs. Now he lived in lodgings in London (when he was not staying about with friends), and was glad to get a good dinner when he was invited to one, and a chop and a glass of stout for a shilling when he was not.

On entering the dining-room, and taking the Vicar's daughter to the far end of the table, Ernest Buchanan found that fate had been propitious, and that the vacant chair for his occupation was next to Daisy.

Lady Parker, with her high colour and dark-brown hair, looked extremely well in a deep rose-pink gown, just a little overdone with trimmings, and 'did the honours,' as ladies call it, gracefully enough. Her slight touch of shyness was less awkward than engaging. Sir Henry was at the bottom of the table, shining with good-humour. This was his hour of the day; he dearly loved his dinner. The turtle was clear and excellent, its green fat glutinous and abundant. 'The blest sherbert sublimed with snow' had been but ditch-water compared with the iced rum punch over a hundred years old.

I have heard it affirmed by the vanity of man, that if you wish to do the agreeable to a fair neighbour at the dinner-table, it is judicious to abstain from hurrying her at first, and to give her plenty of time to take off her gloves, and to find a secure place for her fan (which generally arrives under the table, and has to be dived for at the peril of creasing your shirt-front and collar). When she has pecked at her food like some dainty bird, and sipped at her champagne, and has had leisure to look about her, it is time enough to

hazard the first observation. This is probably a harmless platitude, provoking an equally harmless reply; but from that moment your boat is launched, you are afloat on the stream that leads —who knows where? *Dieu vous garde.* If you get capsized, you are more likely to sink than swim.

Daisy had stolen a good look at her neighbour, with the full glare of wax candles (unshaded) lighting upon his face, whilst he was dutifully conversing with Miss Brown. His manner had a charm in it that seldom failed to work its way. She was quite sorry when it was time to retire to the drawing-room. She had greatly enjoyed her hour at the dinner-table in her own quiet way, but she shot a parting glance at Ernest Buchanan —which was entirely lost on its object—who was at that moment reaching over for the grapes, and obeying his host's injunctions to close in.

Daisy was sitting on a large old-fashioned sofa in the corner when the gentlemen came in, talking with the prosaic Miss Brown. She had wondered during dinner what Mr. Buchanan could have found to say to her, she seemed so stupid;



and now she was wondering whether he would come and speak to her. He stood turning over the leaves of the *Queen*, which lay upon the table, and looked up as if he was uncertain where he should place himself. A more fastidious woman than she was might have watched him, and felt pleased that he should talk to her. In a few moments he put down the paper, came towards her, and sinking into a comfortable-looking arm-chair, remained there till the music began. He talked as other clever people talk every night—that brilliant, fascinating talk which is so easily attained, and can be caught almost with the atmosphere you live in—those terse, picturesque expressions which the current wisdom of the age affords.

It was a strange enlightening and widening of Daisy's view of existence. She knew nothing of the books or the life which might enable others to talk like him. To her he was not only the clever man that saner eyes would have seen, but he filled up the whole space which her mental vision could embrace. She had always lived in a passive state of intellectual inanition, and now her in-

tellect and heart seemed one, felt thoroughly aroused, fully satisfied.

Miss Brown, still hankering after her imagined conquest of Ernest Buchanan, was of course asked to play. Equally, of course, she did play—accurately, conscientiously, in excellent time, and without a particle of taste or feeling; on and on, like a musical-box wound up, only stopping when the spring has run down—the rest of the party hovering round the pianoforte, and expressing their approval with much cordiality. So Miss Brown put on her bracelets once more, assumed her handkerchief, and said, 'Thank you, Mr. Buchanan,' for her gloves, and looked as if she thought she had acquitted herself very creditably.

Then came Daisy's time; Lady Parker asked her to sing. She felt somewhat shy, as her performances in public had been so very limited, although she had a sweet pathetic voice that always seemed to speak to the hearts of her audience. She took her seat on the music-stool and hesitated for a moment before she began her song, with just one instantly averted glance at Ernest as she did so. It caught his eye, never-



theless, and Daisy felt herself blushing painfully, and thought that never in her life had she sung with so little grace and self-command. If one of her listeners agreed with her, his countenance much belied him; yet *he* was the only one who did not ask for it again—the only one who did not speak a syllable when she had done.

The evening came to an end, and Daisy was sorely perplexed to understand Mr. Buchanan, who only bowed a formal 'good-night.' She felt that he was more at a distance from her than when he had first said, 'How do you do,' she had expected, as a matter of course, that he would shake hands with her. He had that perfect self-possession which, with a most good-natured, gentle manner, can sometimes awe one into a distance again, after seeming to claim a certain degree of intimacy, almost a right to it. Daisy went up-stairs, quite oblivious of the ladies and those smart dresses, which had made her feel her own nothingness so intensely but a few hours before. She had no thought for the future that night, her happiness had no connection with her outer life; the form of that was decided upon,

and the thought of her engagement did not come before her more prominently, or weigh upon her more than usual. The consciousness that such an one as Ernest Buchanan existed was enough, and seemed to give an end and aim to her whole being. He appeared in those few short hours to have gained a sort of nameless fascination over her; she had entered into a new life, and was glad to know that he was in the world—to think that she would sometimes see him; glad without any after-thought. She did not love him—so she tried to persuade herself; there would have appeared a degree of profanity and presumption in the thought; but she did not think it then.

She woke up once or twice in the night with her heart still beating, and still happy as children are before a great treat, or some anticipated holiday. Without being altogether conscious of it, Daisy Burgoyne had been severely wounded with Cupid's dart. As yet the wound did not hurt—by and by the pain would come. Now she was in a labyrinth of delight, all the pathways of which led to one object, to one joy, to one heaven more enchanting than aught she had yet ex-

perienced ; where no vision of Charlie Herrick thrust itself between her and her rapture ; nothing to diminish her bliss. Truly a dream had come over her, and very sweet were the sensations that dream invoked. But she slept the sleep of the just, for so far her heart was pure, and her obligations binding.

CHAPTER V.

'AS LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.'

'And oft I heard the tender dove,
 In fiery woodland making moan ;
But, ere I saw your eyes, my love,
 I had no motion of my own.'—TENNYSON.

ERNEST BUCHANAN's distant politeness soon wore off, and he and Daisy had each unconsciously begun the game that has often been played before ; she sat by quite ignorant of what that game had in store for her. She was a nice, pleasant girl to have staying in the house, for, simple and devoid of malice, she was always ready to do anything, to admire other people's beauty and cleverness ; and those with whom she never came into competition always did her the honour of calling her a dear, kind-hearted girl, and forgave her the good looks on which she never prided herself.

These two young people were very much thrown together ; they spent most of the long mornings in the library, for Sir Henry had vanished, I don't quite know where, and Lady Parker was occupied with her household. It was a dear old room ; a pair of old-fashioned arm-chairs, with uncomfortable-looking straight backs, stood each side the fire-place ; a chess-table with a set of carved ivory pieces ranged under a glass shade in the window, where it was easy to fancy a cavalier with love-locks falling loosely on a point-lace collar and velvet jerkin, and a lady of the E. M. Ward school, bending over the chess-board in the rainbow-tinted splendour of summer sunshine streaming through the old window. It was a charming spot, the very scene of all others for a quiet flirtation, or for more earnest converse in the mysterious glimmer of moonlight shining with fantastic glory on the polished oaken floors and wainscots. It was a spot in which a lover's voice would instinctively sink to a whisper ; a spot in which a sublime unconsciousness of all the past, and a perfect recklessness as to all the future were apt to creep into a man's mind, leaving only

a delicious sense of present enjoyment—a delightful resting-place upon the weary highway of life, a sunny oasis where it seemed always afternoon.

Daisy would make a show sometimes of going to write letters in her own room, but always thought when she had been there for less than half-an-hour, that a most unconscionable time had elapsed, and she would find herself drawn back to her charmer. When she went to the garden for flowers, Mr. Buchanan asked innocently if he might go too. The inequality which there seemed to be between them made it on Daisy's part like a child's liking for a grown-up person. When two people are together, one without any 'worldly wisdom,' and the other quite perfect in it, the former must, for the moment at least, take thoroughly the youngest's place. She would speak and act sometimes in a way that would have seemed compromising to a woman of the world; but she was not committed simply because she never regarded herself as of sufficient importance to be so. Yet for all this one cannot exactly blame Ernest Buchanan; everybody knows that men have no feeling—that cigars, race-horses,

or campaigning will console them for the most harrowing disappointments. What Daisy really felt for him he was totally ignorant of, but she pleased him for the moment.

She was looking to-day prettier than usual. An inward glow seemed to brighten her whole countenance, and the grey eyes shone with a soft light that could only be kindled at the heart. They talked upon all subjects excepting Exton and her life there; Daisy never mentioned it, to have been there was enough, without being condemned to talk about it. She told him many things, but never recurred to her engagement with Charlie Herrick. Several times she thought of doing so, and once or twice an idea of disloyalty seemed to attach to the omission, but that was only 'momentary reflection.'

What mattered it to him whether she were engaged or not, and what need was there to mention such things? And so she soothed her conscience. The joy of the day was sufficient unto itself; to talk to him, to be near him was enough. That he should care for her seriously was an idea which never entered her head for a

moment, 'but it was very good of him to talk to her.' Oh, foolish, foolish heart, to attach any meaning to his light words; to feel a new charm in the world in which he lived; to see new colours in the sky, as if by some strange enchantment. Ay, so there was indeed, to her, by the mighty enchantress, love. Though she would not own it, could it be otherwise? She was only nineteen, had seen nothing of the world and life; she was as inexperienced as a child of nine, possessing a careless heart all open to receive sweet impressions.

She made herself pleasant to him; what power, what capacity she had was all poured out so genuinely before him. It is not often that we are our whole selves to any one; either we take too much from them, and can only please them by a hearty attempt at a self-stereotype, or timidity or want of sympathy keeps back a part of our personality. A little more worldly wisdom, and Daisy might have made calculations as to what men liked in women; thought before she spoke, and been a 'nice girl,' perhaps, only not herself.

And so the days at Eversholt went drifting on. The house party was increased by Mrs. Buchanan,

Ernest's mother, Mrs. Sankey, and one or two more gentlemen. Mrs. Sankey was a cousin of Lady Parker's, and she had to be invited once a year. She was a widow,—and a good-looking widow,—but was one of those ladies on whom some of her own set choose to look somewhat askance, without any defined cause. There were certain houses to which she was asked, certain people with whom she interchanged the card-leaving and other dreary courtesies of society; but those who repudiated her averred that the houses were what they called 'omnium gatherums,' and the people 'second-rate.' The accusation was scarcely a fair one, but it swamped Mrs. Sankey's bark, nevertheless.

'Who is she?' demanded Lady —, with annually increasing virulence, spreading her long aristocratic hands and tossing her head like one of her own carriage-horses—indeed her face strongly resembled that of the Roman-nosed one that went on the near side. 'There are stories about her, I tell you; what are her antecedents? Answer me that.'

Of course there were no stories about Lady —,

nor when you looked at her were you surprised at her immunity; but when she asked you about Mrs. Sankey's 'antecedents,' in that voice of rigorous virtue, you could not but feel as if you yourself were doomed, however unjustly, to share the burden of the fair backslider's sins.

Mrs. Sankey's antecedents, however, albeit unknown to the world in general, were sufficiently romantic. She had made a runaway match with an Indian officer at nineteen, and had followed his fortune through many a picturesque scene of danger and excitement. She had been 'under fire' too, real, honest fighting fire, more than once; had seen a round of shot go through her tent and smash her work-box; on another occasion the camel she rode in a somewhat disorganized retreat had received a bullet-wound in its neck. She was rather proud of these adventures, and of the rajahs whom she had visited, and the begums in whose Eastern boudoirs she had made herself at home; and sometimes (not often) she would chat pleasantly of those days, with a dash of quiet sarcasm and a vein of womanly sentiment that was not unpleasing.



The young husband soon died from climate and brandy pawnee combined, and ere she could find her way home to her surviving relatives *via* Calcutta, she was snapped up in that city of palaces, and induced to change her name once more by Captain Sankey of the Civil Service, a tall, thin, yellow man, like a bamboo, old enough to be her father, and rich enough to have paved the street he lived in with gold. She never spoke of that time; and whereas there were miniatures and photographs and remembrances of her first husband scattered about her drawing-room in profusion, any souvenirs she had of poor old Sankey were carefully locked away up-stairs in her writing-desk. And yet I believe she loved the man very dearly. Reserved as he was with others, he doted on his handsome wife, and she—old, withered, ugly as he was—why did she love him? I can give no better reason than a woman's answer—because she did!

He left her for the second time a widow in the prime of life, very rich, very good-looking, and, after a year or two, tolerably resigned to her fate. She wandered about the Continent for a time, and

refused, of course, many an offer of marriage. Indeed, Mrs. Sankey was a lady who could take very good care of herself; she had seen a good deal of life, and had not failed to profit by what she had seen. She made her house the pleasantest lounge in London, and consequently commanded a great deal of very agreeable society. Mrs. Sankey's little suppers on Saturday nights, Mrs. Sankey's luncheons, her dinners, her choice picnics, her well-selected parties, all went off without hitch or *contretemps*.

If you were dying to meet somebody, and dined with Mrs. Sankey, you were sure to go down to dinner with that 'somebody,' and no other, on your arm. Lady Parker always felt a little nervous at having her at Eversholt, not knowing quite what some of the strait-laced neighbours would think of her.

They had driven in to Burton to do some shopping, and Daisy was left to her own devices. She wandered through the shrubberies, where a warm wind was rustling among the stiff green hollies; then she went into the garden, and gathered a basketful of asters, they looked so gorgeous on

that dull afternoon, when nothing else bright was to be seen. After she had put them in the large china bowls on the staircase, she sat down alone in the drawing-room. She could both play and sing, and had a great gift for music, although her aunt at Exton said she did not make the most of her voice.

As she sat, running her fingers dreamily over the ivory keys, many recollections of her childhood seemed to have returned to her like reminiscences of fairy-land. Then all the present—the present of those last few days, which was too beautiful to be told out in any fashion, she was saying through the music as best she could. Her tears fell fast, and yet she did not cease her playing; she was excited, and still nothing startled her. It was only the fulfilment of her dream when the folding door was pushed open, and Ernest Buchanan came out of the library. She knew his footstep without turning her head, and stopped, hastily brushing away the traces of recent tears.

‘Oh, Mr. Buchanan, I thought you were out shooting,’ she remarked quietly.

'So I have been, young lady, but there is such a thing as growing weary of sport. But tell me, do you always keep your beautiful playing a secret?' he asked, as he leaned over the piano.

There was a sense of mastery and possession somehow expressed in his low quiet words that pleased her. But she would have liked him better if he had called her Daisy.

'It is not worth while for me to play here. Mrs. Sankey sings so well, and playing is never called for,' she replied.

'But do go on now, if you are not tired; what is that you have just finished?'

'Oh, only my fancy.'

'Can't you fancy it over again for me?'

She tried, but reality had dispelled it, and the music only came stammeringly forth now. Still he did not seem weary of listening, and stood leaning over the piano, with his face all gentleness very near to hers.

'I must go now,' she said, and shut the piano hastily.

He made no opposition, but bending down still



a little nearer, put up a lock of her hair that had strayed half loose, with his fingers resting on her head for a moment, and she was gone. That was the dawn of the sweetness of love's young dream.

CHAPTER VI.

‘FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.’

‘O, Love, love, love ! O, withering might !
O, Sun, that from thy noonday height,
Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing thro’ all thy heart and light.’

TENNYSON.

HEARTS drawn together for the first time under circumstances which may not long hence burst into the fairest blossoms are exquisitely exacting. What is the world to them ? What are the gay motes in the world’s sunbeams ? Nothing. Absolutely nothing ! Two hearts having grown to know each other ever so little, wish for nothing more than time and opportunity to know each other better, and aught that comes between them is almost the heart’s despair.

Daisy did not much relish the new arrivals at



Eversholt ; she felt that her *tête-à-tête* was broken in upon, never perhaps to be resumed. It was not difficult for her to like Mrs. Buchanan, she could not have done otherwise. A tall, striking, handsome old lady, rather masculine in her abrupt, vehement manner, but in her inner being perfectly feminine. After an unhappy first marriage, she had wedded when no longer young Mr. Buchanan. She had worshipped her gentle and reserved husband, and now that he was dead, she had given more of her affections to Ernest than to the children of her first marriage. She could not help it ; they had only their own share of love, and her youngest son both his and his father's share.

The house at Greylands, a short distance from Eversholt Hall, was hers, but except when any of her children were with her, she was little in it. She had lived many years there with her first husband, but justice forbade her to leave it to Mr. Buchanan's son, and that was the real reason she no longer cared for the place. Besides, her daughters had thought it dull, and persuaded their mother away from it ; and now that they were

married, Mrs. Buchanan had lost the habit of living there.

Daisy Burgoynes had never appeared to imagine that other people in the world must know Ernest besides herself. Every one in the house knew him, and seemed to live on, strangely oblivious of that privilege. Mrs. Sankey generally spoke of him as 'Erny'; she boldly affirmed that he admired her, and declared that he was a capital fellow, a dear boy, and that she doated on him. Indeed, he had two inestimable qualities in a man. He would make a delightful lover and a perfect husband; so few had capacity enough for both!

She was quick, and had a thorough confidence in herself, saying whatever first occurred to her. Old Mrs. Buchanan had rather a distaste for the little lady, and it was amusing to see her disapprobation, and then her perfect good-nature. She admired her spirit, though she said it 'was carrying it off bravely, when you knew that a person did not like you, to declare that they worshipped you.'

The whole party were lounging about in the

drawing-room after breakfast, and Mrs. Sankey had rushed into an epitome of a French book, not at all adapted for the perusal of quiet English people. She went rattling on about it. Lady Parker was silent, and Mrs. Buchanan had not of course read it, but only heard of it.

‘You really should read *Gwendoline’s Adventures*; surely your son has it?’

‘I don’t know, I’m sure,’ replied Mrs. Buchanan in a freezing tone, and drawing herself up stiffly. ‘Perhaps he may—he reads a good many French books, I believe; *I* do not like French books.’

She had assumed what they called her demure face, and Lady Parker and Daisy were laughing to themselves.

‘But you will forgive poor Gwendoline at last,’ said the widow.

‘Poor who? I am deaf.’

It was of no use to explain, she was hopelessly stern, and bent upon making a demonstration in favour of English decorum that morning, so Mrs. Sankey dropped the conversation. When she was gone, Lady Parker and Daisy showered down a torrent of reproaches on Mrs. Buchanan, who bore

it very patiently, only saying, 'that she supposed old people were made to be laughed at.'

The next day Mrs. Sankey proposed to Lady Parker that they should get up some theatricals on a small scale, and after much persuasion she gave her consent; they were expecting some more guests, and it would be a capital way to amuse them. The house soon became a mass of confusion; rooms, doorways, and dresses were discussed. Mrs. Sankey took it for granted that she was to be the heroine, and the others acquiesced.

'Mrs. Sankey is a clever little woman,' said Lady Parker to Daisy when they were alone together.

'Clever?' exclaimed Daisy, opening her eyes wide. 'I don't see it.'

'Oh, you don't quite know her yet, my dear,' said Lady Parker. 'But, Daisy, you will stay for the theatricals?'

'Thank you, I shall be obliged to go home before then; my aunt is going away to pay a visit to her sister, and so will want me to be house-keeper at Exton,' said Daisy, sorrowfully.



Mrs. Sankey had quite made up her mind that Ernest Buchanan should take part in the play, and was greatly disconcerted when he told her, as civilly as he could, that nothing would induce him to do so. He 'was old and worn out, couldn't act, didn't know how to act, and had never been able to learn anything; besides which, he had to leave in a couple of days—business in town.' Nobody submitted more humbly to being ordered about if it pleased him, and nobody was sometimes more gently impossible than Ernest.

There was an animated discussion at breakfast next day concerning dresses, etc.

Mrs. Buchanan said she had a quantity of things hidden away after an orderly and undiscoverable fashion at Greylands, but she was sure the servants could never find them. Daisy offered to ride over and look them out if Mrs. Buchanan would tell her where she would find them, and as Greylands was not more than eight miles off by the fields it was quite feasible, and was agreed to directly.

The ride was a pretty one on that bright

autumn day through rough narrow lanes, every tree and bush rich with mellow, changing hues. Part of the way was along a broad road, whence the whole valley could be seen, and in the distance purple heathery hills; and far away on the other side, the blue line of the sea. In one place stood some glorious beech-trees, overshadowing the whole road; then again through narrow stone lanes—bad for either riding or driving—and endless fir covers, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other; then past the back of a country house, with nothing seen from the road but the stable roof through the trees; then down a steep hill, and through a burn which was often high in winter, and would flood the banks and sometimes carry away the foot-bridge, but was now more like a few clear stony pools than a stream, for there had been no rain lately.

At last Daisy arrived at the gate at Greylands, a rambling old house, with two flights of grey stone steps leading up to it, arched over with a window beneath. She dismounted and went up to the large front door and rang the bell, which boomed forth a loud sonorous note from the back

part of the house. The groom, who had ridden over in attendance on Daisy, called out to her respectfully that the pony had lost a shoe. Here was a catastrophe! Sir Henry Parker's precious cob 'Dandy.' What was to be done? The housemaid who opened the door said 'there was a blacksmith, she supposed, in the village,' but she did not seem to think either blacksmiths or ponies in her department. 'The village was two miles off, and there would be a blacksmith there, she supposed,' and presently, as she was perfectly aware of these two facts, she described his residence.

Her suppositions involved no uncertainty, for in that part of the country, were you to ask anybody if their next-door neighbour were dead, they would answer, 'I suppose so,' had they themselves attended the funeral!

The groom trotted off with the pony, saying he could not possibly be back in less than an hour, and Daisy went into the house.

'What a charming old place,' she said to herself, 'but how damp it smells.' She went up the fine old staircase and into a room to the right, where

Mrs. Buchanan had told her she would find all the things stowed away.

It had once been a school-room, and in the cupboard there were still relics of children. Daisy turned over a torn book or two, and looked into a little portfolio containing a drawing of some cottages that were still unfinished. Some child had done it a long, long time ago. There was also a battered battledore, and the skeletons of some shuttlecocks; odd volumes of sermons and old English novels, a lot of obsolete literature, and on the lower shelf a thick, clumsy Bible, bound in shining purple leather, such as was constantly bought for a child's birthday present, before the days of Church Services with crosses, gold clasps, and corners on the embossed covers.

Daisy's curiosity prompted her to open it; she somehow felt an interest in this old book, and opening it saw written on the first page—'A present to Ernest Buchanan, from his affectionate father, on his departure to school for the first time.' It had been thumbed a little, but on the whole had been well preserved. How long had it been here on this out-of-the-way shelf? What

a whole childish history that book told—that present to a good boy. *Then or now?* He was good *then*, what was he *now*?

There is nothing that we look back to with such wistful yearning as to the childhood of those we love; those days we have had no part in, and if we had, we should be without that longing love of ours. We are strange to those days; the only ones, almost, of which we have no jealousy. It is a pretty dream to sit and think of a very pleasant story; even if there be sadness in the retrospect, there is no jealousy. Daisy closed the sacred book and put it back on the shelf, and looked out the bundle of theatrical clothes to be sent over to Eversholt by the country carrier.

By and by the housekeeper came in, a talkative elderly woman, who asked Miss Burgoyne if she would like to take a look at the gardens. Daisy was beginning to feel a damp chill in that unaired house, and gladly went out with Mrs. Hall to look round the grounds. She found the housekeeper was a most loquacious companion, and when her tongue was once loosed, it continued to pour forth apologies for the unkept state of the garden.

Daisy grew anxious at last for the pony, thinking it must be more than an hour since she came. She went again into the big, cold house, and sat down in the hall to wait. At last she thought she heard the pony's footsteps on the gravel, but when she opened the door it was Mr. Buchanan's manly form that darkened the entrance. Daisy's face brightened involuntarily as she looked up at him.

‘You here, Miss Burgoyne? What errand can you have come on?’

‘To look out some dresses for the theatricals; you had gone out shooting, or perhaps you could have done the errand for me. My pony lost a shoe, and I really think the blacksmith must be manufacturing the iron as well as the shoe.’

‘Never mind,’ said Ernest. ‘We can be very happy here, and it is raining, so you cannot go back yet.’

Daisy was happy, foolishly, exultingly happy; but what a fool’s paradise she was living in!

The groom did not return till late in the afternoon. The blacksmith was away at a wedding, so the pony had to be taken on to the next

village, a mile further away still. The saddle was saturated with the heavy rain, and it did not require much persuasion from Mr. Buchanan to induce Daisy to say she would drive back with him in the dog-cart. The pitiless rain came down in torrents as they sat at the library window, whilst the leaves of the sycamore trees, still green in that sheltered place, and whose branches had stood out so richly against the blue sky an hour ago, were now dripping with the heavy rain. Ernest and Daisy sat on there till the rain had ceased, and then rambled about the garden till the sun began to set, he having invented many ingenious excuses for not starting so soon.

To Daisy, with her somewhat circumscribed views, that ramble in that old garden, now grown luxuriant in wildness for lack of attention, had something of poetry about it; they wandered down the moss-grown paths shaded by filbert trees, through which streaks of the setting sun cast a softly fading radiance.

‘I hope there is no harm in my calling you Daisy. You are my cousin, you know.’

There was something so agreeable in the way

he asked her that she could not forbid, in fact, she liked it; her name, she thought, had never sounded so pleasant before—never. If she had only dared to call him Ernest! But as yet she dare not. Her lips, sweet and tempting, were trembling to utter it, as they went on chatting about theatricals and other things, paying no heed to time—floating time. Ernest was beginning to be as fascinated as the fly when first its feet are caught in the silken threads.

‘We must go now,’ said Daisy, desperately.

What a glorious drive that was to her. She was deeply interested in her companion; her heart was beating and her temples throbbing as she felt her face flush more and more with excitement. She never gave a thought to her absent lover; what would he say if he could see her now—good, prosaic Charlie Herrick?

It was dark when they reached the avenue of Eversholt Hall, and as Mr. Buchanan drove over the grass and against the shrubs, Daisy felt the fresh drops from the branches fall upon her face; and then in a moment afterwards an unpleasant and unwelcome jar to her happiness came upon

her in the thought that she had again returned to lights and people, and the tedious courtesies of Eversholt Hall.

They were all at dinner when the truants showed their faces ; there was no help for them, no escaping up-stairs, for the strict Sir Henry's acute ear had heard the dog-cart drive up to the front door, and the worthy gentleman appeared at once from the dining-room, naturally very anxious to hear what on earth had happened, where they had been to, and what they had been doing ?

Ernest explained to them all with a good deal of amusing gravity, how by a curious chance he had gone round by Greylands, and there, much to his surprise, had found Miss Burgoyne in the hall of the house ; how the pony's saddle had got so drenched with rain that Miss Burgoyne could not possibly have ridden home, so he had been obliged to drive her.

‘But, my dear Ernest,’ said his mother, with some attempt at severity, ‘surely you could have managed to get home a trifle earlier than this—couldn’t you ?’

‘We made all possible haste, I assure you, mother,’

replied Ernest, rather piqued at his mother's questioning. 'We were obliged to wait till it stopped raining, or we should have been wet through; we really could not come before.'

Daisy disappeared to take off her habit and slip into a dry gown. She came down-stairs just in time to enjoy some fish, her appetite sharpened to an alarming degree. The soup had been removed, and Sir Henry, who was visibly annoyed at their being so late, and disturbing every one at dinner, would not have it back again.

Lady Parker had not seen Daisy and Mr. Buchanan together much, and nothing had struck her; but now she began to think it was just as well that Miss Burgoyne was going away next day.

'Good-night, Daisy,' said Mrs. Buchanan in a sharp, good-natured way. 'I hope you have enjoyed your day at Greylands.'

She did not altogether approve of the proceeding, but was inclined to be lenient. Ernest could never do wrong in her eyes, and if he had asked anybody to drive with him to the Land's End, she would have thought it was very natural

that he should do so. She meant, however, to ask him, 'how he could, etc., etc.,' but she went to bed and forgot her son's misdeeds, in the same way as all easy mothers do.

Never but this once could Ernest have been actually blamed for his conduct towards Daisy. They were a sort of cousins, and being thrown much together, had drifted into a somewhat cousinly intimacy, which was quite natural—at least so Ernest told himself—and one drive, one afternoon spent at Greylands, was perhaps a venial fault. We often blame the world, when it is our own want of knowledge of it that is at fault. What may appear at one time a heartless mystification, at another is but an amusing incident. When do we judge rightly? Who can tell?

The next morning was one of departures. Mrs. Buchanan was going to join her daughter; she had forgiven Daisy, and cordially invited her to go and stay with her some day.

'I shall be delighted,' said Daisy, joyfully.

Mr. Buchanan had two days before decided upon going; he wished to escape the theatricals. It was perhaps only a coincidence, but it was just

after he had heard Lady Parker say she could not persuade Evelyn Garside to come back for them.

The hall was full of trunks and portmanteaux ; there was a great deal of talking going on. Sir Henry was furious with the children's little dog, Snap, who had been chasing a hare, though without the slightest chance of catching it. He was delivering a tirade against dogs in general, and especially the dog which one's wife protected.

'Never let any wife of yours keep dogs, Ernest, if you wish for peace.'

'How many wives does he think I anticipate ?' said Ernest to Daisy, who was standing near him ; 'and why am I to be tormented before my time with the thoughts of that last evil ?'

'There is but one evil that a man has to meet of necessity,' she answered bitterly, but laughing — 'death.'

'Hush,' he said, under his breath, 'please don't talk like that.'

He bade good-bye to the elder ladies and then to her, saying how glad he was to hear she was coming to pay them a visit. He said it with his

kindly, gentle smile, which lighted up a face that looked so strong and so enduring ; a gentleness that takes a firmer hold of the recollection, and the remembrance of which lies nearer and longer next the heart than that of any other charm.

Daisy left Eversholt Hall that afternoon to return to her monotonous existence at Exton. She saw all the arrangements for the theatricals, but she felt supremely indifferent about them, for Ernest Buchanan had gone. When would she see him again ? was her one absorbing thought. He would come back there some day, when she was not there. He would sit and talk to other girls and other guests just as he had done to her. She had no part in his life, or of anything here ; and her eyes felt dim, and there was a choking in her throat, and again she repeated to herself—

‘ She must live the rest of her life without him.’

If he had only once more called her by her own name ! She had longed to hear it drop from his lips again in that sweet way of his, but he had not done so. He had been familiar enough with her to have called her Daisy at

least fifty times, but he had done so only once. 'Call me by my name,' is a request that often rises almost to our lips towards the acquaintances of a day. It was quite natural that Daisy should long to hear it once again from him. She had read his character truly, for she had the quick discernment which sometimes belongs to people who lead very solitary lives. Looks and words make a keen impression upon them from the rarity of events and ideas which come across their lives.

Daisy told herself that Ernest did not care for her; she did not take those past few days at Eversholt at one iota more than their worth—as she thought—and yet this man, this happiness which he had given her, and in which she had no faith, no belief, was her very life. He had lived in the world, and the world had spoilt him perhaps, just a little, in some degree, but not altogether. She had judged him rightly—those who are shut out of the world always judge it harshly.

Concerning herself she had no delusions; all the madness and intoxication of youth was there;

but she had measured her position with the cold, quiet glance of an older person, and she knew, or thought she knew, perfectly well how she stood towards him.

His head, she persuaded herself, was full of a thousand other things, other girls beside herself. He did not know what he had done. We seldom do know when it would be better far that we should; and in some cases, better far that we should not. It so happened that Daisy, clever little girl that she was, was altogether wrong in her summary conjectures.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURNING HOME.

'As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearning that can never be exprest
By signs, or groans, or tears.'—TENNYSON.

THE summer had faded into autumn, and golden hues stole over the leaves of the trees and shrubs round Exton Park. The days grew shorter and shorter and the air sharper and sharper, and in the field the yellow stubble told of the garnered grain. A beautiful season this—full of a strange sweetness of its own, a ripe fullness, in which a touch of sadness mingles as the breeze stirs the waving honeysuckle in the hedgerows, or whispers through the fading fern.

Daisy was back once more in the homely groove



and tedious monotony. Luncheon, or rather children's dinner, was over. Aunt Charlotte had gone for her usual constitutional, which she observed with a perfectly Spartan rigidity. Daisy had a headache, so got off going with her. She had settled herself down in the drawing-room to enjoy a quiet afternoon to herself, and the pleasure—or pain—which her after-thoughts would bring her. Her aunt never allowed her to be idle if she knew it, and had left some brown holland for her to make into covers for the schoolroom chairs. She had been stitching away leisurely for some time in the charming preoccupation of her own thoughts, sometimes giving her needle a rest and her fingers also; dreaming, living over again that all too fleeting week at Eversholt; at other moments recalling each look, word, act of Ernest's, with all the pain which such a retrospection would be likely to bring her at such a time.

In the midst of these reflections she was aroused by a loud ring at the front-door bell. The door of the drawing-room was standing ajar, and with pardonable curiosity Daisy went and

stood just behind it, where she could hear all that was said, but could not be seen. She heard Anne, the servant, saying, with more condescension than was common with her—

‘No, sir; neither master nor mistress is at home, sir.’

‘All the ladies out—Miss Burgoyne too?’ she heard a man’s voice reply in a tone which made her heart leap into her mouth almost, for she knew the voice in a moment.

‘Oh no, sir, Miss Daisy’s at home.’

Daisy moved from her secluded position at once, and went to the door to meet Ernest; her dainty hands filled with the holland covers she was making, her face all aglow, and her heart leaping wildly—such a pretty picture of confusion!

The idea of Ernest Buchanan, the brilliant, popular town man, calling at such an out-of-the-world, forsaken-looking place as Exton! The idea appalled her.

She took him into the drawing-room, and found him the most comfortable chair she could. How she wished everything were not quite so dowdy. What must he think? She pushed a portion of

the brown holland under her chair, and still held in her hand the piece she was working at.

‘You seem somewhat surprised to see me, Miss Burgoyne,’ said Ernest, looking at her with a glance in which pleasure and gravity were about equally blended. ‘But your uncle, Colonel Burgoyne, was once so good as to invite me here, and—and I have never until now been able to have the pleasure of calling upon him. I am down this way so seldom, you see, and now I seem to have come at an unfortunate time, for I understand your uncle is away from home?’

‘Oh no, not away from home, Mr. Buchanan, only gone into Burton; he will not be long, if you can wait; I hope you can, Uncle George would like so much to see you,’ said Daisy, warmly.

He sat down in the most comfortable chair he could find, and began to talk as if he had been used to such hard, cushionless articles of furniture all his life.

‘Have you been here all the time since last we met?’ he asked quietly.

‘Indeed I have,’ replied Daisy. ‘This is my only home,’ she added, with just a touch of sadness.

If she had tried to think, she could hardly have realized how uncomfortably the place struck his senses. It was a square, unhomely-looking apartment, with none of those pretty archways and artistic cosy corners that one sees so frequently, and in such various designs, in well-furnished drawing-rooms now-a-days. No soft cushions, or dainty lamp-shades with a predominating hue of yellow. Everything was as stiff, formal, and meagre (with a look of poverty pervading all) as could well be.

The furniture certainly was not inviting. A huge straight-backed couch (not by any means comfortable to sit on), two solid hard-seated arm-chairs, so heavy as to be almost immovable; all the others in the room very straight and high, and evidently built by the same architect.

An upright pianoforte, much the worse for wear, at least outwardly, judging from the faded red silk pleating at the back; a table or two, and a bookcase. The centre table was covered with a

vivid-hued cloth, and right in the middle of it stood a large and smart-looking inkstand, but no blotting-book to keep it company, nothing to indicate that it was intended for use. An almanac two or three years old, together with a weekly newspaper and a few other printed sheets, made up the literary litter. Mural adornments were singularly scanty, for on the wall hung neither picture nor print of any kind. Over the high, old-fashioned chimney-piece, decorated with long wreaths of variegated flowers cleverly carved in wood, hung a long, narrow looking-glass. On the mantel-shelf stood a little clock, flanked by two gaudy china vases, and a pair of candlesticks, which, alas! could not claim beauty as their heritage.

Ernest Buchanan looked more than once at these dreary decorations and surroundings, which appeared to him more like the furnishings of an unfrequented inn, but he made no remark. Their aspect was decidedly cold, and so, he remembered, was Daisy's hand, which he had taken when entering. The flowers were all gone, except a few pretty China roses, which she had just put

out into a vase with some of those sad emblems, 'immortelles.'

'You have still a few roses, I see, Miss Burgoine, and some grave immortelles too; they are not pretty flowers in my eyes, but I have a kind of—well, a veneration for them somehow; one meets with them frequently in churchyards on the Continent, in the little convent chapels, and they appear, as perhaps you know, almost as often in French novels as poplar trees. But do tell me about yourself,' he went on, cheerfully, looking at her in that frank way of his; 'what on earth do you do with yourself here all day long?'

'Oh, my programme is not a long one, and is soon told,' said Daisy, with a rippling laugh. 'Here is the drawing-room, and there,' nodding to the window, 'is the garden, where I spend a good deal of my time. Sometimes I go to Burton with Uncle George—when he is good enough to take me. Once a year I go to a ball—the Burton Hospital Ball, and then—then sometimes I go out to tea, and have even dined out at a clerical party at the Vicar's.'

She told him of her dull life with all its dull details ; of her uncle and aunt and the tiresome children. She spoke sadly, though she did not mean to do so. The girl's life was certainly not a pleasant one, and he was sorry for her. 'Pity is akin.' Did he love this girl—could he love her ? he was asking himself. The whispered answer that came to him was 'yes.'

They talked on pleasantly for some time. When Ernest got rid of a slight dandyism he had, he was worth listening to, and on the present occasion there was a tone of extreme softness in his voice, a shade almost of embarrassment in his manner, such as women are very quick to detect, and which the haughtiest of them cannot but accept as an involuntary tribute of admiration. They liked the same books, the same flowers, the same music ; and her eye sparkled and deepened, while her cheek glowed with the unwonted pleasure of a kindred spirit's converse. 'But what an exile for this girl,' thought Ernest, 'to live in *such* a place.' People who have lived all their lives in luxurious rooms always feel more keenly a sensation of pity for those whom they find

in a more humble abode. If they were there themselves for a few days, they would soon forget the change perhaps, and be equally happy so far as the rooms are concerned. It was not actually poverty or the meanness of the house which was uncomfortable, but the whole place looked thoroughly uninviting.

‘Would you like to come out in the garden?’ said Daisy, feeling she would breathe more freely and be more at home in the open air, for she could not help noticing how Ernest was taking stock of the furniture, and with the sun shining in at the window, it seemed to show more vividly the shabbiness of the surroundings. She had never thought before how faded the damask coverings looked, or how ragged the silk pleatings were at the back of the piano.

They went out into the garden and down the fir-tree walk. The afternoon was quite still, but there was a low, dull roar of waves which a two days’ gale had left, and a white line of foam was visible through the gap in the sand-hills. Daisy was already growing brighter under Mr. Renshaw’s influence, whilst he was sorely oppressed by the

contemplation of life under such conditions. He felt more than sorry for Miss Burgoyne; she had told him the loneliness of her life unconsciously.

They went back to the house, Ernest saying he was in no hurry, he would like to wait and see Colonel Burgoyne, and a few minutes afterwards Mrs. Burgoyne appeared. She was looking very hot and tired, and Daisy wondered what the visitor would think of her with her short black skirt very much pinned up, and bunching out awkwardly where the pocket was; a large round cloak, evidently made out of a Paisley shawl, with the white centre coming in a curious patch on one shoulder, and a large black straw hat, with a feather all round, which the sea air had deprived of any graceful curl it once might have had.

Daisy introduced them, and Mr. Buchanan began to talk so pleasantly to Mrs. Burgoyne that she felt quite relieved, and hoped he would not notice her dress. After they had sat for some time afternoon tea was brought in, which was quite an idea of the faithful Anne's, as it was a luxury but seldom indulged in at Exton; but Anne

was all excitement, for she thought perhaps this fine gentleman was come 'a-courting Miss Daisy,' and as she had a great liking for the said Miss Daisy, she thought she would do her best for her.

Just as Mr. Buchanan was getting up to go, Colonel Burgoyne came home. He greeted Ernest cordially; there was a sort of cousinly connection, and Colonel Burgoyne could make himself very agreeable when he chose.

At last the long visit was over. The Colonel gives Ernest a pressing invitation to come and see them again, which he promises to do; he takes Daisy's hand, and clasps it as he would any stranger's; yet some mysterious electricity must have streamed through his fingers, for her eyes are cast down, and she never raises them again until he is gone.

She sat stitching away opposite the chair where he had sat. The whole room was peopled by the remembrance of him, and never had the thought that she was engaged to Charlie Herrick frightened her as it did that evening. It rose as a spectre between her and a possible joy, and it rendered her wretched, inasmuch as with unerring

fidelity it convicted her of double-dealing. And yet it was so hard for her ! Simple, plain Charlie had never had the power to quicken one single pulse in her body, and Ernest made her blood dance and leap through her veins like a volcano.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

'The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear ;
The heart defies, that feels unjustly slighted ;
The soul oppressed puts off its robe of fear,
And warlike stands in gleaming armour dighted.'

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

IT was more than eighteen months after this that Evelyn Garside was staying at Nunnykirk with her husband's people. Her husband had rejoined her after he had been abroad, but he fell ill again, and she returned to Italy with him. Soon, however, she wrote home to his family for help and companionship. She was left alone with him in a strange country, and his mind had given away ; he was not at present dangerous, but the doctor said he must not be left by himself.

Her husband's brother had brought them back

to Nunnykirk, but after they had been there a few weeks it was found he was getting worse, and he had to be sent to a private asylum. It was a sad blow to poor Evelyn ; sometimes letters came to say he was better, in others he was stated to be worse. She felt her affliction keenly, as also did his mother, who doated on him, but did not quite approve of the choice he had made in a wife. She thought Evelyn frivolous and worldly, and in her prejudiced mind began to blame her for her husband's illness.

Nunnykirk was as dull and decorous a mansion as England could well produce. The Garside girls had been governessed and repressed to the last pitch of human endeavour, and, though hardly now daring to say that their souls were their own, only wished for the opportunity of 'coming out strong' in that phase of English development, 'a fast girl,' but they had not the cleverness which alone can make a fast woman tolerable. They had a certain sort of affection for their sister-in-law, but were jealous of her beauty.

The days went gliding by. Evelyn was a great

favourite with old General Garside, and so she stayed on at Nunnykirk. She had plenty of time to herself, and her thoughts would go back to her early joyous marriage ; how much she was in love with Jack Garside—that weak, selfish, and not very capable man—that good-looking, good-natured, and sometimes remarkably ill-tempered man—and how she had waltzed and sung duets with him, till they danced and sang themselves into love—at least so they fancied.

Then he had neglected her ; for he was so little accustomed to consider anybody besides himself. And yet when he felt at last how thoroughly he had wearied her, and how cold she had grown to him, she thought then that he had somewhat regretted the love that he had lost. But that was gone, and it was not in the nature of any earthly circumstances that it should return again to him. None could ask it of her, or judge her for it ; and yet he was not at all bad ; they did not quite understand each other. The fault seldom lies entirely either on one thing or one person—nothing hardly in nature is perfectly black ; but what a relief it would be to all of us

very often, if we could blacken aught entirely, and have full reason in our own minds for doing so!

It was a bright sunny morning—one which would long be remembered by Evelyn. She was talking to her mother-in-law after breakfast, kneeling opposite to her, with her arms resting on the table, having been arranging flowers that were just brought in from the greenhouses. They were talking about Jack's predicted recovery, old Mrs. Garside saying how far more devoted he would be to his wife after such a long absence, and Evelyn listlessly listening to her, when the door opened, and Henry Garside, a younger brother, came quickly into the room with a letter in his hand, his sister Constance following, white, trembling, and nearly crying.

He seemed uncertain what to do first, or whom to speak to first; he had not expected to find Evelyn there. The old lady looked round and started, seeing his anxious face.

‘Henry—speak, my dear; it’s not—not—’ she said, in a sharp, quivering voice.

Evelyn knew what tidings Henry had brought; she knelt there without moving, and looked

fixedly at him. Some instinct told her, and she did not start as she heard Henry say, taking his mother's hand—

‘It's Jack, poor fellow. He's gone.’

When Constance came to her, she got up, walked stupidly to the sofa, and sat down. It was a deliverance, but it had come so quickly, and answered so fearfully soon after she had been wondering how long this lonely, unfortunate marriage vow would bind her to a madman. Her thoughts stunned her. She leant her head upon her hand, and felt a nervous tendency to laugh; she hated herself, and would have given anything to have been able to shed tears. It was horrible suffering, only to feel remorse at not grieving.

Jack Garside had died suddenly in a fit, just when they fancied that he was recovering. The funeral was to take place at Nunnykirk. The handsome firstborn, whom father and mother had so delighted in! One of the greatest and holiest mysteries in this mysterious lot of ours is the persuasion that we feel, contrary to our senses and our experience, of some hidden link between ourselves and those who have gone before us to

the shadowy land. A vague horror seemed to creep over Evelyn Garside, and enfold her, as a corpse is folded in its shroud ; she knew that even had poor Jack lived, she could never again have really loved him as she should, and she could but pray that he did not know it. Two days after he had died Evelyn's aunt had died, and the whole of her large fortune was left to Mrs. John Garside. By her husband's death that young winning woman was saved most likely from great misery. How could she have borne her fate for many more years ? Evelyn would have been very different. How would she not have altered ? A light, defiant worldliness would have crept over her, she could not have stood alone—morally I mean. She would not have mourned or grieved openly, but the solitude of her life would have left tokens in the change of her whole being ; for the world was her life, and she could not live out of it.

CHAPTER IX.

'UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.'

'When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born again ?
And newer knowledge drawing nigh
Bring truth that sways the souls of men ?'

TENNYSON.

IT was summer at Exton. It always looked its best in the leafy month of June. It was the second summer from the time that Daisy Burgoyne had first seen Ernest Buchanan ; she felt heartsick and hopeless at the prospect before her. It seemed to her that if she lost *this* man, to whom her real love was given, with all the might and strength of her nature, she could not bear to live. And all this time Captain Herrick's letters kept coming punctually every other mail, and were just the same uninteresting, mechanical productions that

they always had been. Daisy had grown quite to dislike the man, and the idea that he would soon be returning, filled her mind with perplexity and anxiety ; she could not marry him now, of that she felt certain, but how to get out of it she did not know. There was no outward change at Exton. How Daisy's life had passed, a bit of pink blotting-paper might best tell.

Aunt Charlotte was older and sharper, more busy and more exacting than ever. Uncle George's temper had not improved, and was daily being more tried by money losses in his speculations, and especially the collieries ; he was now more than ever tyrannical, very irritable and easily offended. The children's education must advance ; Miss Dobson was expensive, so Daisy was called upon to teach them, under her aunt's supervision.

Such was her outer life, and the days went slowly on. One idea possessed her inwardly ; it grew upon her daily until it became a passion, a very life to her, and she existed on the recollection. She had spent one week of intense happiness with Mrs. Buchanan, and she had quite won the old lady's heart. Ernest had been at home most of

the time ; they had ridden together, walked together, and spent nearly the whole of their days together. When she went home again she had quite made up her mind that no power on earth would induce her to marry Charlie Herrick ; for did she not love another, aye, love him with a passionate, deep, holy love ?

There were times of remorse, when she thought of her plighted troth ; there were times of great fear, when she thought of her uncle's anger when she should tell him she would not marry Captain Herrick. She did not know that part of his fortune had been embarked with Colonel Burgoyne's inexplicable speculations in the same collieries where Daisy's money was. The prospects of the company were very gloomy now, and the impending loss to Charlie Herrick was a terrible vexation to the Colonel.

The trees at Exton were bright with golden tints of autumn. Daisy Burgoyne was slowly walking through one of the country lanes towards the house, enjoying the freshness of the chill October day. The sun was shining, the skies were blue and unclouded, the robins were singing their



weird songs, that tell one the summer is nearly over. Daisy had been into the village. She looked fair and lovely as ever, but her face had assumed a somewhat sad expression, as if she were not happy, and as if the crisis of her fate was at hand.

About twenty yards before her she saw a figure leaning carelessly against a gate. She stood still for a second, and hesitated whether she should go on or return, it was such a lonely road ; suppose it should be a tramp, and he should follow her and offer violence to her ? The fear was but momentary ; she walked on firmly, and when she came nearer she could see it was the figure of a well-dressed man. He was standing with his back towards her, and she thought how like Ernest Buchanan's broad shoulders those were. Could it be he ? Daisy gazed as one in a dream. She was not mistaken—it *was* Ernest Buchanan. He was gradually aware of her approach, and turned round, and came to meet her with outstretched hands. She felt greatly agitated.

'I am so much surprised,' she said, and her lovely face turned to rose colour. Ernest was

looking at her intently; there was the old subtle power in her voice, and he felt this so intensely that a curious thrill, that amounted almost to a shudder, passed over him.

She watched his face for a second, while over her own features there flitted a certain pleasurable triumph.

'You are not sorry to see me, I hope, Miss Burgoyne?'

'Oh no, why should I be sorry?' faltered Daisy. 'We must all be glad to see you, for it is dull enough here; I often wish myself far away.'

'Are you *glad* to see me?' he asked more pointedly.

'Oh yes, I am very glad,' said Daisy, hesitatingly, and again blushing violently.

He looks down on the pretty winsome face that gazes up so sweetly into his. A moment's silence, and then Mr. Buchanan takes possession of her hand, and bending a little forward, his face slightly agitated, he says—

'I am given to plain speaking, Miss Burgoyne. I came here to-day with one *sole* object, that of asking you to be my wife. Oh, Daisy, darling,

don't say me nay ; you must feel, you must know that I love you. Love you !—the words do not exist that can express how I love you.'

How pleasant and well-bred his voice was ! How it transported her away into some imaginary region, where life was light and bright and sweet !

Daisy met his glance for a moment with a look of fear, of bewilderment ; then covered her eyes with her hands, and stood still and silent.

' Forgive me,' he continued, ' but I cannot keep silent—it is fate ; will you accept it ? '

He paused, but Daisy, who was trembling almost visibly, made no reply.

' Hear me—you must, you shall hear me. Is it possible that love so deep, so intense as I feel for you could exist if you had not some sympathetic feeling for me ? Daisy, speak ; can you ? Do you love me ? '

She took her hands away from her face and looked straight into his eyes, a smile quivering over her lips.

' Yes,' she said very softly, as if to herself ; ' I do love you.'

Ernest's face lit up into absolute beauty with the delight her words inspired; yet he did not attempt to take her hand again, which lay white and motionless on the gate. He stood erect, triumphant.

'Then you will let me try to make you happy? By heaven! I am giddy with the thought of the life before us. Think of the joy of every-day companionship, of every hope, ambition, undertaking shared! Daisy, darling, do you feel the twentieth part what I do? You cannot, or you would not be so pale, so still.'

She silently, quietly stretched out her hand, which he seized and covered with kisses.

She bent her head, but gave him no answer. Oh, the agony, the temptation of those few moments, no pen can describe them. He put his arm gently round her waist.

'My darling,' he whispered, 'I know that you will not send me away in misery. Oh, speak to me.'

At last, almost choking with sobs, Daisy murmured in saddest tones—

'Ernest, it cannot be—it cannot be.'

Oh, should she ever be able to tell him that she was engaged to some one else, and till she had freed herself from that hateful tie, till she had broken the meshes of the net that was woven around her, she could not promise her life, her love to another ?

But she could *not* tell him—not tell him yet, at any rate.

She dared not trust herself to stay with him, it was too painful. She turned her quivering lips, her white, sad face to his, and tried to free herself from his strong arm, but he would not let her go.

‘Tell me, Daisy—you must, you shall tell me. Do you really love me ?’

She looked at him with her earnest, pensive eyes, and said, most solemnly, as though she were taking the marriage vow—

‘Ernest, I do.’

‘Then why—why will you not marry me, darling ?’

‘Perhaps—some day.’

Ernest was looking at her with a face full of perplexity. He could not understand her; yet

there was something in her manner which had a great fascination for him. It was a fascination which was maddening. To be told that you are loved, and in the same breath to hear that the object of your admiration cannot marry you, is altogether a bewildering contradiction.

‘Perhaps—some day, Daisy?’ said Ernest, restraining his rising annoyance, and speaking to her with a gentleness which made her heart beat wildly; ‘some day is most painfully vague. I love you to-day, not “some day.” I would marry you to-day, if I could, not “some day.” You must tell me why you cannot marry me now.’

His voice had grown masterful, with that strength of will and power which comes of true loving. Ernest felt that he had a right to demand now, not to plead. He felt that Daisy was not straightforward; could it be that she was only playing a part—feigning to love him, and yet loving another? Oh, horrible thought, unworthy thought, though natural under the circumstances.

‘I suppose all lovers are jealous, and it must necessarily always be so, for jealousy is a con-

Oh, should she ever be able to tell him that she was engaged to some one else, and till she had freed herself from that hateful tie, till she had broken the meshes of the net that was woven around her, she could not promise her life, her love to another?

But she could *not* tell him—not tell him yet, at any rate.

She dared not trust herself to stay with him, it was too painful. She turned her quivering lips, her white, sad face to his, and tried to free herself from his strong arm, but he would not let her go.

‘Tell me, Daisy—you must, you shall tell me. Do you really love me?’

She looked at him with her earnest, pensive eyes, and said, most solemnly, as though she were taking the marriage vow—

‘Ernest, I do.’

‘Then why—why will you not marry me, darling?’

‘Perhaps—some day.’

Ernest was looking at her with a face full of perplexity. He could not understand her; yet

there was something in her manner which had a great fascination for him. It was a fascination which was maddening. To be told that you are loved, and in the same breath to hear that the object of your admiration cannot marry you, is altogether a bewildering contradiction.

‘Perhaps—some day, Daisy?’ said Ernest, restraining his rising annoyance, and speaking to her with a gentleness which made her heart beat wildly; ‘some day is most painfully vague. I love you to-day, not “some day.” I would marry you to-day, if I could, not “some day.” You must tell me why you cannot marry me now.’

His voice had grown masterful, with that strength of will and power which comes of true loving. Ernest felt that he had a right to demand now, not to plead. He felt that Daisy was not straightforward; could it be that she was only playing a part—feigning to love him, and yet loving another? Oh, horrible thought, unworthy thought, though natural under the circumstances.

‘I suppose all lovers are jealous, and it must necessarily always be so, for jealousy is a con-

Oh, should she ever be able to tell him that she was engaged to some one else, and till she had freed herself from that hateful tie, till she had broken the meshes of the net that was woven around her, she could not promise her life, her love to another?

But she could *not* tell him—not tell him yet, at any rate.

She dared not trust herself to stay with him, it was too painful. She turned her quivering lips, her white, sad face to his, and tried to free herself from his strong arm, but he would not let her go.

‘Tell me, Daisy—you must, you shall tell me. Do you really love me?’

She looked at him with her earnest, pensive eyes, and said, most solemnly, as though she were taking the marriage vow—

‘Ernest, I do.’

‘Then why—why will you not marry me, darling?’

‘Perhaps—some day.’

Ernest was looking at her with a face full of perplexity. He could not understand her; yet

there was something in her manner which had a great fascination for him. It was a fascination which was maddening. To be told that you are loved, and in the same breath to hear that the object of your admiration cannot marry you, is altogether a bewildering contradiction.

‘Perhaps—some day, Daisy?’ said Ernest, restraining his rising annoyance, and speaking to her with a gentleness which made her heart beat wildly; ‘some day is most painfully vague. I love you to-day, not “some day.” I would marry you to-day, if I could, not “some day.” You must tell me why you cannot marry me now.’

His voice had grown masterful, with that strength of will and power which comes of true loving. Ernest felt that he had a right to demand now, not to plead. He felt that Daisy was not straightforward; could it be that she was only playing a part—feigning to love him, and yet loving another? Oh, horrible thought, unworthy thought, though natural under the circumstances.

‘I suppose all lovers are jealous, and it must necessarily always be so, for jealousy is a con-

Oh, should she ever be able to tell him that she was engaged to some one else, and till she had freed herself from that hateful tie, till she had broken the meshes of the net that was woven around her, she could not promise her life, her love to another?

But she could *not* tell him—not tell him yet, at any rate.

She dared not trust herself to stay with him, it was too painful. She turned her quivering lips, her white, sad face to his, and tried to free herself from his strong arm, but he would not let her go.

‘Tell me, Daisy—you must, you shall tell me. Do you really love me?’

She looked at him with her earnest, pensive eyes, and said, most solemnly, as though she were taking the marriage vow—

‘Ernest, I do.’

‘Then why—why will you not marry me, darling?’

‘Perhaps—some day.’

Ernest was looking at her with a face full of perplexity. He could not understand her; yet

there was something in her manner which had a great fascination for him. It was a fascination which was maddening. To be told that you are loved, and in the same breath to hear that the object of your admiration cannot marry you, is altogether a bewildering contradiction.

‘Perhaps—some day, Daisy?’ said Ernest, restraining his rising annoyance, and speaking to her with a gentleness which made her heart beat wildly; ‘some day is most painfully vague. I love you to-day, not “some day.” I would marry you to-day, if I could, not “some day.” You must tell me why you cannot marry me now.’

His voice had grown masterful, with that strength of will and power which comes of true loving. Ernest felt that he had a right to demand now, not to plead. He felt that Daisy was not straightforward; could it be that she was only playing a part—feigning to love him, and yet loving another? Oh, horrible thought, unworthy thought, though natural under the circumstances.

‘I suppose all lovers are jealous, and it must necessarily always be so, for jealousy is a con-

stituent part of true love. Tell me why you cannot marry me,' he insisted.

'I cannot, Ernest,' moaned Daisy, in visible distress.

'Then I don't think you can love me,' he retorted, in a voice which surely showed how much his feelings were wrestling together. 'If you cared for me you would not seek to pain me.'

'Ernest, forgive me. I have loved you ever since the day I first saw you at Eversholt. You cannot tell how dearly; but—but—'

She could not go on, her emotion was so great. She was trying to be honest with him—trying to tell him the plain truth about her engagement, but she could not; circumstances were too strong for her, and it was so hard to make a man like Ernest understand, for rising wrath was dimming his perception, and making him wild and bitter.

'I know what you mean now,' he said, disengaging himself from her and standing apart. 'You cannot marry me because you love somebody else.'

Oh, how bitter it was to hear him speak thus !
Daisy's face was bleached with woe and distress,
but her voice was calm now, for he had hurt
her.

'Ernest,' she said, 'you are wrong ; and you
wrong me as much as you wrong yourself.
Perhaps, some day——' she began again.

But here he interrupted her ; his pride was
wounded. Like so many other good-looking,
well-born men, he thought the world—the girl
world—was at his feet (what a mistake !) ; and
here was a child, or almost a child, refusing his
hand and his heart, and would not tell him why.
It was too provoking ! He felt his anger rising
more and more ; disappointment, vexation, mor-
tified love rendered him unjust. In the moment
of his hot haste he began to think she could not
really love him—perhaps never had loved him—
and his face turned as pale as Daisy's.

'I will strive to put your image from my heart,
as doubtless you will 'put mine from yours,' he
said bitterly.

Daisy felt as though his cruel words would
surely break her heart. She leant against the old

field gate, which creaked beneath her weight, and pressed her hand upon her bosom, but she could not press down the pain.

‘Farewell, Daisy,’ he quickly said; ‘if ever we meet again it will be as strangers,’ and the next moment, lifting his hat politely, he was gone, with a bitter smile upon his lips—gone, perhaps, from her for ever.

Daisy saw him disappearing down the secluded lane; every footstep that he took seemed to sink into her very soul, treading out the life-threads one by one. She buried her head in her hands in her despair, almost wishing that she might never look up again—and that was the manner of their parting. She seemed glued to the spot where he had left her.

The sun was sinking behind the hills, and twilight was creeping on. Daisy roused herself at length, and with slow and feeble steps crept back into the house, and up-stairs to her room. For some moments after she had gained the shelter of her own apartment she could not think. She locked the door behind her, and stood against it with her hands pressed to her forehead and her

brain in a confusing whirl. Oh, it was cruel—bitterly hard and cruel! She sent down the faithful Anne to excuse her coming to dinner, on the plea of having a very bad headache; she could not go down, it would be impossible to listen either intelligently or patiently to that dreadful magpie-chattering there. She must be alone; she must have time to think; instinct seemed to tell her that she would meet Ernest Buchanan again; she buoyed herself up with this hope.

Oh, how she loved him! How every word he had uttered was branded deeply on her heart, and but for that miserable early engagement, she might now have been his promised bride! What a cruel fate was hers! She stopped before the looking-glass and gazed at herself. Was that bright face, were those glowing eyes really hers? How happy she looked just for a moment, and then directly the inevitable doubts and qualms of conscience began to torment her poor little mind. Had she any business to feel happy? Was she running no risk of wandering from the narrow path? Would she not in loving Ernest Buchanan draw down upon herself some punishment, with

the evil spirit tempting her, and perhaps even now chuckling with fiendish delight and triumph at her weakness ?

Poor Daisy shivered, and looked round the room uneasily. She firmly believed that same spirit had been, on more than one occasion, permitted to make himself visible to mortals (a distinction which she by no means coveted), and the possibility of which had formed one of the numerous nightmares of her childhood.

She had always thought of her marriage solely as a deliverance from Exton ; but now she shrank from it as an impossibility—at least marriage with Charlie Herrick. The idea of ‘making up her mind’ frightened her. Then she began to consider ; why should she throw up the battle of life, and say inwardly that no good thing could befall her ? She would not, could not marry Charlie Herrick, and the sooner she told her uncle the better. If he were very angry—and no doubt he would be—well, she would go to her great-aunt, she would not shut her door against her, she felt sure ; and if she were penniless, she had an idea that she would teach music for her bread.

After luncheon she saw her uncle walking in the garden; her mind was made up; she went out to him and said—

‘Uncle George, when do you think Charlie Herrick will be coming home?’ She could not retreat now, she must go on.

‘What a question! How can I tell? All women will ask these questions. His three years will soon be out, so he won’t be long. Are you in such a desperate hurry?’ And the Colonel smiled.

‘Not at all—anything but that,’ she replied abruptly.

‘What do you mean?’ said the Colonel.

‘I mean,’ said Daisy, feeling very nervous—‘I mean that I am not at all in a hurry for his arrival.’ And she faced her uncle, though she was shivering.

‘What fancy have you taken now?’ said the Colonel, sharply.

‘I don’t want to marry Charlie Herrick. I was very young when I was engaged, and I didn’t know my own mind; I don’t want to marry him now.’

‘Daisy,’ Colonel Burgoyne said, very sternly, ‘don’t talk such nonsense, or you’ll make me angry. What do you mean?—you can’t break your engagement.’

‘Why not?’ resolutely replied Daisy, with a rising colour.

‘Why not? Why not? Why not? The d——l! Charlie is right; you have always been allowed far too much liberty,’ said the Colonel.

‘Why can’t I break my engagement?’ continued Daisy; ‘it is better to do that than marry hating the man all the time.’

‘Don’t be romantic, if you please. How the deuce should you hate marrying Charlie? What is there about him to hate?’

‘Nothing; only the fact is, I don’t love him, and cannot marry him,’ she answered, with a half-smile; for the ice once broken her courage began to rise.

‘You *must* marry him; it would be very dishonourable of you not to, Daisy; so be reasonable, and tell me what you really mean.’ He was cooling down a little now. ‘The long and short of this is, Daisy,’ he went on, ‘that some one has

begun to make love to you, when and where I can't conceive. Be open, and tell me all about it.' The Colonel was trying his persuasive powers now.

'I have nothing to tell; no one ever made love to me but Charlie.' Daisy was frightened at her own audacity.

'You mean to tell me that?'

'Yes,' she replied, looking him in the face, but crimsoning as she said so. It was a rash movement; her colour brought forth the rather natural retort—

'Then you have fallen in love!'

That stirred her.

'You have no right to say such a thing,' she said savagely; 'no right,—do you hear me? Don't say it again,'—her eyes flashing angrily—'I will not marry Charlie Herrick; I don't care for him, and I won't have him, that is all I have to say.'

She was savage as a desperate woman can be; her uncle had never seen her in a rage before; she was nervously tearing to pieces as she stood the topmost roses on a low tree.

‘Are you mad?’ asked the Colonel.

‘No, I am not. Is it mad to say I won’t marry a man I don’t care for? Would it not be much more mad to do it?’ Daisy felt she was right in her course of action.

‘Do you like no one better?’

‘A great many people, whom I would rather marry; shall I tell them all over?’ she continued, in a deliberate, mocking tone.

‘Captain Herrick’s money is involved in our concerns, and it was all on your account.’ Her uncle was somewhat quieted by her outbreak.

‘I am very sorry; but I did not make him do it.’

‘You are a true woman; you will talk of liking or not liking by the hour, and then turn a deaf ear when you are told what is honourable or dishonourable.’

‘I know what is honourable or dishonourable too,’ she retorted, her face contracting at the thought of his injustice.

‘You shall marry Captain Herrick, or I’ll turn you out of the house!’ Colonel Burgoyne was at a loss for any other argument.

'Very well, I won't wait to be turned out, I'll go,' said Daisy, defiantly.

'Where will you go?'

'Oh, anywhere, to get away from this hated place.'

She took him aback as she stood there biting her lips, her eyes wild with anger and excitement. The dressing bell rang just then, and they walked into the house in silence.

Daisy sat some time thinking in her own room before she went down to dinner; she was sorely perplexed, half beside herself. This is so often the case with habitually gentle people, who, when once aroused, have less control over themselves, and are less measured in their wrath, than those who are often angry, and who so acquire command of themselves in their very desperation. All the repressed thoughts of years had arisen suddenly, and she could not understand just then how she had borne this life so long. The first step was taken, and she would go on with the battle. She was ready in the drawing-room before any of the others; her Uncle George was still in his dressing-room, declaiming



vehemently to his wife ; she heard his excited voice as she came down-stairs.

For several days warfare went on at Exton ; matters did not mend, indeed they grew worse. Had it not been for Mrs. Burgoyne, Daisy and her uncle might have understood each other at length ; but dear Aunt Charlotte knew the right moment for urging the Colonel to opposition ; she had often misrepresented Daisy's words and deeds, and did not fail to fan the flame now. Daisy, however, had lost all fear of her aunt, and met her with utter indifference, and a grave, plausible sarcasm which rather kept her at a distance. Mrs. Burgoyne was a coward at heart, and would behave better to anybody who asserted himself.

There was another stormy interview. Daisy said she would write to Charlie herself and break off the engagement.

‘ If you dare ! ’ said Colonel Burgoyne, goaded into great wrath. ‘ You have nothing, almost nothing, and you shall not stay here.’

‘ I will go to my aunt's and teach music, and shall trouble no one.’

This threat enraged him; again he burst out—
‘Charlotte is right; you know you’re in love
with somebody else.’

‘I cannot condescend to talk to you,’ Daisy
replied loftily, and went towards her room.

He followed her, and made a show of locking
the door; then unlocked it, half ashamed of his
blustering, and stood for a moment with his hand
upon the lock. He wanted to say something
conciliatory, but Daisy gave him no opportunity.
She did not perceive his intention, and she spoke
not another word to him as he went moodily
down-stairs.

That afternoon Colonel and Mrs. Burgoyne
drove over to pay a distant visit beyond Burton.
Daisy had calculated in her mind that they
would not be back before six o’clock; so she
could not have a better opportunity to escape
than the present. She sat still for a few minutes
making her plans; the sound of the carriage
wheels had died away, and there was no time to
be lost; her uncle had left her without one con-
ciliatory word, and she felt quite justified in
leaving the house.

She sat down and wrote him a note, telling him she had gone to her aunt's; that nothing would induce her to stay at Exton, and it was far better they should part. Some awkward phrase, expressing that she was not forgetful of his past kindness, rose to her thoughts; but it would have looked like a misplaced mockery there, and she could not write it. Her anger helped her on; she reached down a small leather box from the top of the wardrobe, and she crushed into it no less than three dresses, besides numberless other things which she did not like to leave behind her. She put her best hat on, and was counting the contents of her purse, and calculating the price of her ticket, when Anne, the faithful Anne, appeared at the door.

‘You seem mighty busy, Miss Daisy. Why, where are you off to, with your best hat on too?’

‘Oh, Anne, don’t bother me now; I’m going away, and I want you to help me.’

‘Ye’ve been gettin’ your scolds again from the master or the mistress, I guess. What’s come to ye, Miss Daisy? You’ve been crying.’

‘I am going to my other aunt’s; but really,

Anne, you need not know anything about it ; it might get you into trouble.'

Anne was inquisitive, however, and continued—

'Not to Miss Gordon's ?'

'Yes, to Miss Gordon's.'

'Eh, but she's at London,' Anne chanted rather than said in her astonishment and dismay.

'Yes, she is there, and I am going to see her, at least for a while. I want you to help me to carry this box down to the Burton corner. Willie Hall, the post-boy, will be passing about four o'clock, and I must try and get him to take me to the station ; I don't want to get you into trouble, and the less you ask about it, Anne, the better.'

'Oh, I'm not afraid of what nobody says to me,' said Anne, disdainfully.

She was free-spoken, as the raw, unsophisticated, North-country servants always are ; she hated Mrs. Burgoyne, who was always scolding her—at one time for not being down at five o'clock, at another for not polishing the brass knobs on the doors, or for chipping the thumbs and fingers off the few china ornaments the drawing-room could boast of. Yes, she hated her mistress, but liked Miss Daisy.

‘Well, never mind what they say to me, Miss Daisy; we’d best be starting, or we shall miss the mail-cart.’

They carried the box between them. Daisy had no feelings of sadness in saying ‘good-bye’ to Exton Park. She felt she was going to begin a new life; it might be better than the past, it could not well be more dreary, save for the few bright intervals that she had spent away.

Daisy stopped for a moment and put down her box when she came to the gate where a few days ago Ernest Buchanan had told out his love to her. The spot seemed sacred in her eyes, although she could not understand him altogether. She knelt down by the old creaking gate and folded her hands in silent prayer. Was she asking her God to give her strength to meet the trials of the new life that was before her? We cannot tell.

Anne stood by, bewildered at this strange proceeding; she began to wonder if Miss Daisy’s senses were going, but she did not like to interrupt her. In a few moments Daisy got up with a sad, almost frightened look in her face; she took one handle of the box again, and saying quietly to

Anne she was ready, they walked on in silence till they came to the corner of the road where Willie Hall came past. They had only a few minutes to wait.

There was a sulky, rude kindness about Anne that made it difficult to offer her money ; so Daisy only shook hands with her, and thanking her cordially for what she had done, and hoping she would not get into any trouble about her, she took her seat—a very small one—beside the post-boy, and with her box pressing uncomfortably against her knees they drove off. Willie Hall was not conversable or curious ; he asked no questions, but merely made one or two local observations as they drove along.

He deposited Daisy safely at the station, and before the sun had set she was on her way to London.

CHAPTER X.

FLEEING FROM SHADOWS.

'Lost in the world's confused and gathering mass,
While a new slide fills up life's magic-lantern glass.'

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

SHADOWS thick and heavy were depending over Daisy's future, poor girl! In trying to fly from them she fondly imagined she was doing the best to permanently escape them. How often it happens that fleeing from the present shadows only suffices to carry us into shadows far deeper still.

A long, strange night she passed, being far too excited to sleep, and a quick recollection of everything which had ever happened to her passing through her brain. How had she lived so long at Exton? That was a puzzle to her now. How she had not gone—gone no matter how and why

and where—long ago, she could not understand. It appeared to be another self that had lived there all these years.

Gradually the grey morning light began to appear, and her sleepy companions to arouse themselves as the journey's end approached. When a certain era of our life is concluded, and we have closed, as it were, one of the volumes and put it back upon the shelf, never to be taken down again, there comes over the mind a kind of retrospective clairvoyance, to which every-day efforts of memory are but blurred and indistinct daubs. We are most of us conscious that there are certain turns in the road of life, feeling that the next step we take will shut out the past from our vision for ever.

Daisy wished to shut out *some* of the past and begin a new life in this London, where, if she did not believe the streets were paved with gold, she fancied that life, pleasure, riches were.

She had never been in London since she was a child, and now, as she watched the dark, smoky mass, and looked into but a small part of that labyrinth of black buildings her heart beat quicker.

She knew that she would soon be there, in the midst of that life-giving strife and tumult.

What a world of enthusiasm is sometimes poured forth upon that dense dark city, and what strange contrasts it contains. How many struggling thinkers and actors are there; to some an enchanted garden, where the sunlight lingers still—to some a barren moor, tearing our limbs with thorns, and side by side in such full life and such deep suffering.

How little does one half of the world know how the other half lives! The streams of life, like the waters of the Rhine and the Moselle, though they flow down the same channel, fatten the same pastures, turn the same mill, and eddy over the same shoals, meet, but mingle not; and what interests are there in common between No. 1 and No. 2 of any street, square, or row in the great city?

Your next-door neighbour, the man who spends his whole life separated from you by a party wall of one brick and a half in thickness, may be a coiner, an Italian refugee, or even an American Fenian, for aught you know to the contrary. You

lay your head on your pillow within eighteen inches of his, and whilst the rosy dreams, from which it is such a mockery to awake, are gilding your morning sleep, he may be lying awake, racked with bodily pain, or breaking his heart with mental torture! What care you? So as he does not poke his fire too loudly, you are unconscious of his existence; you never exchange a syllable, probably never set eyes on each other from year's end to year's end, till at last the mutes are standing at the door, the mourning-coaches are drawn up decently next the pavement, and one of you removes to another and a narrower house, 'other side the way.'

Such is life in the city whither Daisy Burgoyne was hurrying. The train stopped with a sudden jerk at Euston Station, in the uncomfortable way they have, sending you almost into your opposite neighbour's knees, and making the hat-boxes rattle on the racks,

Daisy was bewildered by the noise and bustle, and nearly lost her one little box. A porter wheeled it to the Euston Hotel close by, where she was very glad to find a temporary refuge.

It was a cold, cheerless morning. Those of my readers who have had the misfortune to arrive in town just when the chilliness of autumn is at hand, by a very early train before the world is up and about, when the scavenger's cart is the only vehicle to be seen in the streets, they—and they only—can imagine the dreary outlook it was for Daisy, who was practically alone in the wide, wide world. She sat in the general room in the hotel, not wishing to have the expense of a private apartment, and there she waited and counted the hours till she thought she might set out to her aunt's.

She did not want rest, but was so excited and confused that she liked to sit idly, and reflect and build castles in the air as to her future life. About eleven o'clock she started off. The bustle of the streets pleased her, and there was a great sense of enjoyment in her new-found freedom. The door-porter at the hotel had told her Lansdowne Place was only a stone's-throw from there, and she went in the direction he had pointed out. She had walked down a long, dirty street with a movable market on each side, in the

way of hand-trucks, laden with every conceivable kind of vegetables and fruit; she had several times inquired the way, and it was always the same answer she received from her guides—‘ You must keep straight on till yer come to the end of this street, and then take the first turn to the left, go straight down till yer come to the third street on the right, and that’ll lead yer into Lansdowne Place.’

On she went, trudging through the *débris* of stale vegetables, outside leaves of celery and carrot-tops, till she thought the way interminable, and began to feel the pangs of hunger. She came to an Aerated Bread shop, where she saw in the window a large ticket, ‘ Hot tea or coffee, with roll and butter, for fourpence.’ Daisy thought she could not well get a cheaper meal than this, so she went in and breakfasted there. Feeling much refreshed, she started off again with renewed vigour in search of her aunt’s house.

She arrived at No. 9, and rang the bell gently; she seemed half afraid that Miss Gordon might not quite approve of what she had done. A civil maid came to the door, who told her, ‘ Miss

Gordon is down at Brighton, and has let the house to my mistress, Mrs. Brown.'

Daisy was thunderstruck—dumfounded! She had thought when she had told all her trouble to her aunt she would be safe, but here was an unexpected difficulty. Mrs. Brown was just then coming down the stairs, and she came to speak to Daisy. She gave her her aunt's address at Brighton, and then vaguely asked her if she could be of any further use to her; but Daisy, thanking her politely, said she wanted nothing more, and walked away slowly from the house.

That she wanted nothing! Ah, what a mockery! She was only just learning what real disappointment was; she never till then knew how weak and helpless she was. She had thought that she could fight her way alone in the world; now she went walking on as one in a dream, for her troubles had begun, and got at last into the Park near Kensington Gardens. She sat down on one of the seats, to try and collect her thoughts. She took out her purse, to see how much money she had. Three pounds nineteen shillings and two-pence halfpenny. She was rather better off than

she had thought, but still she must not be extravagant. She would go, she thought, to Brighton by the afternoon train, and she felt in her pocket for her aunt's address. It was not there—she had lost it!

People who have never been forced to travel alone are often at first very careless. Here was a fresh trouble for Daisy. One or two people stared at her as they passed, and a nervous fear seized her lest she should meet some one whom she knew at Burton. If she had seen her own face, however, she need not have been astonished at people looking at her; it was quite colourless, and her lips blue rather than rose. She was very tired, and getting hungry again, and odd visions were passing through her brain of all sorts of cool quiet resting-places, where she might lie down and sleep and never wake again.

She went out of the Park, and crossed Piccadilly, having determined to go back to the hotel, and call again at Mrs. Brown's for Miss Gordon's address. As she did so she narrowly escaped being knocked down by a high-stepping chestnut horse, that was wasting a deal of action—con-

to make him eager and energetic—aye, even if it made him sometimes unhappy; something to care for, something to love. It is true he had harboured the fancy that he was in love with Daisy Burgoyne, and there was doubtless some sincerity in his attachment; but there was also an obstacle—through some to him inexplicable reason Daisy declined to marry him. Here again his pride suffered, for Ernest had lordly notions, and he now decided within himself that women were bores.

And all this time, through all his reflections and meditations, he had passed within three paces of the girl who adored him; unconscious of her presence he wended his way, his way to the London and North-Western Railway Station, and there we must leave him to follow his own devices, to try and find peace for his confused faculties.

Meanwhile Daisy—also unconscious that she had been so near the man who seemed so largely to influence her actions—walked listlessly on; since she found her Aunt Gordon was not in town she betrayed no consuming desire to follow

her to Brighton. This big, smoky city, she thought, held somewhere in its mighty heart the man who had developed into her idol. In its crowded places she hoped at times that she might look upon his face, might worship him at a distance without being seen by him. Indeed, poor foolish girl, she was so much in love with him, that it was this cause—almost the only cause—that induced her to quit the dreary and loveless shades of Exton.

As she was sauntering along a new idea seized possession of her mind. She would not go to her aunt's at all; she had a sort of dim misgiving that her uncle, Colonel Burgoyne, would follow her there, and insist upon taking her back with him, and this she dreaded. No, once having escaped from what was now worse than servitude to her, she would be free. Daisy was still in an atmosphere of romance. It never seemed to strike her that she could not continue long at the hotel, neither did she realize the dangers which she would have to encounter as an unprotected and handsome girl from the country, when left to her own resources on the wide world of

London life. She had the courage, however, to decide for herself.

She had flown from the shadows of Exton, she must now brave the glooms of London. She would seek for a situation as companion or lady's help, or turn her musical talent to account in a school or private family. With these novel ideas coursing through her bewildered brain, Daisy hurried back to the hotel. She had noticed a comfortable, happy-looking housekeeper there, a person who had spoken to her kindly in the morning. She would go to her and seek her advice; for she felt she needed it that hour more than ever she had done in her life before.

CHAPTER XI.

‘IN POPULOUS CITY PENT.’

‘A gleam of mercy round her feet shall cast,
And guide the pilgrim back to Heaven’s dear peace at
last.’—THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

PENT up in a populous city. How different life was there from the calm, monotonous life at countrified Exton. Here new scenes must be added to my story—scenes in which the simple delights of village lawns and country lanes have no share. I must take, as seamen say, ‘a fresh departure.’ Such of my characters as have appeared on the stage must perforce be marshalled anew; they must be fitted out—as is usual with players in each change of scene—with new dresses and new decorations from the property wardrobe, and so ushered once more up to the

footlights, exulting in the merits of their respective parts.

Let the glorious army of people in the pit continue to suck their oranges with forbearance, if not with satisfaction; let the bravery and beauty of the boxes and stalls smother their yawns; and let the occupants of the gallery abstain from hissing. Whether it be gorgeous tragedy, merry comedy, touching melodrama, or broad farce, the scene must fall at last alike on all the mimic players; and so it must in real life—whether it be clouds, rain, sunshine, tempest, or calm, whether it be lolling in a state of ennui on patent springs, or trudging, weary and footsore, through the mire, whether it be riches or poverty, misery or joy, it is the common lot—over all the curtain must fall. Ah me! with what a stealthy, remorseless tread—invisible to us all in the glory of youth and the early sunshine of life—pitiless and inevitable Nemesis creeps on in the race. How he steals past us as we halt by the way to admire some of life's many fair tokens, how he gets on before us and waits our coming on the other side of the hill, when the storm-clouds

lower, and the darkness comes thick and fast upon us !

Daisy, in her present circumstances, might be pardoned for looking back and imagining what her life might have been had she not so blindly consented to engage herself to Charlie Herrick, at a time and under such conditions as made the engagement absurd. She now looked forward, and saw what she thought her life was to be, and the vision overawed her.

She was in humble quarters now, sitting in all the gloom of loneliness in the back room of No. 16, George Street, a rather narrow, dark street, leading out of Euston Square. The house was kept by a respectable-looking widow, Mrs. Stone by name, a sister of the housekeeper at the Euston Hotel. When Daisy, in her confiding childishness, had told her all her troubles, the good creature's kindly heart had opened, and she had persuaded her sister to let her two of her rooms for a very small sum. Daisy had established herself in this humble abode, and the novelty of her life had rather pleased her, for she had not yet begun to feel the bitter pinch of poverty.

After much consideration she had decided to begin her new life with a new name; she was no longer Daisy Burgoyne, dependent upon others for her living; she would leave that name behind her for the present, in the old world at Exton Park. In the new world, the harder world that was now opening out before her, she settled with herself that she would be known as Miss Alice Smith.

How commonplace it sounded to her, to be sure, when Mrs. Stone, her good landlady, opened the door respectfully, and asked her if she would like to have a look at the *Weekly 'Erald*; 'she might find among the hadvertisements some place as would suit her.' Daisy thanked her with all the earnestness peculiar to her warm nature, and took the paper up eagerly, and began to scan the columns quite as eagerly. She must do something now to gain her own livelihood, that of course was obvious, unless indeed she went to Aunt Gordon's, and she would not do that unless absolutely obliged. No, for the present, at all events, she would try and make a way for herself by her own exertions. Not

for a moment did she quail at the many obstacles which would naturally beset her. Like a brave commander, she sat down with all her little experiences of the world to count her resources. They were slender enough, in all conscience, but Daisy was blessed with a hopeful, buoyant heart, and all the courage of her nature bade her never despair. Her humble store of ready money was indeed melting day by day; but she hoped before it was quite gone to find employment somewhere.

Her rare musical talent had not been left uncultivated. Since Ernest Buchanan had listened to her singing and playing, seemingly interested in it, she had vastly improved. It had given her fresh zest, new interest, and she had worked and studied hard during the long solitary hours of semi-indolence at Exton, till she had attained a degree of science and execution rarely equalled by an amateur.

She looked carefully through the columns of Mrs. Stone's newspaper till she came to the one headed, 'Wanted, a high-class music-master or mistress, to finish a young lady in the art of

singing. Apply to Miss Redmayne, No.—Belgrave Square, S.W., on Tuesday, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock.'

She laid down the paper with a sigh of relief. This was Monday, she thought, only one day to wait. She did not know how many, many applications there would be, and what a very small chance there was of her getting the post, but she was of that sanguine turn of mind that extreme youth is so often blessed with,—and it is a blessing to be hopeful,—and she went to bed feeling that before to-morrow night she might have taken the first step to fortune in her new sphere.

There we must leave her for a time to the dreams of a new life and new happiness dawning upon her confused senses, even though they come to her in sleep, and while she is dreaming, we must fly back in thought to those scenes she so lately left.

There was great consternation at Exton when they found that Daisy had gone. Colonel Burgoyne stormed and raved at Mrs. Burgoyne till he was almost black in the face, saying she had

quite spoilt the girl, and it was all her fault for letting her go out so much. He was sure that some man was at the bottom of this—the cause of her flight, never thinking that he himself was to blame in trying to force her to marry against her will. A telegram was sent to Miss Gordon, but the reply came back, 'Miss Gordon away from home.'

Here was a pretty business, said the Colonel. If Daisy had gone to London, she would be alone there in that vast city; all the dangers of her position went coursing through his mind like a horrible nightmare. All sorts of impossible ideas presented themselves to his excited brain. He thought perhaps she might have been in love with the curate and run away with him. (Oh, dreadful idea, Colonel Burgoyne, to think that a curate could possibly be so worldly as to run away with any young lady!)

Then he thought of Johnny Ludlow, a well-to-do young farmer, who was certainly above the average of farmers as far as good looks were concerned; or perhaps she was only at Lady Parker's, and had gone there to frighten them.

It was nine o'clock at night before he got to Burton Station, where the station-master told him Miss Burgoyne had got into the London train—the night express. Not liking to ask if she had a gentleman with her, he asked if she got into the Ladies' Carriage, and was greatly relieved to find that she did.

'Thank God for that,' said the Colonel, in a voice which was quite audible, though he never meant it to be so, much to the amusement of the porters, who suspected that the young lady meant to have the best of the Colonel and her aunt this time.

Colonel Burgoyne was sorely perplexed as to what he should do next, and decided to offer a reward in the papers. The faithful Anne stood her ground right well; both the Colonel and his wife had questioned and cross-questioned her, but could get no information at all from her. She knew nothing at all about Miss Daisy, she kept on affirming—faithful but untruthful Anne! So there was nothing for it but to wait and see what the advertisements would do.

The next knotty point to be decided in the

Colonel's mind, was how much the reward should be. He thought £20 a large sum of money to have to part with these hard times, and listened willingly to his wife on this occasion—who was secretly very glad Daisy had gone, and did not want her back again—when she said that £10 was the usual reward she saw in the papers for any one that was missing, and she did not see why they should do more than other people for their relations.

And so it was agreed that Daisy should be advertised for in the *Times* and the *Morning Post* in the usual way; not stating any name, but merely giving a description of Daisy's appearance, and the dress she was supposed to be wearing at the time of her departure. This was accordingly done, and, so far as Mrs. Burgoyne was concerned, she considered her duty in the matter had been well and truly performed. If my lady was pleased to go away, my lady must return again or not, at her own pleasure.

CHAPTER XII.

IN SEARCH OF THE RUNAWAY.

‘Thankful for blessings kind and counsel grave,
Strange to this new sad life, but patient, calm, and
brave.’—THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

To do Colonel Burgoyne simple justice, he was far more anxious about Daisy than his wife was. Between aunt and niece there had been no bond of sympathy. Mrs. Burgoyne had her children to think about, and somehow she thought Daisy was always in the way. The Colonel had a broader mind ; though he was irritable, severe, and dictatorial, still underlying these faults he had many praiseworthy virtues. In his hard, military way he was rather fond of Daisy, both for her cleverness and the independence of her character—pleasing attributes both. But he never proclaimed his ideas about her within the

hearing of Mrs. Burgoyne; although a man of war, he was also inclined for peace in the domestic regions, and if he could anyhow avoid it, he would say nothing to arouse the easily-inflamed anger of his spouse.

As the days flew past, and the advertisement for Daisy brought no news of her whereabouts, the Colonel became more and more restive, more and more impatient of the delays. He went to the door fifty times a day, expecting to see the Burton telegraph-boy bringing some news of the runaway; but he was fifty times doomed to disappointment, as no news whatever came to his relief.

It was nearly a week after Daisy's disappearance that he entered the drawing-room where his wife was sitting alone; she looked at him as he came in, and saw from his face that something was disturbing his mind.

'It's no use, Charlotte,' he said, taking a seat near Mrs. Burgoyne's work-table, and beginning to tie large knots in a piece of tape that hung temptingly out of a large old-fashioned wooden work-box. 'It's no use,' he repeated, 'something must be done.'

‘Done, George !’ replied Mrs. Burgoyne, affecting ignorance of his meaning ; ‘in what way ?’

‘In what way ?’ echoed the Colonel, much annoyed at his wife’s nonchalance ; ‘why, my dear woman, you talk as if there was no great calamity hanging over this house. I mean something must be done with regard to Daisy.’

The Colonel was speaking regardless of grammar in his agitation.

‘Oh, I see—with regard to Daisy,’ repeated Mrs. Burgoyne, with provoking coolness. ‘Well, George, I think you have done all that can be expected of you. You have advertised for her, you know ; I don’t see what more you *can* do.’

‘Well, yes, I have advertised, but what good has it done ? No good at all—absolutely nothing.’

‘You must not say so yet, dear. You must give the advertisement time. You are so hasty, George, and want things done in a minute.’

‘I have waited five days now, Charlotte, and nothing has come of it. Meanwhile where is the poor girl ? I dread to harbour the thought, and

yet sometimes I have a fearful feeling that she has done some harm to herself; she was so impetuous. I am afraid I drove her too hard that day over Charlie Herrick; I don't believe there's any love between them.'

'You cannot justly reproach yourself on that score, George.'

'I do reproach myself, though; Daisy was a nice girl, and she was somehow forced into that engagement. You know it, Charlotte—you need not shake your head.'

'You were in the position of a father to her, Colonel Burgoyne,' replied Mrs. Burgoyne, with a touch of old-fashioned dignity about her, 'and you very properly, in my opinion, pointed out to her the advantages of a match with Captain Herrick. I see no reason whatever for you to reproach yourself. Besides, what nonsense to talk about love! Whoever marries for love?'

'Did *we*, Charlotte?'

'Oh, our case was different, George,' she said quietly.

'Quite so; and no doubt Daisy would think her case different to ours. Well, Charlotte, what

I have come to the conclusion of is this—that I must go in search of her.'

'To London?' gasped Mrs. Burgoyne, putting down her sewing, and staring at the Colonel.

'Yes, to London, or Hanover, if needs be. The girl must be found by some one, and who so proper to go in search of her as I? As you say, I am in the position of a father to her, and it would be a father's duty to try and find her at once. How can I do otherwise, when only to-day Herrick has written to say he will be back shortly? I can do nothing else; it is the right course, Charlotte, whether you think so or not.'

'But the expense, George; you don't think of that,' sighed Mrs. Burgoyne.

'I don't care twopence for the expense,' cried the Colonel, who had risen and walked to the window. 'Besides, we have had the girl's money. To search for her I will go, no matter what the cost may be; the house isn't the same since she went away. I shall go to-day, after luncheon, Charlotte.'

With this decision he marched out of the room.

Mrs. Burgoyne was a woman not altogether

devoid of common-sense. She knew how far she could oppose her husband, and when it was prudent to stop. By his determined manner she knew it was useless to offer any further opposition, though it went to her heart to have more expense incurred over the wayward Daisy.

Luncheon passed off almost in silence. The Colonel was too preoccupied with his thoughts, and Mrs. Burgoyne found no need to interrupt them. She had thoughts of her own, but happily for her she abstained from expressing them. If it had been otherwise, unedifying family jars, baneful to the children's ears, would have ensued. As it was, the luncheon was unusually calm; nobody's digestion was upset, everything was orderly, comfortable, and decorous.

In less than two hours afterwards Colonel Burgoyne was speeding on his way to town, with as much despatch as a heavily-laden train filled with passengers going south for their holidays could make. He was not at all sanguine about the success of his enterprise, although he hoped for the best; his niece had been left in his charge,

and he felt it his bounden duty to leave no stone unturned in the effort to trace her.

On the way to London, comfortably sitting in the corner seat of a second-class smoking carriage, the Colonel had time for reflection. He had some doubts in his own mind whether Daisy had gone to London at all; he was certain that, wherever she was, there she had gone to escape marriage with Charlie Herrick. This idea opened up a new train of thought. Until then he had never regarded Ernest Buchanan's visit to Exton as having any association with Daisy; now it flashed upon his mind that it probably was so.

As everything comes to those who wait, so Colonel Burgoyne's journey to London came to an end. He was glad of it; he jumped into a hansom, and drove to Lansdowne Place, not because he knew Miss Gordon was there, but with a vague notion that his going thither would be the means of giving him a clue to the unfathomable disappearance of his niece.

How strange are the turnings and twistings of life! When Colonel Burgoyne stepped out of the square of Euston Station, he was within measur-

able distance of the object of his search, yet he knew it not. By a peculiar irony of fate, every step he took away from that neighbourhood made his chance of success so much smaller; such are the strange movements of life in a big city. The chances, however, are all in favour of the hider, and against the seeker; and so Daisy was secure, though her uncle was so close to her.

Without stopping to refresh the inner man at his club, Colonel Burgoyne made all possible haste to Lansdowne Place.

‘Can I see your mistress?’ he asked of the girl who opened the door.

‘Yes, sir, mistress is at home,’ and she ushered him up with much pomp into the drawing-room.

‘You must kindly pardon me, madam, for intruding,’ said the Colonel, ‘but I am Miss Gordon’s nephew, Colonel Burgoyne, and should feel greatly obliged if you could give me her address.’

‘Oh, pray don’t apologize,’ said Mrs. Brown; ‘it’s no trouble—21, Norfolk Square, Brighton. How very odd,’ she went on, half to herself and half aloud. ‘I had a very pretty girl here some

days ago, asking for the same thing, when she found Miss Gordon was away.'

'I am much indebted to you for your kindness,' rejoined the Colonel, politely. 'That young lady, I have reason to believe, is my niece, Daisy Burgoyne, and it is her who I am searching for.'

Mrs. Brown, with a woman's curiosity, was dying to ask him if his niece had run away, and why; but with great difficulty she did not do so, and after the usual social courtesies Colonel Burgoyne took his leave and hurried off to Brighton, and Mrs. Brown, with doubtless the best intentions, had put the Colonel entirely off the scent.

Old Miss Gordon was greatly astonished to see her nephew walk into her drawing-room, so late at night too. When he had sat a minute, after asking after Miss Gordon's health, he said in rather a severe tone—

'Why are you harbouring deserters, aunt? I could not have thought it of you!'

Miss Gordon eyed him curiously, and began to think he must either have gone off his head, or—or—oh, terrible thought—had too much to drink.

His visit was a surprise to her, but his words were indeed a mystery. She had not the slightest clue to the meaning of either, and for a moment—only for a moment—was bereft of speech.

‘George,’ she said, rather crossly, ‘when you tell me what you mean, perhaps I shall be able to answer you. At present I am at a loss to account for your erratic behaviour.’

‘Where’s Daisy?’ said the Colonel, breaking into a smile.

‘Well, since you ask me so foolish a question, all I can say is, *you* ought to know.’

‘Is she not here?’ said the Colonel, with signs of misgiving upon his face.

‘Daisy here?’ echoed Miss Gordon in surprise; ‘certainly not—she has never been here. Whatever put that foolish idea into your head? are you demented, George?’

‘I shall begin to think I am if you tell me Daisy is not here.’

‘Well, Daisy is not here, and never has been.’

Miss Gordon uttered the last sentence with such firmness and emphasis that Colonel Burgoyne was fully persuaded it was only too true.

‘Then where is the little fool?’ he ejaculated, his patience nearly exhausted.

‘But tell me, George,’ said Miss Gordon, ‘how long have you lost her? when did she leave Exton?’

Colonel Burgoyne then related to his aunt the whole of the unhappy circumstances connected with Daisy’s disappearance, to all of which Miss Gordon listened with undivided attention.

The next morning the Colonel went back to Exton, more in a maze than ever. He might have been able to manage his soldiers, but he certainly could not manage his niece.

CHAPTER XIII.

‘MUSIC HATH CHARMS.’

‘Last night when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came,
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shivered in my narrow frame.’

TENNYSON.

THE soft breezes were blowing, with just a touch of crispness on the dusty October morning, when Daisy Burgoyne left her humble lodging to make her first attempt to gain her daily bread. At times she felt as if the gallant spirit within her could face any difficulties, but at times also—and who shall blame her?—the tears sprang to her eyes as she thought of her unprotected position.

The warmest heart must sometimes be the saddest and the most lonely, the kindest nature

must often be driven back upon itself, to sour and weary and deteriorate day by day. We see the round man in the square hole—we only know that all the struggling in the world will not make his prison one whit less angular and uncomfortable. The great Artificer of all is the best judge why these things are.

London scarcely looked itself with the veil of smoke lifted away, and a fair blue sky flecked with light silvery clouds showing above the chimney-pots.

Daisy walked on and on till she came to Belgrave Square. She had several times to ask her way—and a very long way she thought it—and not a few passers-by turned round to look at her tall, graceful figure. She was looking very pretty, with her fair hair done neatly round her head in coils. She had on a plain black hat and jacket, and a grey tweed dress, and looked almost queenlike in her simplicity as she walked along with her stately air.

When she arrived at No. — her courage rather failed her, and she stood for a moment to collect herself before she went up the steps and rang

the bell. It was a large, imposing-looking residence, and everything about it, from the fat pug dog stretching itself in the sun on the steps, to the powdered footman who opened the door, denoted affluence and comfort, and the owner a man of large possessions.

'Is Miss Redmayne at home?' asked Daisy, conquering a mixed feeling of pride and shyness at a gulp.

'Yes, my lady,' answered the man, a thorough London servant, whose *savoir faire* prompted him that so plainly dressed and engaging a lady calling at that early hour must be a countess at least. 'Step this way, my lady, if you please.'

Remorse tore that official's heart, and poisoned his one o'clock dinner, when he ascertained the real business of the visitor, as Daisy, in giving her name, had innocently told him she had come to answer an advertisement.

She followed her conductor up-stairs, summoning all her courage for the ordeal. At the first landing she encountered a rubicund old gentleman with a bald head and a white neckcloth, who first begged her pardon, as it would seem,



for taking the liberty of going down-stairs in his own house, and then stopped her further progress by the summary process of placing his corpulent person immediately in front of her.

‘Madam,’ said the old gentleman, with a ludicrous mixture of profound deference and startling abruptness, ‘pardon the liberty I take in asking, but are you going up-stairs to see my daughter about giving her some singing lessons?’

Daisy bowed silently in the affirmative. ‘This, then,’ she thought, ‘must be Miss Redmayne’s father; I wonder if his daughter’s voice is equally difficult to modulate.’

‘This way, young lady, this way,’ said Mr. Redmayne pleasantly; ‘John will bring you some sherry and biscuits before we go up-stairs and hear you sing; you look so pale and tired.’—(Aside) ‘Lord! how ill she looks. Pretty face, by Jove; girl with a history.’

The City merchant had one little peculiarity, which rendered him at first a somewhat startling acquaintance—that of speaking out his thoughts and checking himself too late; which, though inconvenient, is by no means a very uncommon

failing. But still he was a kindly, jovial, good-natured, and generous man, and loved his only daughter, Julia, as he still loved her mother in her grave in the sunny south of France.

‘Julia is not down yet, Miss Smith ; a late riser ; so was her poor mother, but she was a woman in a million ; there’s her picture—yes, it’s very like, but wants her sweet smile.’

Here Miss Redmayne made her appearance. She was a black-eyed, black-haired, fresh-coloured girl, with a broad, hearty smile ; such a girl as looks more in place on a dairy floor than behind the curtain of an opera-box ; and yet with a degree of true refinement in her honest, womanly nature that might put many a great lady to the blush.

She turned her doating parent round her finger, did exactly what she pleased, and enjoyed her London life and her London pleasures as such things can only be enjoyed at nineteen.

They all went up-stairs into the large drawing-room. Daisy was quite awestruck at the magnificence. The walls of the room were distempered with the palest primrose hue above,

deepening into a warmer shade down to the skirting board. The room was furnished throughout with white enamel, upholstered in amber damask. The dainty little tables, the luxurious arm-chairs, the long low sofas, perfect nests of downy puffiness with elaborately worked cushions in the corners ; the lovely china in the white-and-gold cabinets on the over-mantel, all told of wealth and extreme luxuriance.

Daisy took in all this at a glance, and thought of the dark little room which now was her home ; but even still she might be happy there. Julia Redmayne walked up to the grand piano and opened it, after they had been chatting for some little time. She had a kind, good-natured manner, almost hoydenish ; but Daisy somehow felt at home with her. Papa Redmayne said he hoped Miss Smith would sing them a song. He felt so interested in this young girl, that he had inwardly made up his mind that if she were even only a moderate performer he would give her a chance, and at any rate for a time she should be Julia's music-mistress.

She sat down to the piano, and ran her slender

fingers dreamily over the ivory keys. She made a pretty picture, with the sun streaming in through the tinted windows, shedding a rosy light on her exquisitely fair skin, the slight feeling of nervousness at the thought of her first song for a consideration deepening the colour on her cheeks.

The song was *Home, Sweet Home*, and as Daisy's pure sweet notes floated through the lofty rooms, her listeners were riveted; she had chosen it at haphazard, as one she thought Mr. Redmayne might like, and its painful appropriateness to her own case came home to her. Her voice faltered a little while singing words which she herself felt forced to disagree with, and the hesitation and tremulousness were set down by Mr. Redmayne and Julia as a triumph of artistic skill.

'By Jove, what a singer,' said the City merchant, thinking his thoughts out loud again, as he sat with his eyes fixed on the ground, and one hand stroking down his short grey beard. He walked up to the piano when Daisy had finished, and laying his broad and kindly fingers in quite a touching and fatherly way on her shoulder, said with emotion—

‘Ah, my dear young lady, you sing very sweetly —very sweetly indeed. That song of yours reminds me so of my dear departed wife, my poor Mary Ann.’

And he turned his honest face away to hide two big tears, that would come slowly coursing down his fat rubicund cheeks. After a short time Mr. Redmayne recovered his composure, and told Daisy with almost womanly tenderness that he would be quite satisfied if she could teach his Julia to sing half as well as she had sung to them that day.

So the agreement was made between them, and Daisy, to her delight, was to have a guinea a lesson, and to come twice a week, and to stay to luncheon as well, which was a consideration.

Meanwhile ‘Gentleman John’ was greatly disturbed that morning by the continual pealings of the front-door bell. He hoped fervently that it would be a very long time before his master inserted another advertisement in any paper for persons to apply at No. — just at his dinner-time—it was a trifle inconsiderate. After Daisy had left, and he had ascertained from Mr. Red-

mayne that she was engaged, 'Gentleman John took much less trouble with the other unfortunate applicants. 'We are suited, thank you,' he said, with an important air, and shut the door with rather more of a slam than was necessary, and only to be excused on the score of his irritation.

Daisy Burgoyn having succeeded so well in founding herself in London, we must renew our acquaintance with Mrs. Garside.

* * * * *

It is now more than a year since Evelyn—through the blessings of Providence—became a widow. During that time fortune smiled on her; at the death of her aunt she had come into a property that brought her in between four and five thousand a year. She is now a rich brilliant woman; after a long mourning she is coming out into the world of gaiety again. Her dress gives evidence of this, for its sombreness is here and there relieved with a touch of silver grey, and here and there just a flicker of white, and nothing is more becoming to almost every one than black and white.

Evelyn is lounging in a cosy corner in the large

drawing-room of her house in Portland Place. Her disdainful black poodle 'Peter,' with his well-fed body, neatly shaven and ornamented in the usual curious way—peculiar to these aristocratic canines—with the fluffiest of woolly knots in a line along the top of his sleek back, lies stretched out full-length upon the hearthrug of velvet pile. The room is furnished in exquisite taste, soft, subdued, and full of flowers. In all the deep embrasures of the windows are tall stands of scented blossoms, every corner, every little detail showing with what artistic fingers the rooms had been arranged. The photo frames have been draped with amber Liberty silk. The colours of the dainty cushions that fill the backs of the luxurious chairs have been chosen with perfect harmony; even the parrot's cage—that usually unsightly-looking prison—has an artistic bow of ribbon twisted into the ring at the top, and a quaint little petticoat of silk arranged round the base to catch the seeds and hide the hard angles of the zinc stand.

Mrs. Garside is holding her visiting list in her hand, and looking through it to see if she knows enough men to give a ball and make it a success.

Sitting at a writing-table in the inner drawing-room, almost hidden by a bending palm, is Daisy Burgoyne—now Miss Alice Smith. She had been introduced to Mrs. Garside by the Redmaynes, and the widow had taken a great fancy to her, and she has her twice or three times a week to write all her letters, invitations, &c., and to add up her weekly bills, which are very considerable.

The Redmaynes had done every kindness they could imagine for the interesting music-mistress, giving her recommendations without end, and Daisy soon found she had almost more to do than she cared for during the six months she had been in London.

‘If I cannot get quite enough dancing men, I will ask my old friend, Ernest Buchanan,’ said Mrs. Garside. ‘He will get plenty, as he knows every man in London worth knowing.’

How lucky for Daisy that Evelyn was in another room, and could not see the deepening tinge that rose to the very roots of her fair hair at the mention of Ernest Buchanan’s name.

‘Now will you begin, Alice, and write out the

cards. We must give three weeks' invitation, and to-day is the—is the—oh, dear! I never can remember the day of the month.'

'This is the twenty-third of April, Mrs. Garside,' said Daisy, as quietly as her excited brain would allow her.

'Oh yes, of course it is, and poor Jack's birth-day.'

A momentary shade of sorrow passed over Evelyn Garside's face, and for a few moments she was silent. She was interrupted in her reverie by the butler throwing open the door of the large drawing-room and announcing—

'Mr. Ernest Buchanan.'

Mrs. Garside rose and went to meet him.

'I am so glad to see you,' said Evelyn, a crimson blush rising to her face, as she held out both hands to greet him. 'It is ages since we met; do come and tell me all about yourself.'

At that moment a crashing sound was heard in the back drawing-room, and a tiny gilt table loaded with silver curiosities lay in the centre of the floor, with all that had been on it scattered about in the most hopeless confusion.

'Alice, my dear, what are you doing there?' cried Mrs. Garside, jumping up and going into the back drawing-room. But Alice was not there, she had hurried away, and upset the table in her flight.

Evelyn stood still in amazement. She looked at the floor, at the open door, at the confusion on the writing-table, and at Miss Smith's empty chair. What could it all mean? Why had she flown away in this unaccountable manner? She must be taken suddenly ill, and asking Mr. Buchanan to excuse her for a moment, she went off to see where Miss Smith was.

Daisy she found had hurried away into the small drawing-room on the same landing where she usually took off her walking things. Mrs. Garside went in, and found her standing clutching the back of a chair, with a deathly pallor on her face.

'What is the matter, my dear Alice?' said Evelyn. 'Are you ill?'

'Oh, no—no—thank you, Mrs. Garside,' said Daisy, confusedly. 'I shall soon be all right; it was only a sudden spasm at my heart. I am

rather subject to them,—scarcely knowing what she said—‘but if you will excuse me I would rather not write any more to-day. If your letters can wait I will come to-morrow morning; I shall be quite well again by then, I hope.’

And Evelyn acquiesced, and finding Miss Smith was partially recovered, she said good-bye to her, and went back to her guest in the drawing-room.

‘I hope nothing is the matter, Mrs. Garside,’ said Ernest, when she returned.

‘Oh no, nothing much, only my companion was a little faint.’

‘What, not the pretty Miss Smith we hear so much of?’

‘Yes,’ answered Mrs. Garside, rather shortly, ‘the pretty Miss Smith; but she’s all right now,’ slightly piqued at the tone of Ernest’s remarks.

‘You are the very person I was longing to see,’ said Evelyn. ‘I am thinking of giving a ball, and I shall want you to help me with those indispensable creatures on such an occasion, men—dancing men, not door-posts. I have been shut up so long I seem to have lost sight of so many

old friends, yourself among the number. I know you can help me if you will,' she said, walking up to Ernest and offering him a chocolate cream from the daintiest of silver caskets that was standing on a table by his side.

They sat chatting away for some time, and Evelyn extracted a promise from Ernest that he would go to a concert with her and an aunt that was coming to stay with her; she was sure he would like it. Ernest promised to go with them. He was always very pleasant to Evelyn, and at times she might be pardoned for thinking his actions were prompted by warmer feelings than are usually associated with friendship. After hearing a few more plans for the forthcoming ball he took his departure. How different he looked in London to what he did in the country; there was not a better-dressed or better-looking man in the Row than Ernest Buchanan—and he knew it too.

His mother, estimable woman that she was, adored him. She was an old-fashioned lady, and lived somewhat behind the world; as she doated so on Ernest, he did his best not to shock her

feelings by the ways of the world up to date. What would she have thought if she could have penetrated into his club chambers, and looked on at those card-parties and sparkling little suppers, where wit would flow as fast as the champagne, where jokes would be more telling than the hot punch, and whence the mad parties would not unfrequently rush off to breakfast at the *Star and Garter* at Richmond, or to drink fresh milk and eat fresh butter in a Hampstead farm-house, to sniff the country air and cool their heated brains. But happily for her she knew nothing of all this, and probably never would know.

When Ernest left Evelyn that day she fell back upon her thoughts. 'The pretty Miss Smith' were the words that rang in her ears. Everything seemed to repeat Ernest's words. 'The pretty Miss Smith,' said the parrot in his cage. 'The pretty Miss Smith,' the clock seemed to say as it ticked. Evelyn Garside laughed, yet she had suddenly grown absurdly jealous of 'the pretty Miss Smith.'

CHAPTER XIV.

‘KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN CORONETS.’

‘How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes, ever to seem
Falling to sleep in half a dream.’—TENNYSON.

DAISY hurried away out of the house—on, on she went, away, away. Why did she flee in such haste from the man she knew she loved? Had she not come to London with the one dim hope ever springing up in her heart that she might sometimes see him, perhaps even hear his loved voice? And now, when she had found herself beneath the very same roof, she had fled; was it not pride that made her dislike meeting him in her changed position? It could not be that, for her position was self-inflicted, and even now she might be

living in comparative affluence, probably with her Aunt Gordon.

As the time wore on the thought would rise to her mind that Ernest Buchanan could not really have cared very much for her after all, or he would not have left her in that cold, heartless way at Exton; but somehow she could not banish him from her mind, try how she would.

Poor Daisy! She hardly knew how to meet him, as meet him she surely would some time or other at Mrs. Garside's. How could she tell him of her changed name if she did not tell her kind friend all? It is useless to try and hide things from a woman; their moral sense is usually so acute. Try to deceive a woman about your feelings, your likes and dislikes, your little prejudices and foolish whims. She looks through you at a glance, she detects your secret ere you have hardly told it to yourself; well for you if she do not abuse her power and make it public to the whole circle of her acquaintance. Therefore it is a wholesome maxim to have no secret from a woman. But Daisy did not feel sure about disclosing her secrets; her brain was in a turmoil. She had

been more than fortunate in getting on with her teaching, and now visions of all sorts of difficulties seemed to float through her mind.

She had no more lessons to give that afternoon, for which she felt most thankful, so she walked across to a quiet seat in the Park, where she might sit unnoticed by the motley crowd and think—think.

It was long past tea-time before she started to find her way back to her humble lodgings. All this time good old Mrs. Stone was in a terrible state of nervousness that Miss Smith did not come back. She oscillated between the window and the tea-table, and sniffed and grunted with undisguised anxiety. She looked at the little clock upon the mantel-piece continually, and refused to be comforted—not that there was anybody present to soothe her agitation. 'When will she come? When will she come?'

She poured some water into the teapot and sat by with as much show of patience as she could assume, until the tea was supposed to be drawn.

Mrs. Stone had herself known trouble; she had,

indeed, known little else, poor soul. Her path had been one of thorns. She was a plain, not very agreeable-looking woman, but she had a heart so kind that an empress might have envied her. She had been like a mother to Daisy ever since she came to her. She heard a knock at the front door, and rushed out to meet her lodger, looking tired and pale.

‘Oh, Miss Smith,’ she cried, gasping, ‘I thought you was never coming back. You’re two hours behind your time, and them omblebusses is so reckless, being built heavy theirselves and so careless of others; and you’re a mere speck, as it were, in a road; but here you are, and no bones broke. Do come and take off your jacket, for I have been a-worritting myself dreadful about you, till I was in a state to go to the pleece-station and have a bill struck off. And you looks so tired, my poor dear, it breaks my heart to see you. I can’t think what them fine relations of yours was a-thinking about to drive a young lady like you are from home, and all ‘cos you hadn’t a mind to marry a gentleman as you didn’t like.

‘But come,’ she continued, with true motherly

feeling, 'let's have a cup of tea now, and I'll sit here awhile along with you, and try to cheer you up a bit like. The Lord in heaven knows as I've seen trouble enough in my day for two or three lifetimes; but, please God, there'll be a bright day come some day, Miss Alice, all of a sudden, maybe, for both you and for me too.'

Daisy was not the kind of girl to like to appear in any degree ungrateful for her landlady's well-meant friendliness and sympathy, but under the circumstances she longed to be alone, and wished kind, loquacious Mrs. Stone would go. But there was no escaping, and so she had to sit patiently and listen to the shortcomings and sins of the departed John Stone, till it was time to go to bed.

The clocks were striking, the stars were shining, and a touch of frost was in the air when Daisy walked to her little bedroom window and opened it wide. A barrel-organ in the street below was wailing out an old waltz tune. The bright stars with their thousand flashing eyes looked down from the high heaven, looked down on her fair hair and uneasy mind.

It was nothing new to them to see such an

anxious face of perplexity. Did they not see such sights every night? She sat far into the hours of darkness at her window, looking out into the street below; she watched the lights as they changed from room to room, and glimmered distinctly up the staircases, as the inmates of the opposite houses went one by one to rest. They greatly mitigated her sense of loneliness. When the last glimmer had died away she crept into bed, and for a time her excited brain was still; for sleep, balmy, comforting sleep, came to her soothingly and lifted the woes of life from her brow—for a time at least.

Next morning, when Daisy arrived at Portland Place, she found Mrs. Garside busy with all sorts of schemes for her projected ball. New life and spirits seemed to have been given her. She had not seen Ernest Buchanan since she was a widow; somehow she thought it best they should not meet. They had been friends, aye, very dear friends, long ago, when she was poor and he with but a few hundreds a year, and then Jack Garside had appeared on the scene. He was better in a worldly sense, and she had been persuaded into

marrying him. Now all her old love for Ernest seemed to spring up and recall the 'long ago,' those tender love-passages, those undeclared vows. He had left her as suddenly as he had left Daisy Burgoyne in the far-away north, when he heard and saw that a more favoured suitor would win the day; and Evelyn had tried to bury his image on her wedding day, to cast it off, as she cast off the freedom of spinsterhood. Who shall say if she succeeded? None but herself can tell.

It seemed curious to Daisy that, having cut herself off from all family ties of her own, she should have drifted so quietly into the domestic life of Mrs. Garside. Strange, nay, painfully strange was her first plunge into this new existence, but now she was quite used to it.

By luncheon time all the invitations were written; Daisy had worked hard. She had made up her mind to let things take their chance, and she would not tell Mrs. Garside of her cousinly relationship with Mr. Buchanan until circumstances obliged her.

'You must come to the ball, Alice, on the twenty-first. I can't let you off.'

‘Oh, thank you, Mrs. Garside, very much, but indeed—indeed, that’s impossible.’

‘Oh, why, my dear? That’s all nonsense. I intend to give you a gown; I have a lovely new salmon-pink that I had just before—just before I went into mourning; it’s quite plain. I will make Jeanette (the maid) alter it for you, just take a little fullness out of the skirt, and set up the sleeves with some puffs and feathers. Really the fashions are so ridiculous now; but you will look quite lovely in that pink gown,’ said Mrs. Garside, with undisguised admiration as she looked at Daisy’s pretty bright young face—almost too lovely, she thought to herself.

‘It’s very kind of you, Mrs. Garside, but—but—’

‘I can have no buts, Alice. You must come. Yours is such a prosaic, monotonous life, it will do you good to see a little of the world.’

Daisy found it was no use her trying to excuse herself. She held back from accepting the generous offer, but Evelyn insisted. At last, with warmest assurances of gratitude, Daisy allowed herself to be persuaded, and so the matter was settled, and she promised to come.

That day she said good-bye to Mrs. Garside with a brighter face than she had worn for some time. The idea was by no means unpleasant, and she hurried off to a rehearsal for the next day ; she was going to sing at a concert, her first appearance in public. An old professional lady, a friend of Mr. Redmayne's, had been present at Belgrave Square when Daisy was giving her lesson one day, and had been struck by her fine, sweet voice, and since then had obtained for her several introductions in the professional world, for which Daisy was very grateful. No class of society is so ready to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate as that which itself derives a precarious subsistence from art—precarious because art is but an ornament, and not a necessity of existence.

Which of us but has felt the inestimable value of a friend, who makes our case his own—or hers ? So it was with Madame Ducrot. She had known what poverty was in all its most cruel details. She had known many and many a time what it was to feel the pangs of hunger, and with no means of satisfying those pangs. But all these

days were over, and now in her old age, when time had robbed her voice of the mellow sweetness of youth, and her fingers were no longer the subtle index of her feeling heart, she lived in affluence and comfort in her villa on the Thames.

One introduction leads to another, and it was not long ere Daisy had gained her first step on the rung of fortune's ladder. She found the retired professional singer a true friend, for she came in Daisy's hour of need, and smoothed the thorny pathway up which she was toiling.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SPELL OF THE SIREN'S SONG.

‘Her warbling voice a lyre of widest range,
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided thro’ all change
Of liveliest utterance.’—TENNYSON.

It is a bright spring morning, in the first flush of the London season. The old story has begun over again with fresh hopes, fresh schemes, a few fresh faces—the old story of dining and driving and dressing and pushing on, with calm, polite energy that never relaxes, as though it had some definite object for its goal. There are indeed a few blanks amongst the rank and file of the *élite*, since the last meet of the coaches, when every one in town is to be found, strolling about under the shade of the trees in the Park, or basking in the sunshine by clusters of the shaded, sweet-scented azaleas.

Ernest Buchanan was walking leisurely down Piccadilly home to luncheon. As he strolled along the pavement, every second man seemed to know him and was apparently glad to see him. Bright glances were shot at him from open carriages, and pretty fingers kissed in his favour from brougham windows. Truth is truth, and despite all the sneers of philosophers, it is no unpleasant lot while it lasts, to be young, rich, good-looking, and well received in London society. A man must either be very happy or very miserable who can afford to treat the opinions of his fellows with contempt. Ernest Buchanan always seemed cheery, and made every one around him the same.

When he reached his club there was a note that had just arrived ; it ran thus—

‘DEAR MR. BUCHANAN,

‘The tickets have come for the Morning Concert. We will call for you at the Carlton in an hour.

‘Yours very sincerely,

‘EVELYN GARSIDE.’

'That's rather a bore,' remarked the recipient, with a yawn. 'However, I promised to go, and after all it's something to do.'

It was well for Ernest that he did decide to go.

The professionals are all in time and tune, preparing for those grand effects and combinations which the dilettanti love, and of which less instructed listeners deem it incumbent on them to say, 'magnificent,' 'very fine,' and the like ejaculations. They are assembling in a little room off the grand hall, which is already filled with an impatient audience, reduced to the sad necessity of criticizing each other's dresses and reading the programme over and over again. The male professionals are chiefly remarkable for the extreme accuracy of their toilette, and the purity of their close-fitting white kid gloves, which, with black evening coats and continuations, seem somewhat out of place at three o'clock in the day.

They are either men of extremely martial appearance, or running considerably to whisker. You would make some strange mistakes, though, if you judged of their tones by their appearance.

The large, well-built fellow, with the legs and chest of a Hercules, is the tenor; and if you only heard that soft, silvery voice of his, quivering and thrilling on the sands by moonlight, you would fancy such seductive notes could proceed from nothing less feminine than a mermaid, instead of a stout, soldier-like convivialist, who would incontinently offer you a cigar, and take you home with him to a pigeon-pie and a cool bottle of claret.

The lady singers are whispering and talking to each other, with that busy, good-humoured cordiality which the *sex* is prone to effect in public places, and those who have not brought bouquets themselves are vehemently admiring the flowers of those who have.

Daisy sits a little apart from the rest; she is attired very simply in dove-coloured crepon, and wears a half-blown blush rose in her dress. As she drops her head over the score in her hand, the tenor, who has something of a painter's taste, thinks she would make a pretty picture, with her wavy hair shading and hiding her fair face, while a sunbeam slanting through the window brings out a gold tinge on her glossy head.

The doors are open. The professionals move from their retiring room to take their seats; the leader of the band assumes his *bâton* with a martial air, and the concert begins.

Meanwhile a barouche is waiting three or four yards away from the steps of the Carlton, Mrs. Garside's prudence and propriety forbidding her to draw up exactly opposite the door of that exclusive and most particular club, where the eyes of the members at the windows would be sure to pass in review herself, her old aunt, her black poodle Peter, who was sitting on the opposite seat, her bonnet, her gloves, nay, the very liveries of her white-stockinged servants, not to mention the heavily-plated harness and stately appearance of her brown carriage-horses, champing and stamping in the sun.

As they are waiting, a rather tall, dark man comes down the steps and hastens towards them, lifting his hat.

‘Oh, how do you do, Mr. Cattermole?’ said Evelyn; ‘we are waiting for our old friend, Mr. Buchanan,’ feeling it almost necessary to apologize for being so near the club. ‘We are going to a

concert; if you've nothing better to do, perhaps you'll come with us. I have a spare ticket.'

Mr. Cattermole had nothing better to do that afternoon, so he gladly accepted, and Evelyn, telling Peter to jump out, that wisest of wise dogs, not feeling inclined, climbed over the box to the coachman and hid himself beneath his boots.

George Cattermole was Mr. Redmayne's partner in his large business in the city, and it was no small income that he derived from that very lucrative establishment. His exterior presents a marked contrast to that of his friend, Ernest Buchanan. The bold, well-cut features, the clear, sallow complexion, the deep-set, glittering eye and close raven hair, are types of an iron physique and an iron will. His tones are short, sharp, and imperious; they seem to be propelled, so to speak, from the thin lips which close again as with a steel spring when they have gone forth. That mouth belongs to a man from whom you could never coax anything by persuasion, or wrest from him by force. His very dress, plain to simplicity and unpretending though it be, has a character

and peculiarity of its own, whilst the muscular figure contains in a rare degree great physical power.

Few women ever thought George Cattermole good-looking, at least they seldom could be brought to say so. Quiet and unassuming as he was, they always affirmed that they were 'a little afraid of him.'

At last Ernest came sauntering down the club steps, took his seat in the carriage, and the party drove off to St. James's Hall, where the concert was to be. Peter received his instructions that he was to be a good dog, and not to jump out of the carriage on the way home. There is a vast deal of fuss and ceremony when they reach the doors. Evelyn's aunt, Lady Grace Lloyd, being rather rheumatic, takes some time to fetch the ground, as a sailor would say. The policeman makes way for them authoritatively, and they take the seats provided for them, with no small noise and bustle, to the just indignation of the audience, all of whom do the same thing constantly themselves, but who think it right now to betray marked disapproval.

They all get seated in time, and Lady Grace peers about through her glasses to see who is there, and a pause in the performance enables the well-pleased audience to relax their attention and fall to conversing amongst themselves.

‘I am not sure that I care much about music,’ observes Ernest to Evelyn, whose nervous system, truth to tell, is strung to a far higher pitch than he would have his friends believe, and who is ashamed, as well he may be, that he can turn pale and shiver for so unreal a cause as a thrilling stream of melody. ‘In fact, all music bores me rather than otherwise.’

‘Then why did you come?’ asks Evelyn, playfully.

‘Because you ordered me,’ was the reply, with one of his sweetest smiles. ‘Because you ordered me, and I’ve been here half-an-hour, nearly, without wishing yet that I had not obeyed.’

The five minutes were over, and the performers took their seats. Lady Grace went on conversing freely about the people in the room, forgetting that, like herself, they were not all slightly deaf.

‘There’s Mrs. Cunliffe and her two plain

daughters, Evelyn. How aged her ladyship has grown since last I saw her, and her nose is as red as ever. There's that pretty Miss Graham, the belle of two seasons ago. Why, she is looking this way ; it must be at you, Mr. Buchanan.'

But Ernest, disrespectful as it might have seemed to Lady Lloyd, was not paying the slightest attention to her commentaries, and for a very good reason. The sound of a soft, silvery voice that moment stole upon his senses, and he was thinking that after all music did not bore him so much. It was a very simple song, something about an angel and a child, a melodious strain, an air that comprised but few notes ; such an air as recalls to us, we know not why, that time of delicious folly which most of us have known, and to which the roughest and harshest look back with a strange wild longing and regret.

What is the secret charm of music that it seems to speak to all alike ? Why should it thus probe us to the quick, and bring the past back so cruelly in its hopelessness, only because it is past ?

Daisy sang as if she felt it; after the first bar she seemed to forget her audience, and to lose herself completely in the strain. Ernest never took his eyes off her face, and when she finished, and there arose a burst of applause from all the others, something like a tear stole down his cheek, and to hide his unusual emotion he of course began to talk vehemently to Evelyn Garside.

But the fact was, he had been caught by the spell of the siren's song; no words uttered by him or replied to by Evelyn had any power to break the spell just then; they were all alike, meaningless, and merely spoken as a cover for confusion to ensconce itself in. That song awoke slumbering memories, which rushed upon him with such violence as to almost disconcert him. They touched a silent chord in his heart, and aroused it to ecstasy; those notes, so sweet and clear, so simply and feelingly expressed, echoed and re-echoed in his ears like the melody of a far-off voice pleading to him to return in accents exquisitely touching. They revived undying memories of a leafy lane and a tender weeping

girl. He gazed hard again on the platform. A girl—none other than Daisy Burgoyne! Was he dreaming? had his eyes deceived him? He glanced hastily through the programme he held in his hand. But no, 'Miss Burgoyne' did not appear there; they were all foreigners except the tenor and Miss A. Smith.

'Miss A. Smith,' repeated Ernest to himself. He was fairly puzzled; of one thing he felt certain—that it was Daisy Burgoyne, whose low sweet voice was stealing upon his senses, and thrilling him with a confused feeling of sadness and joy. Fortunately Evelyn and her aunt were having a political discussion with Mr. Cattermole, and did not notice Ernest's countenance, and the graceful fronds of an Australian fern, which stood at the corner of the platform, partially hid him from the performers. His curiosity prompted him to ask Mrs. Garside, as casually as he could, who Miss A. Smith was.

'Oh, don't you know? That's the pretty Miss Smith,' said Evelyn. 'A sort of companion of mine; writes my letters, and makes herself generally useful. A girl with a history, I rather

think. I'll introduce you to her some day, but you must promise not to flirt with her.'

Ernest made no reply ; he was bewildered, and thought it best to say nothing.

The concert came to an end, and the audience dispersed, with that bustle and rush peculiar to all audiences. Down the steps and safely into the carriage the ladies were conducted, and amid the delighted yaps of the faithful Peter they drove off to have a turn in the Park before going home. The gentlemen went their own way, and walked arm-in-arm back to St. James's Street, preserving for full five minutes a dead silence.

At the end of that period George Cattermole made the following remarkable observation—

‘That's a very pretty young woman, Ernest,’ and although they had neither of them mentioned her before, they must both have been thinking of the singer in grey, for Ernest replied as carelessly as he could—

‘Would be rather good-looking if she had more colour.’

‘She is Mrs. Garside's amanuensis, or something of that kind ; whoever she is, she's a deuced

pretty girl—and what a voice!' rejoined George Cattermole, and this was much for him to say, being no great lover of womankind.

'Yes,' said Ernest.

'Do you know her?' continued Mr. Cattermole.

'Well, not exactly. I do and I don't, if you can make that out, my boy.'

And there their talk of Daisy stopped abruptly. George Cattermole was not the man to angle for information; he saw, for he was a keen observer, that Ernest knew something more of the sweet singer than he was inclined to reveal; therefore he stopped, having a great horror of any suspicion of prying; and after all, *his* interest was never likely to become more absorbing than that commonly felt by a man for a pretty girl, who is a trifle more charming than the average run of the fair sex.

How different with Ernest! He went with his friend to the club, talked, smoked, and dined just in the usual way, and no one, perhaps, but Cattermole could have detected that there was anything wrong with him. But how much there *really was* wrong with him! He did what was required of

him mechanically, much in the same way that a worldly girl marries; not because she is desperately in love with the man who leads her to the altar, but because it is the fashion to marry when she has made a good catch.

Ernest was glad when the day was over, when he could put away from him the hard-and-fast rules and observances of society, and retire to the welcome solitude of his own rooms. It was a strange communion he had with his own thoughts. Everything seemed strange, and above all the appearance of Daisy, whose voice and song had so charmed his senses and confused his heart.

The day after the morning concert, Ernest was sitting in his rooms, whistling with considerable execution. It was a simple, plaintive air that he had heard yesterday for the first time, over and over again the same sweet tune; yet by the expression of his face it did not seem that he whistled like the plough-boy 'for want of thought.' Far from it; he had been awake long into the small hours thinking—thinking what could possibly have happened at Exton, that Daisy should have left it, and be in London in the dependent position she

evidently was now in. Ah, if he could only have penetrated the soft grey gown and looked into her troubled heart, he would have solved the mystery and been happier for the solution.

He had not sat long alone, when Colonel St. Aubyn, an intimate friend some few years his senior, walked in. He was a Royal Horse Artillery man, and as such, his looks and general appearance did no discredit to that smartest of all smart branches of her Majesty's service.

Standing about six feet, his broad shoulders and lithe, muscular figure were surmounted by curly brown hair, with just a silver thread here and there; regular clear-cut features, and a pair of keen, dark-blue eyes. He was clean-shaven with the exception of a small, carefully-tended moustache, that only partially concealed a firm yet pleasant-looking mouth—a mouth that could at times smile almost as sweetly as a woman, and yet at others be compressed into a look of dogged determination that betokened its owner was not to be trifled with by man or beast.

He first examines his manly, military-looking person in every glass in Ernest's room. Hatted,

booted, and spurred, with his riding-whip in his hand, he lights a cigar, gets it well going, and then sinks into the most comfortable chair he can find. Colonel St. Aubyn was not altogether a good man, he had not led a good life. Pretty women had called him a flirt, in the dim mysterious shades of lamplit conservatories, upon the curtain-shrouded thresholds of moonlit balconies. Arch soubrettes in little Parisian theatres, Jeannetons with brooms in their hands and diamonds in their ears, had smiled at him and acted at him and sung at him, as he lounged in the dusky recesses of an opera-box. He had not led a good life, but he was a man who had never sinned with impunity ; with him remorse always went hand in hand with wrong-doing.

‘Well, Ernest, my boy, how goes it with you ?’ said the Colonel, putting out clouds of smoke from the large cigar he was smoking. ‘It goes rather well with you, or I am much mistaken. Whistling too. That’s a good sign—a very good sign. It shows cheerfulness of heart ; you are in excellent spirits to-day, my boy.’

‘Well, I can’t return the compliment,’ said

Ernest, 'for you seem rather down on your luck. Hope you and the widow have not fallen out?'

'Well, no, not fallen out,' rejoined the Colonel, uttering the words as if they were made and measured to order. 'But, Ernest, you must excuse my candour. I have grown awfully fond of Evelyn Garside, and between ourselves, old boy, I think you show her too much attention.'

Ernest tried hard to keep a sober face, but couldn't. He incontinently burst out laughing, and walking across to the Colonel's chair, slapped him on the back, saying—

'Joy be thine, my dear old chap. She is yours, if you can win her; I have no serious intentions in that direction, so please make your mind easy on that score.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN.

‘But deep in each man’s heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully as in a sepulchral tomb ;
Set o’er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad things that come.’

TENNYSON.

EARLY summer was coming over the land ; her approach was heralded, as it often is, by constant showers, that beat down the meadow grass, and covered the ground with snowy carpets of horse-chestnut petals and pear and apple blossoms. But between whiles the winds blew soft and fresh in one’s face, and the moist earth sent up a rich steaming incense of fragrance, and at every gleam of stray sunshine between the rains a chorus of birds burst out in such a joyous twittering and trilling of gladness as could hardly be surpassed in the finest of weather.

After Daisy's flight matters at Exton flowed on by no means smoothly. Mrs. Burgoyne had a feeling of resentment against Daisy, and yet in her heart she was very glad that she had gone. But where had she gone? That was the question. Mrs. Burgoyne was continually asking herself what had become of her, a lone, unprotected, good-looking girl—and her aunt had to admit to herself that she certainly *was* good-looking—out in the world alone? What temptations would she have to battle against; what poverty would she have to struggle with?

The reward offered and the Colonel's search brought no tidings of the runaway. Colonel Burgoyne himself fretted and fumed, stormed at his wife, scolded the children, censured himself—privately—and indeed everything at Exton was as uncomfortable and out of gear as it well could be. Everything seemed to combine to turn the brain of the poor Colonel. Just at the time of Daisy's voluntary self-exile, a letter came from Captain Herrick, announcing his return home; this added fuel to the fire. The Colonel was in a world of confusion, and what the end of it would

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN.

‘But deep in each man’s heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully as in a sepulchral tomb ;
Set o’er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad things that come.’

TENNYSON.

EARLY summer was coming over the land ; her approach was heralded, as it often is, by constant showers, that beat down the meadow grass, and covered the ground with snowy carpets of horse-chestnut petals and pear and apple blossoms. But between whiles the winds blew soft and fresh in one’s face, and the moist earth sent up a rich steaming incense of fragrance, and at every gleam of stray sunshine between the rains a chorus of birds burst out in such a joyous twittering and trilling of gladness as could hardly be surpassed in the finest of weather.

After Daisy's flight matters at Exton flowed on by no means smoothly. Mrs. Burgoyne had a feeling of resentment against Daisy, and yet in her heart she was very glad that she had gone. But where had she gone? That was the question. Mrs. Burgoyne was continually asking herself what had become of her, a lone, unprotected, good-looking girl—and her aunt had to admit to herself that she certainly *was* good-looking—out in the world alone? What temptations would she have to battle against; what poverty would she have to struggle with?

The reward offered and the Colonel's search brought no tidings of the runaway. Colonel Burgoyne himself fretted and fumed, stormed at his wife, scolded the children, censured himself—privately—and indeed everything at Exton was as uncomfortable and out of gear as it well could be. Everything seemed to combine to turn the brain of the poor Colonel. Just at the time of Daisy's voluntary self-exile, a letter came from Captain Herrick, announcing his return home; this added fuel to the fire. The Colonel was in a world of confusion, and what the end of it would

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN.

‘But deep in each man’s heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully as in a sepulchral tomb ;
Set o’er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad things that come.’

TENNYSON.

EARLY summer was coming over the land ; her approach was heralded, as it often is, by constant showers, that beat down the meadow grass, and covered the ground with snowy carpets of horse-chestnut petals and pear and apple blossoms. But between whiles the winds blew soft and fresh in one’s face, and the moist earth sent up a rich steaming incense of fragrance, and at every gleam of stray sunshine between the rains a chorus of birds burst out in such a joyous twittering and trilling of gladness as could hardly be surpassed in the finest of weather.

After Daisy's flight matters at Exton flowed on by no means smoothly. Mrs. Burgoyne had a feeling of resentment against Daisy, and yet in her heart she was very glad that she had gone. But where had she gone? That was the question. Mrs. Burgoyne was continually asking herself what had become of her, a lone, unprotected, good-looking girl—and her aunt had to admit to herself that she certainly *was* good-looking—out in the world alone? What temptations would she have to battle against; what poverty would she have to struggle with?

The reward offered and the Colonel's search brought no tidings of the runaway. Colonel Burgoyne himself fretted and fumed, stormed at his wife, scolded the children, censured himself—privately—and indeed everything at Exton was as uncomfortable and out of gear as it well could be. Everything seemed to combine to turn the brain of the poor Colonel. Just at the time of Daisy's voluntary self-exile, a letter came from Captain Herrick, announcing his return home; this added fuel to the fire. The Colonel was in a world of confusion, and what the end of it would



CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN.

‘But deep in each man’s heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully as in a sepulchral tomb ;
Set o’er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad things that come.’

TENNYSON.

EARLY summer was coming over the land ; her approach was heralded, as it often is, by constant showers, that beat down the meadow grass, and covered the ground with snowy carpets of horse-chestnut petals and pear and apple blossoms. But between whiles the winds blew soft and fresh in one’s face, and the moist earth sent up a rich steaming incense of fragrance, and at every gleam of stray sunshine between the rains a chorus of birds burst out in such a joyous twittering and trilling of gladness as could hardly be surpassed in the finest of weather.

After Daisy's flight matters at Exton flowed on by no means smoothly. Mrs. Burgoyne had a feeling of resentment against Daisy, and yet in her heart she was very glad that she had gone. But where had she gone? That was the question. Mrs. Burgoyne was continually asking herself what had become of her, a lone, unprotected, good-looking girl—and her aunt had to admit to herself that she certainly *was* good-looking—out in the world alone? What temptations would she have to battle against; what poverty would she have to struggle with?

The reward offered and the Colonel's search brought no tidings of the runaway. Colonel Burgoyne himself fretted and fumed, stormed at his wife, scolded the children, censured himself—privately—and indeed everything at Exton was as uncomfortable and out of gear as it well could be. Everything seemed to combine to turn the brain of the poor Colonel. Just at the time of Daisy's voluntary self-exile, a letter came from Captain Herrick, announcing his return home; this added fuel to the fire. The Colonel was in a world of confusion, and what the end of it would

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN.

‘ But deep in each man’s heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully as in a sepulchral tomb ;
Set o’er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad things that come.’

TENNYSON.

EARLY summer was coming over the land ; her approach was heralded, as it often is, by constant showers, that beat down the meadow grass, and covered the ground with snowy carpets of horse-chestnut petals and pear and apple blossoms. But between whiles the winds blew soft and fresh in one’s face, and the moist earth sent up a rich steaming incense of fragrance, and at every gleam of stray sunshine between the rains a chorus of birds burst out in such a joyous twittering and trilling of gladness as could hardly be surpassed in the finest of weather.

After Daisy's flight matters at Exton flowed on by no means smoothly. Mrs. Burgoyne had a feeling of resentment against Daisy, and yet in her heart she was very glad that she had gone. But where had she gone? That was the question. Mrs. Burgoyne was continually asking herself what had become of her, a lone, unprotected, good-looking girl—and her aunt had to admit to herself that she certainly *was* good-looking—out in the world alone? What temptations would she have to battle against; what poverty would she have to struggle with?

The reward offered and the Colonel's search brought no tidings of the runaway. Colonel Burgoyne himself fretted and fumed, stormed at his wife, scolded the children, censured himself—privately—and indeed everything at Exton was as uncomfortable and out of gear as it well could be. Everything seemed to combine to turn the brain of the poor Colonel. Just at the time of Daisy's voluntary self-exile, a letter came from Captain Herrick, announcing his return home; this added fuel to the fire. The Colonel was in a world of confusion, and what the end of it would



CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN.

‘ But deep in each man’s heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully as in a sepulchral tomb ;
Set o’er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad things that come.’

TENNYSON.

EARLY summer was coming over the land ; her approach was heralded, as it often is, by constant showers, that beat down the meadow grass, and covered the ground with snowy carpets of horse-chestnut petals and pear and apple blossoms. But between whiles the winds blew soft and fresh in one’s face, and the moist earth sent up a rich steaming incense of fragrance, and at every gleam of stray sunshine between the rains a chorus of birds burst out in such a joyous twittering and trilling of gladness as could hardly be surpassed in the finest of weather.

After Daisy's flight matters at Exton flowed on by no means smoothly. Mrs. Burgoyne had a feeling of resentment against Daisy, and yet in her heart she was very glad that she had gone. But where had she gone? That was the question. Mrs. Burgoyne was continually asking herself what had become of her, a lone, unprotected, good-looking girl—and her aunt had to admit to herself that she certainly *was* good-looking—out in the world alone? What temptations would she have to battle against; what poverty would she have to struggle with?

The reward offered and the Colonel's search brought no tidings of the runaway. Colonel Burgoyne himself fretted and fumed, stormed at his wife, scolded the children, censured himself—privately—and indeed everything at Exton was as uncomfortable and out of gear as it well could be. Everything seemed to combine to turn the brain of the poor Colonel. Just at the time of Daisy's voluntary self-exile, a letter came from Captain Herrick, announcing his return home; this added fuel to the fire. The Colonel was in a world of confusion, and what the end of it would



CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN.

‘But deep in each man’s heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully as in a sepulchral tomb ;
Set o’er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad things that come.’

TENNYSON.

EARLY summer was coming over the land ; her approach was heralded, as it often is, by constant showers, that beat down the meadow grass, and covered the ground with snowy carpets of horse-chestnut petals and pear and apple blossoms. But between whiles the winds blew soft and fresh in one’s face, and the moist earth sent up a rich steaming incense of fragrance, and at every gleam of stray sunshine between the rains a chorus of birds burst out in such a joyous twittering and trilling of gladness as could hardly be surpassed in the finest of weather.

After Daisy's flight matters at Exton flowed on by no means smoothly. Mrs. Burgoyne had a feeling of resentment against Daisy, and yet in her heart she was very glad that she had gone. But where had she gone? That was the question. Mrs. Burgoyne was continually asking herself what had become of her, a lone, unprotected, good-looking girl—and her aunt had to admit to herself that she certainly *was* good-looking—out in the world alone? What temptations would she have to battle against; what poverty would she have to struggle with?

The reward offered and the Colonel's search brought no tidings of the runaway. Colonel Burgoyne himself fretted and fumed, stormed at his wife, scolded the children, censured himself—privately—and indeed everything at Exton was as uncomfortable and out of gear as it well could be. Everything seemed to combine to turn the brain of the poor Colonel. Just at the time of Daisy's voluntary self-exile, a letter came from Captain Herrick, announcing his return home; this added fuel to the fire. The Colonel was in a world of confusion, and what the end of it would

be he was unable to say. Then there were other and more serious events looming ahead.

The collieries were getting more and more shaky every day. Shareholders were growing dissatisfied with the terrible falling off in the dividends, as each quarter came and the returns grew less and less.

Captain Herrick had now arrived at Exton, but Colonel Burgoyne dared not tell him the truth about Daisy; he had to put him off by saying she had gone on a visit to her aunt, who was very ill, and wanted Daisy as a nurse. This satisfied Charlie for the time, but all sorts of subterfuges had to be resorted to, to account for no letters coming or being written to her.

Captain Herrick had been home a week, and only intended to wait a few days longer; then he would be off to town and see Daisy there. He longed to look again into her sweet face and to hear her loved voice; what would he have thought if he could but have pierced the shadows of the unknown, and read the heart of that Daisy whom he so trusted? The Colonel was in a perfect earthly purgatory; he dared not divulge to Captain Herrick

the possible loss of all his money in those profoundly vexing collieries; what was even worse, he dared not, even by side hints, allude to the changed state of Daisy's feelings towards him. This was the greatest trial; for to a man like Colonel Burgoyne the vice of deception was the meanest and most loathsome of all vices.

And all the time good, brave, prosaic Charlie Herrick was living in a fool's paradise; he was fondly believing that all was well; that his little Daisy, as he delighted to call her to himself, was anxiously awaiting his coming, that she was looking forward to their forthcoming marriage. Alas for his inexperience of the operations of love! Alack! that a man so poor in love's passion himself, so exquisitely tame in all the attributes that warm, loving women most admire, should have imagined that a girl like Daisy could have worshipped at his shrine; happily for him he was ignorant of this.

With these manifold confusions all racing towards Exton, what wonder that the place was unbearable! A day of disaster came at last. The sky was grey and lowering, heavy black clouds

be he was unable to say. Then there were other and more serious events looming ahead.

The collieries were getting more and more shaky every day. Shareholders were growing dissatisfied with the terrible falling off in the dividends, as each quarter came and the returns grew less and less.

Captain Herrick had now arrived at Exton, but Colonel Burgoyne dared not tell him the truth about Daisy; he had to put him off by saying she had gone on a visit to her aunt, who was very ill, and wanted Daisy as a nurse. This satisfied Charlie for the time, but all sorts of subterfuges had to be resorted to, to account for no letters coming or being written to her.

Captain Herrick had been home a week, and only intended to wait a few days longer; then he would be off to town and see Daisy there. He longed to look again into her sweet face and to hear her loved voice; what would he have thought if he could but have pierced the shadows of the unknown, and read the heart of that Daisy whom he so trusted? The Colonel was in a perfect earthly purgatory; he dared not divulge to Captain Herrick

the possible loss of all his money in those profoundly vexing collieries; what was even worse, he dared not, even by side hints, allude to the changed state of Daisy's feelings towards him. This was the greatest trial; for to a man like Colonel Burgoyne the vice of deception was the meanest and most loathsome of all vices.

And all the time good, brave, prosaic Charlie Herrick was living in a fool's paradise; he was fondly believing that all was well; that his little Daisy, as he delighted to call her to himself, was anxiously awaiting his coming, that she was looking forward to their forthcoming marriage. Alas for his inexperience of the operations of love! Alack! that a man so poor in love's passion himself, so exquisitely tame in all the attributes that warm, loving women most admire, should have imagined that a girl like Daisy could have worshipped at his shrine; happily for him he was ignorant of this.

With these manifold confusions all racing towards Exton, what wonder that the place was unbearable! A day of disaster came at last. The sky was grey and lowering, heavy black clouds

chased one another down the welkin, and the day was chill and dreary. The town of Burton had experienced such rain as had not been known for years, and in the wake of the rain most disastrous floods had followed. Dwellings in a mass had been swept away, innumerable lives had been lost, and property to the amount of thousands had been damaged by the force of the water that lay on the outskirts of the town.

At last, after many days, the rain held up, and Mrs. Burgoyne ventured over to the town for some necessary purchases. She soon found herself in the midst of a vociferating crowd, and gladly turned into a shop at which she was an habitual customer. The man who served her descanted freely on the Burton great topic—the awful condition of the stream. Mrs. Burgoyne had heard her husband's accounts of it, which were anything but cheerful, but as the Colonel always looked on the dark side of things, and was never happy unless he had something to grumble about, she had barely comprehended the real extent of the calamity until the shopman brought it home to her by minute details.

As she went on down the street, she remarked unusual signs of commotion; groups of people were gathered together discussing volubly some engrossing subject, and others ran past, white and terror-stricken, and Mrs. Burgoyne arrived at the conclusion that the flood and its results were still the subjects of the excitement.

Almost indifferently she stopped, and addressed herself to a man she knew by sight, who was rushing past her.

‘What is the matter?’ she asked; but his face, pale and strange, struck her with surprise.

‘Only a slight accident, mum,’ he said, and turned to move on. But Mrs. Burgoyne was roused by his manner to a feeling greater than curiosity now.

‘Stop,’ she cried, ‘where is the accident?’

‘In the mine,’ he replied; ‘but I dare say it’s not much,’ and he hurried off.

Mrs. Burgoyne stood spell-bound. An accident in the mine! And she knew that her husband and Captain Herrick were there! She remembered all of a sudden that the Colonel had been very enthusiastic of late about some new operation

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN.

‘But deep in each man’s heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully as in a sepulchral tomb ;
Set o’er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad things that come.’

TENNYSON.

EARLY summer was coming over the land ; her approach was heralded, as it often is, by constant showers, that beat down the meadow grass, and covered the ground with snowy carpets of horse-chestnut petals and pear and apple blossoms. But between whiles the winds blew soft and fresh in one’s face, and the moist earth sent up a rich steaming incense of fragrance, and at every gleam of stray sunshine between the rains a chorus of birds burst out in such a joyous twittering and trilling of gladness as could hardly be surpassed in the finest of weather.

As she went on down the street, she remarked unusual signs of commotion; groups of people were gathered together discussing volubly some engrossing subject, and others ran past, white and terror-stricken, and Mrs. Burgoyne arrived at the conclusion that the flood and its results were still the subjects of the excitement.

Almost indifferently she stopped, and addressed herself to a man she knew by sight, who was rushing past her.

‘What is the matter?’ she asked; but his face, pale and strange, struck her with surprise.

‘Only a slight accident, mum,’ he said, and turned to move on. But Mrs. Burgoyne was roused by his manner to a feeling greater than curiosity now.

‘Stop,’ she cried, ‘where is the accident?’

‘In the mine,’ he replied; ‘but I dare say it’s not much,’ and he hurried off.

Mrs. Burgoyne stood spell-bound. An accident in the mine! And she knew that her husband and Captain Herrick were there! She remembered all of a sudden that the Colonel had been very enthusiastic of late about some new operation

chased one another down the welkin, and the day was chill and dreary. The town of Burton had experienced such rain as had not been known for years, and in the wake of the rain most disastrous floods had followed. Dwellings in a mass had been swept away, innumerable lives had been lost, and property to the amount of thousands had been damaged by the force of the water that lay on the outskirts of the town.

At last, after many days, the rain held up, and Mrs. Burgoyne ventured over to the town for some necessary purchases. She soon found herself in the midst of a vociferating crowd, and gladly turned into a shop at which she was an habitual customer. The man who served her descanted freely on the Burton great topic—the awful condition of the stream. Mrs. Burgoyne had heard her husband's accounts of it, which were anything but cheerful, but as the Colonel always looked on the dark side of things, and was never happy unless he had something to grumble about, she had barely comprehended the real extent of the calamity until the shopman brought it home to her by minute details.

As she went on down the street, she remarked unusual signs of commotion; groups of people were gathered together discussing volubly some engrossing subject, and others ran past, white and terror-stricken, and Mrs. Burgoyne arrived at the conclusion that the flood and its results were still the subjects of the excitement.

Almost indifferently she stopped, and addressed herself to a man she knew by sight, who was rushing past her.

‘What is the matter?’ she asked; but his face, pale and strange, struck her with surprise.

‘Only a slight accident, mum,’ he said, and turned to move on. But Mrs. Burgoyne was roused by his manner to a feeling greater than curiosity now.

‘Stop,’ she cried, ‘where is the accident?’

‘In the mine,’ he replied; ‘but I dare say it’s not much,’ and he hurried off.

Mrs. Burgoyne stood spell-bound. An accident in the mine! And she knew that her husband and Captain Herrick were there! She remembered all of a sudden that the Colonel had been very enthusiastic of late about some new operation

chased one another down the welkin, and the day was chill and dreary. The town of Burton had experienced such rain as had not been known for years, and in the wake of the rain most disastrous floods had followed. Dwellings in a mass had been swept away, innumerable lives had been lost, and property to the amount of thousands had been damaged by the force of the water that lay on the outskirts of the town.

At last, after many days, the rain held up, and Mrs. Burgoyne ventured over to the town for some necessary purchases. She soon found herself in the midst of a vociferating crowd, and gladly turned into a shop at which she was an habitual customer. The man who served her descanted freely on the Burton great topic—the awful condition of the stream. Mrs. Burgoyne had heard her husband's accounts of it, which were anything but cheerful, but as the Colonel always looked on the dark side of things, and was never happy unless he had something to grumble about, she had barely comprehended the real extent of the calamity until the shopman brought it home to her by minute details.

As she went on down the street, she remarked unusual signs of commotion; groups of people were gathered together discussing volubly some engrossing subject, and others ran past, white and terror-stricken, and Mrs. Burgoyne arrived at the conclusion that the flood and its results were still the subjects of the excitement.

Almost indifferently she stopped, and addressed herself to a man she knew by sight, who was rushing past her.

‘What is the matter?’ she asked; but his face, pale and strange, struck her with surprise.

‘Only a slight accident, mum,’ he said, and turned to move on. But Mrs. Burgoyne was roused by his manner to a feeling greater than curiosity now.

‘Stop,’ she cried, ‘where is the accident?’

‘In the mine,’ he replied; ‘but I dare say it’s not much,’ and he hurried off.

Mrs. Burgoyne stood spell-bound. An accident in the mine! And she knew that her husband and Captain Herrick were there! She remembered all of a sudden that the Colonel had been very enthusiastic of late about some new operation

in the mine that he was hoping would make the affairs better, and start it on a new footing; and she called to mind the probability that he would be down the mine himself at this moment. With this idea she hastened on, and sick and breathless she reached the principal descent.

It was not here, however, that an awful scene was in the course of operation; further on to the left a new shaft had been lately sunk and new excavations made. Around this spot a crowd of people were gathered together.

Mrs. Burgoyne pushed her way through them to where an old man stood; he was the assistant superintendent, and she knew him.

‘Is my husband here, Mr. Martin?’

The man started as her voice fell on his ear.

‘Mrs. Burgoyne——’ And he stopped short with dismay written on his features. ‘Come away, please,’ he said respectfully. But Mrs. Burgoyne would not move, she seemed glued to the spot.

‘Is my husband here? I must know sooner or later.’

‘Yes, he is there,’ the man answered, slowly and reluctantly, pointing to the shaft; and Mrs. Burgoyne stared into his whitening face with a pallor growing on her own cheek; the vivid colour seemed to pale under this awful dread.

‘Mr. Martin, is there any hope?’ she managed to articulate with difficulty.

‘We trust there may be, mum; we never give up hope while there is the faintest glimmer of it. The wall has fallen in, but we think it has fallen in the rear of the working party. A number of men are at work; if you listen you can hear the shovels and pickaxes.’

Mrs. Burgoyne had always loved her husband in her own cold, hard way—loved him, perhaps, with a deeper love than many a wife who makes more show of her affection, and this was a terrible blow to her now.

She strained her ears to listen; then she sat wearily down on a stone to wait. It seemed to her as if she had been sitting there for numberless hours, immovable and cold in the awful horror of her feelings. If George were dead, she thought, she would be left all alone to face the ruin she

booted, and spurred, with his riding-whip in his hand, he lights a cigar, gets it well going, and then sinks into the most comfortable chair he can find. Colonel St. Aubyn was not altogether a good man, he had not led a good life. Pretty women had called him a flirt, in the dim mysterious shades of lamplit conservatories, upon the curtain-shrouded thresholds of moonlit balconies. Arch soubrettes in little Parisian theatres, Jeannetons with brooms in their hands and diamonds in their ears, had smiled at him and acted at him and sung at him, as he lounged in the dusky recesses of an opera-box. He had not led a good life, but he was a man who had never sinned with impunity ; with him remorse always went hand in hand with wrong-doing.

‘Well, Ernest, my boy, how goes it with you ?’ said the Colonel, putting out clouds of smoke from the large cigar he was smoking. ‘It goes rather well with you, or I am much mistaken. Whistling too. That’s a good sign—a very good sign. It shows cheerfulness of heart ; you are in excellent spirits to-day, my boy.’

‘Well, I can’t return the compliment,’ said

Ernest, 'for you seem rather down on your luck. Hope you and the widow have not fallen out ?'

' Well, no, not fallen out,' rejoined the Colonel, uttering the words as if they were made and measured to order. ' But, Ernest, you must excuse my candour. I have grown awfully fond of Evelyn Garside, and between ourselves, old boy, I think you show her too much attention.'

Ernest tried hard to keep a sober face, but couldn't. He incontinently burst out laughing, and walking across to the Colonel's chair, slapped him on the back, saying—

' Joy be thine, my dear old chap. She is yours, if you can win her; I have no serious intentions in that direction, so please make your mind easy on that score.'

chased one another down the welkin, and the day was chill and dreary. The town of Burton had experienced such rain as had not been known for years, and in the wake of the rain most disastrous floods had followed. Dwellings in a mass had been swept away, innumerable lives had been lost, and property to the amount of thousands had been damaged by the force of the water that lay on the outskirts of the town.

At last, after many days, the rain held up, and Mrs. Burgoyne ventured over to the town for some necessary purchases. She soon found herself in the midst of a vociferating crowd, and gladly turned into a shop at which she was an habitual customer. The man who served her descanted freely on the Burton great topic—the awful condition of the stream. Mrs. Burgoyne had heard her husband's accounts of it, which were anything but cheerful, but as the Colonel always looked on the dark side of things, and was never happy unless he had something to grumble about, she had barely comprehended the real extent of the calamity until the shopman brought it home to her by minute details.

As she went on down the street, she remarked unusual signs of commotion; groups of people were gathered together discussing volubly some engrossing subject, and others ran past, white and terror-stricken, and Mrs. Burgoyne arrived at the conclusion that the flood and its results were still the subjects of the excitement.

Almost indifferently she stopped, and addressed herself to a man she knew by sight, who was rushing past her.

‘What is the matter?’ she asked; but his face, pale and strange, struck her with surprise.

‘Only a slight accident, mum,’ he said, and turned to move on. But Mrs. Burgoyne was roused by his manner to a feeling greater than curiosity now.

‘Stop,’ she cried, ‘where is the accident?’

‘In the mine,’ he replied; ‘but I dare say it’s not much,’ and he hurried off.

Mrs. Burgoyne stood spell-bound. An accident in the mine! And she knew that her husband and Captain Herrick were there! She remembered all of a sudden that the Colonel had been very enthusiastic of late about some new operation

booted, and spurred, with his riding-whip in his hand, he lights a cigar, gets it well going, and then sinks into the most comfortable chair he can find. Colonel St. Aubyn was not altogether a good man, he had not led a good life. Pretty women had called him a flirt, in the dim mysterious shades of lamplit conservatories, upon the curtain-shrouded thresholds of moonlit balconies. Arch soubrettes in little Parisian theatres, Jeannetons with brooms in their hands and diamonds in their ears, had smiled at him and acted at him and sung at him, as he lounged in the dusky recesses of an opera-box. He had not led a good life, but he was a man who had never sinned with impunity ; with him remorse always went hand in hand with wrong-doing.

‘Well, Ernest, my boy, how goes it with you ?’ said the Colonel, putting out clouds of smoke from the large cigar he was smoking. ‘It goes rather well with you, or I am much mistaken. Whistling too. That’s a good sign—a very good sign. It shows cheerfulness of heart ; you are in excellent spirits to-day, my boy.’

‘Well, I can’t return the compliment,’ said

Ernest, 'for you seem rather down on your luck.
Hope you and the widow have not fallen out ?'

' Well, no, not fallen out,' rejoined the Colonel,
uttering the words as if they were made and
measured to order. ' But, Ernest, you must
excuse my candour. I have grown awfully fond
of Evelyn Garside, and between ourselves, old boy,
I think you show her too much attention.'

Ernest tried hard to keep a sober face, but
couldn't. He incontinently burst out laughing,
and walking across to the Colonel's chair, slapped
him on the back, saying—

' Joy be thine, my dear old chap. She is yours,
if you can win her; I have no serious intentions
in that direction, so please make your mind easy
on that score.'

booted, and spurred, with his riding-whip in his hand, he lights a cigar, gets it well going, and then sinks into the most comfortable chair he can find. Colonel St. Aubyn was not altogether a good man, he had not led a good life. Pretty women had called him a flirt, in the dim mysterious shades of lamplit conservatories, upon the curtain-shrouded thresholds of moonlit balconies. Arch soubrettes in little Parisian theatres, Jeannetons with brooms in their hands and diamonds in their ears, had smiled at him and acted at him and sung at him, as he lounged in the dusky recesses of an opera-box. He had not led a good life, but he was a man who had never sinned with impunity ; with him remorse always went hand in hand with wrong-doing.

‘Well, Ernest, my boy, how goes it with you ?’ said the Colonel, putting out clouds of smoke from the large cigar he was smoking. ‘It goes rather well with you, or I am much mistaken. Whistling too. That’s a good sign—a very good sign. It shows cheerfulness of heart ; you are in excellent spirits to-day, my boy.’

‘Well, I can’t return the compliment,’ said

Ernest, 'for you seem rather down on your luck.
Hope you and the widow have not fallen out ?'

' Well, no, not fallen out,' rejoined the Colonel,
uttering the words as if they were made and
measured to order. ' But, Ernest, you must
excuse my candour. I have grown awfully fond
of Evelyn Garside, and between ourselves, old boy,
I think you show her too much attention.'

Ernest tried hard to keep a sober face, but
couldn't. He incontinently burst out laughing,
and walking across to the Colonel's chair, slapped
him on the back, saying—

' Joy be thine, my dear old chap. She is yours,
if you can win her; I have no serious intentions
in that direction, so please make your mind easy
on that score.'

booted, and spurred, with his riding-whip in his hand, he lights a cigar, gets it well going, and then sinks into the most comfortable chair he can find. Colonel St. Aubyn was not altogether a good man, he had not led a good life. Pretty women had called him a flirt, in the dim mysterious shades of lamplit conservatories, upon the curtain-shrouded thresholds of moonlit balconies. Arch soubrettes in little Parisian theatres, Jeannetons with brooms in their hands and diamonds in their ears, had smiled at him and acted at him and sung at him, as he lounged in the dusky recesses of an opera-box. He had not led a good life, but he was a man who had never sinned with impunity ; with him remorse always went hand in hand with wrong-doing.

‘ Well, Ernest, my boy, how goes it with you ? ’ said the Colonel, putting out clouds of smoke from the large cigar he was smoking. ‘ It goes rather well with you, or I am much mistaken. Whistling too. That’s a good sign—a very good sign. It shows cheerfulness of heart ; you are in excellent spirits to-day, my boy.’

‘ Well, I can’t return the compliment,’ said

Ernest, 'for you seem rather down on your luck.
Hope you and the widow have not fallen out?'

'Well, no, not fallen out,' rejoined the Colonel,
uttering the words as if they were made and
measured to order. 'But, Ernest, you must
excuse my candour. I have grown awfully fond
of Evelyn Garside; and between ourselves, old boy,
I think you show her too much attention.'

Ernest tried hard to keep a sober face, but
couldn't. He incontinently burst out laughing,
and walking across to the Colonel's chair, slapped
him on the back, saying—

'Joy be thine, my dear old chap. She is yours,
if you can win her; I have no serious intentions
in that direction, so please make your mind easy
on that score.'

booted, and spurred, with his riding-whip in his hand, he lights a cigar, gets it well going, and then sinks into the most comfortable chair he can find. Colonel St. Aubyn was not altogether a good man, he had not led a good life. Pretty women had called him a flirt, in the dim mysterious shades of lamplit conservatories, upon the curtain-shrouded thresholds of moonlit balconies. Arch soubrettes in little Parisian theatres, Jeannetons with brooms in their hands and diamonds in their ears, had smiled at him and acted at him and sung at him, as he lounged in the dusky recesses of an opera-box. He had not led a good life, but he was a man who had never sinned with impunity ; with him remorse always went hand in hand with wrong-doing.

‘Well, Ernest, my boy, how goes it with you ?’ said the Colonel, putting out clouds of smoke from the large cigar he was smoking. ‘It goes rather well with you, or I am much mistaken. Whistling too. That’s a good sign—a very good sign. It shows cheerfulness of heart ; you are in excellent spirits to-day, my boy.’

‘Well, I can’t return the compliment,’ said

Ernest, 'for you seem rather down on your luck.
Hope you and the widow have not fallen out?'

'Well, no, not fallen out,' rejoined the Colonel,
uttering the words as if they were made and
measured to order. 'But, Ernest, you must
excuse my candour. I have grown awfully fond
of Evelyn Garside; and between ourselves, old boy,
I think you show her too much attention.'

Ernest tried hard to keep a sober face, but
couldn't. He incontinently burst out laughing,
and walking across to the Colonel's chair, slapped
him on the back, saying—

'Joy be thine, my dear old chap. She is yours,
if you can win her; I have no serious intentions
in that direction, so please make your mind easy
on that score.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GALLING CHAIN BROKEN.

‘But deep in each man’s heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully as in a sepulchral tomb ;
Set o’er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad things that come.’

TENNYSON.

EARLY summer was coming over the land ; her approach was heralded, as it often is, by constant showers, that beat down the meadow grass, and covered the ground with snowy carpets of horse-chestnut petals and pear and apple blossoms. But between whiles the winds blew soft and fresh in one’s face, and the moist earth sent up a rich steaming incense of fragrance, and at every gleam of stray sunshine between the rains a chorus of birds burst out in such a joyous twittering and trilling of gladness as could hardly be surpassed in the finest of weather.

After Daisy's flight matters at Exton flowed on by no means smoothly. Mrs. Burgoyne had a feeling of resentment against Daisy, and yet in her heart she was very glad that she had gone. But where had she gone? That was the question. Mrs. Burgoyne was continually asking herself what had become of her, a lone, unprotected, good-looking girl—and her aunt had to admit to herself that she certainly *was* good-looking—out in the world alone? What temptations would she have to battle against; what poverty would she have to struggle with?

The reward offered and the Colonel's search brought no tidings of the runaway. Colonel Burgoyne himself fretted and fumed, stormed at his wife, scolded the children, censured himself—privately—and indeed everything at Exton was as uncomfortable and out of gear as it well could be. Everything seemed to combine to turn the brain of the poor Colonel. Just at the time of Daisy's voluntary self-exile, a letter came from Captain Herrick, announcing his return home; this added fuel to the fire. The Colonel was in a world of confusion, and what the end of it would

be he was unable to say. Then there were other and more serious events looming ahead.

The collieries were getting more and more shaky every day. Shareholders were growing dissatisfied with the terrible falling off in the dividends, as each quarter came and the returns grew less and less.

Captain Herrick had now arrived at Exton, but Colonel Burgoyne dared not tell him the truth about Daisy; he had to put him off by saying she had gone on a visit to her aunt, who was very ill, and wanted Daisy as a nurse. This satisfied Charlie for the time, but all sorts of subterfuges had to be resorted to, to account for no letters coming or being written to her.

Captain Herrick had been home a week, and only intended to wait a few days longer; then he would be off to town and see Daisy there. He longed to look again into her sweet face and to hear her loved voice; what would he have thought if he could but have pierced the shadows of the unknown, and read the heart of that Daisy whom he so trusted? The Colonel was in a perfect earthly purgatory; he dared not divulge to Captain Herrick

the possible loss of all his money in those profoundly vexing collieries; what was even worse, he dared not, even by side hints, allude to the changed state of Daisy's feelings towards him. This was the greatest trial; for to a man like Colonel Burgoyne the vice of deception was the meanest and most loathsome of all vices.

And all the time good, brave, prosaic Charlie Herrick was living in a fool's paradise; he was fondly believing that all was well; that his little Daisy, as he delighted to call her to himself, was anxiously awaiting his coming, that she was looking forward to their forthcoming marriage. Alas for his inexperience of the operations of love! Alack! that a man so poor in love's passion himself, so exquisitely tame in all the attributes that warm, loving women most admire, should have imagined that a girl like Daisy could have worshipped at his shrine; happily for him he was ignorant of this.

With these manifold confusions all racing towards Exton, what wonder that the place was unbearable! A day of disaster came at last. The sky was grey and lowering, heavy black clouds

chased one another down the welkin, and the day was chill and dreary. The town of Burton had experienced such rain as had not been known for years, and in the wake of the rain most disastrous floods had followed. Dwellings in a mass had been swept away, innumerable lives had been lost, and property to the amount of thousands had been damaged by the force of the water that lay on the outskirts of the town.

At last, after many days, the rain held up, and Mrs. Burgoyne ventured over to the town for some necessary purchases. She soon found herself in the midst of a vociferating crowd, and gladly turned into a shop at which she was an habitual customer. The man who served her descanted freely on the Burton great topic—the awful condition of the stream. Mrs. Burgoyne had heard her husband's accounts of it, which were anything but cheerful, but as the Colonel always looked on the dark side of things, and was never happy unless he had something to grumble about, she had barely comprehended the real extent of the calamity until the shopman brought it home to her by minute details.

As she went on down the street, she remarked unusual signs of commotion; groups of people were gathered together discussing volubly some engrossing subject, and others ran past, white and terror-stricken, and Mrs. Burgoyne arrived at the conclusion that the flood and its results were still the subjects of the excitement.

Almost indifferently she stopped, and addressed herself to a man she knew by sight, who was rushing past her.

‘What is the matter?’ she asked; but his face, pale and strange, struck her with surprise.

‘Only a slight accident, mum,’ he said, and turned to move on. But Mrs. Burgoyne was roused by his manner to a feeling greater than curiosity now.

‘Stop,’ she cried, ‘where is the accident?’

‘In the mine,’ he replied; ‘but I dare say it’s not much,’ and he hurried off.

Mrs. Burgoyne stood spell-bound. An accident in the mine! And she knew that her husband and Captain Herrick were there! She remembered all of a sudden that the Colonel had been very enthusiastic of late about some new operation

Evelyn smiled so sweetly upon him, none could have guessed how bitterly she was thinking in her heart of hearts, 'If Ernest's voice had only said those words to her how greedily her ears would have drunk in the compliment.'

'Those two seem very happy together,' said the Colonel, all unconsciously, as his eyes followed Ernest and Daisy round the room.

His words went like knives into Evelyn's heart. She knew, alas! how bitterly she knew now, that she had but a small, very small portion of Ernest's affections; all the old love he once professed for her seemed gone, and her bosom rose and fell with jealous, revengeful feelings. Why had she ever brought those two together? Why had she taken pity on the young music-mistress? Ah, luckless fate, which none can account, for none control.

Daisy's dancing was a revelation to Ernest of a delight unknown till then; her yielding waist and clinging hand, the perfect grace of her movements, the perfume of her hair, the flash of her eyes, communicated to him something of the self-abandonment to voluptuous ecstasy to which she

yielded under the sensuous influences of music and motion. He saw nothing but the beautiful face against his shoulder. The waltz was a new one—dreamy, passionately sweet, one of those irresistible waltzes that first catch the ear and then creep into the heart. A fierce joy took possession of Ernest, and they floated down the room to the melting rise and fall of the music, on—on—without stopping, without speaking. And to one of them, at least, that waltz was earthly bliss.

By the middle of the evening Daisy had grown quite accustomed to having half-a-dozen men round her for every dance, and her warm grey eyes sparkled with merriment as she dispensed her favours around with the sweetest spice of *coquetterie*, irresistibly bewitching.

This fresh young beauty had taken them all by storm, and every one was asking Mrs. Garside who her lovely guest was.

It is fortunate that at a London crush the guests amuse themselves, take care of themselves, indeed, too often fancy that the house belongs to them exclusively; it was indeed fortunate for Mrs. Garside that they did so, for she was pre-

occupied and *distraite*, and seemed quite oblivious of the duties of a hostess. She stood watching these two with a look full of passion and yet tempered with sadness. She saw how much they both seemed to each other already ; she could not but feel her heart shivering again as she saw the golden possession of Daisy—the bloom of youth, the sparkle of young life—more precious to lovely woman than aught else upon earth. She herself was beautiful, Colonel St. Aubyn need scarcely have told her that when her own hand-glass reflected back such sensuous loveliness. But she was not young ; she had not been able to persuade old Time to halt with her and leave her young—always young. It was Daisy who now wore the golden talisman of youth, and Evelyn was woman of the world enough to know the extreme fascination which youth has for men ; she knew it, and sighed over it.

Outside, what a night ! The gentle breeze that is blowing is so soft, so rich with fragrance stolen from the mass of flowers within the house ; all the great heaven is bright with light. Star upon star decks it ; it is in truth a lovely night.

Evelyn Garside, leaning her bare arms upon the railings of the balcony, looks up into the spangled heavens, and watches the moon shining down upon her faultless profile, which is shown up in the clear light.

Ernest Buchanan was lounging back in a low wicker chair, playing with the programme he held in his hand ; neither of them spoke. The silence was intensely trying to them both ; at last Evelyn pulled herself together and looked straight into Ernest's face. It might seem unwomanly—it was—but she must know, this suspense was awful ; she would ask him straight out, if she could ever be to him again what she had been years ago.

'I cannot dance any more, Ernest,' she said.
'Will you come with me into the conservatory ?'

Ernest frowned slightly ; he knew Daisy's eyes would follow them, and he had a feeling, from the deadly pallor of Evelyn's cheeks, that something unpleasant was likely to follow ; but he got up, and offering his arm to her, they went through the ball-room.

Some sympathy for his old love coursed through

his veins, for his nature was warm and kind, though circumstances often contrived to dim and embitter it. Two low garden-chairs stood in a deep recess among the palms; here they sat down.

Evelyn was wrought to an extreme tension, yet she said scarcely anything; it was a drama in dumb show—more fearful for the lack of words. Her eyes sparkled with indignation, the colour surged into her face, the glow of the fairy lamps touching her here and there with their roseate brightness. She looked as fair and lovable as of old, but her very beauty seemed loathsome to him now, for her fairness he could almost hate her; into his eyes came a look she had never seen before.

‘Tell me the truth, Ernest,’ she cried, with a quiver in her voice; ‘I *must* know it; you no longer love me?’

A wave of repentance surged over him, and his face lit up with warm affection. The sweet-scented conservatory was very still, only the sound of the distant music floated through the waving fronds of the large tree-ferns. Evelyn

wanted for once to hear from Ernest's own lips her doom.

‘You have said it; it is gone.’

God! how relentlessly cruel, how mercilessly bitter it sounded! She writhed in her chair as if under a blow. And all the while her soul was raging with its conflict. Long and earnestly she looked at him, the breath in her oppressing her very life's blood, and yet so besottedly in love with him was she that she marvelled how she could have thought him just a little cruel. She would have liked to fall at his feet, cling to his knees, and implore him to love her; her whole soul cried out to him to love her. Was this to be the end of all her hopes, her waiting?

‘Ernest! Ernest!’

She uttered his name more sweetly than she had ever uttered it before; she got up from her chair and stood looking down at him, with a fixed, rigid gaze on her face; then her arms dropped listlessly at her side, and she turned away her face; her body draggingly carried itself away.

Slowly, very slowly she moved towards the

door ; she knew now that she had lost his love ; the cold tones, spoken as they might have been by a perfect stranger, lashed her into a perfect fury, but she guarded her tongue just then. By and by she would speak ; she knew that love for her was dead in him, gone for ever, but—she would have her revenge.

How horrible the sounds of gaiety seemed to her now as she went back silently with Ernest into the ball-room ! How could she endure them with a heart seared with wounds like hers was, with a brain in a wild whirl ? But she *must* endure it ; she *must* be brave ; she *must* do honour to her guests with her white despairing face. She coldly turned away from Mr. Buchanan and went up to talk to Mr. Cattermole and Julia Redmayne, who were standing for a few minutes' rest just inside the door. Oh, how hard it was for her to dissemble ; how cruel to smile when she could weep her eyes out ; how bitter to speak gay words when her heart's agony was rending her frame. But she *must* fight it out to the end, and she played her part bravely.

The last guest has said good-night, the last

carriage has rolled away, the lights are being put out one by one as Evelyn slowly drags herself upstairs. She went along the corridor with tottering footsteps ; finally she reached her room, and then hidden passion, rage, and shame in her own heart burst forth. She was pale, panting, furious, and with clenched hands, knitted brows, and fierce eyes she walked up and down her own bedroom with hasty and irregular footsteps, considering how she could most bitterly punish the woman who had taken her intended lover away from her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'BEFORE YOU ARE ON WITH THE NEW.'

'Love, if my tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be.'

TENNYSON.

MRS. GARSIDE'S ball was one of the successes of the London season, so every one who was there said. Society papers wrote about it; it was the theme of conversation in the Park, in club-land, and at afternoon teas. Evelyn expected this; she was shrewd enough to know how to win Society's smile, and how to exile Society's frown. But how hollow it all was to her, how deadly disappointing ! What was social success to her now ? What indeed ? Almost nothing !

A few days after Evelyn's ball George Cattermole dropped in to lunch with Colonel St. Aubyn in his small but comfortable rooms in King Street,

St. James's. It is a pouring wet day—an honest, straight-down summer's rain, that soaks you to the skin in ten minutes, and makes the summer garment you have on look as if it had been dipped in ink. The cab-stands were empty as the Great Desert, save where an occasional arrival, with splashed panels and steaming horse, made its appearance for an instant, to be beckoned away again by a fresh fare ere the driver had time to lay his whip athwart the roof of the conveyance and give his many capes a shake. Hapless pedestrians of both sexes floundered along, fording the deepest crossings with a defiant recklessness that had proved the worst; whilst those who wore petticoats, encumbered their limbs as little as possible with drapery, and displayed their draggled stockings without reserve. Everybody was dreary and desponding, save only the London urchin—a stoic whose philosophy is proof against all extraneous influences, and whose equanimity, wet or cold, hunger and thirst, scorching skies and biting winds are equally powerless to overcome.

Inside their houses, at least, people ought to have

been cheerful and good-humoured, glad to have a roof over their heads and dry clothes on their backs; but it was not so with Colonel St. Aubyn. He had had more than the usual amount of dunning from the long-suffering and numerous creditors, some of whom were growing rather outspoken in their remarks, and it puzzled the Colonel to know how to silence them. If he could only feel a little more certain about the widow, that would simplify matters.

‘Well,’ said George Cattermole, after he had groomed himself down with his silk pocket-handkerchief; ‘what do you think of Ernest Buchanan’s luck?’

‘Buchanan’s luck? Haven’t heard it. What is it?’ he said excitedly, fearing he had been accepted by Mrs. Garside.

‘Why, haven’t you seen the *Morning Post*? ’

‘No; but there it is,’ he said, pointing to a small table.

‘Well, I’ll read it to you,’ said George, seeing the Colonel did not make an attempt to get it. ‘Ah, here it is.

‘“We deeply regret to record the death of Lord

Brockington, second Baron, at his country residence, Brockington Abbey, Devonshire. His lordship died very suddenly last night while at dinner. He is succeeded in the title and estates by his great-nephew, Mr. Ernest Buchanan, a well-known member of the Carlton Club. Lord Brockington was in excellent health, and his lamented death was totally unexpected.”

‘By Jove, what a piece of luck !’ said the Colonel. ‘Confound it all, I shall have no chance with the widow now.’ This last remark he made to himself.

‘What do you think of that ?’ said George Cattermole, as he laid down the paper.

‘What do I think ?’ said the Colonel; ‘why, I think he’s a d——d lucky fellow.’

Fortune had indeed smiled on Ernest Buchanan. This Lord Brockington, whose abrupt departure from the world’s stage had elevated him to the peerage, was scarcely known to or on speaking terms with him in his lifetime.

Ernest’s brain was in a whirl ; this greatness which had been thrust upon him somewhat bewildered him. It was like a fairy tale to him, and

it took him some little time to realize the change in his state. He ate his breakfast with no apparent relish ; his thoughts were rushing upon him in a million shapes. How would this change in his condition affect his relations with Daisy Burgoyne ? They had been drifting and drifting on, their love for each other growing stronger and stronger in the few hours they could spend together. He knew now that he really loved Daisy ; the tide of his feelings towards her would be just the same, he would never change.

Presently he was interrupted in his contemplations by his man-servant bringing in a letter. His appearance grated upon Lord Brockington's feelings ; the missive which he saw on the silver waiter seemed to him to be bearing something to him which he would rather not receive. He took the note, glanced at it ; it was in the handwriting of Evelyn Garside, this he could have sworn to before.

Mechanically, and with a half-repressed yawn—showing the *interest* he now took in his old love ! —he opened the epistle and read it.

‘MY DEAR LORD BROCKINGTON,—

‘As an old friend I hope to be one of the first to congratulate you on your good fortune. I cannot half express my feelings, and if you can spare a few minutes of your valuable time some day, I shall hope to tell you personally how pleased I am. I trust the changed condition of your life will not be a bar to separate you entirely from your old friends.

‘I am, yours most sincerely,
‘EVELYN GARSIDE.’

‘Hang the woman!’ exclaimed Lord Brockington, when he had read it; ‘that makes another letter to write.’ Or perhaps he would go and see her; something still seemed to draw him towards Mrs. Garside. If she would only see that he wished to be her friend! He had told her as plainly as he could on the night of the ball, and yet she seemed to have blotted out all remembrance of that episode in the conservatory.

He had to leave town that day after luncheon for Brockington Abbey, to meet the solicitors of his dead relative; but he would spare ten minutes to Evelyn; he would show her that he

was not narrow-minded, as her note seemed to imply. The entanglements in a skein of silk are strange complications; how hard they are to unravel! How often sweet fingers take hold of the wrong end, and make the confusion worse. So it is with the workings of human life. The wrong end is taken, and pitiful chaos is the result; but the end is unravelled at last, the right end in the silk is found, and all goes well. So it is, I repeat, in human life. But oh! the pain and anguish while the tangle lasts!

Lord Brockington had drifted into a tangled web, and none could tell how long it would take him to get free. To have two young and pretty women madly in love with you, precisely at the same time, is, to say the least, embarrassing.

Daisy Burgoyne, looking as fresh and sweet as the flower of her name, was wending her way through the motley crowds in the streets of the raging city to Mrs. Garside's house. Something seemed to have come between them since the night of the ball; an indescribable reserve had risen up and marred the pleasant, friendly intercourse that had existed before. Daisy was more

than usually disturbed in her mind this morning, for she had just met the cheery Julia Redmayne, and from her she had heard of Mr. Buchanan's good fortune. This made her thoughtful and almost sad, for she knew that it might greatly change their relative positions. Mr. Ernest Buchanan might marry a dependant, but Lord Brockington ! —ah, she dare not think about it.

The events of the ball had greatly troubled her. She had eyes that saw further than most people's, and it was plain to her that there was, or had been, something between Mrs. Garside and Ernest of a warmer nature than mere friendship. She had only been once or twice to the house since the ball, always pleading some excuse when the mornings came for her to go, and Mrs. Garside had not sent for her—significant fact !

She reached the house in Portland Place, and let herself in with her latch-key, which Evelyn had given her; no one met her in the hall, the servants were all enjoying their usual luncheon at 11.30 ; all was silent. She went up the broad flight of stairs to the drawing-room ; the door stood partly open. Here she stopped transfixed ;

a sound caught her acute ear and made her tremble—a low moaning, sobbing sound, as of a woman's heart's distress. It rooted her to the spot, so that she could scarcely move. Then the calm, deliberate tones of a man's voice floated to her from the inner room—

'I did care for you ; I care for you now, Evelyn. I am very fond of you.'

Those words seemed to burn themselves into her brain and heart. She dropped into a chair near the door, and restraining her feelings, only pressed her lovely face into the amber silk that covered the door, and smothered the sob that was rising in her throat. Oh, the faithlessness of man, the cruel heartlessness of his words ! And all the time she thought he had loved her, Daisy Burgoyne.

If only she could have waited and heard the end of that conversation ; but she did not wait. She rose from her chair now, like one in a dream ; with tottering steps she slowly crawled down the softly-carpeted stairs, out of the house. It was a relief to get out of doors, she seemed to breathe more freely in that pure, warm air. All the life

had gone out of her limbs, but her brain was on fire, burning with feverish intensity. She saw it all now clearly; in a few short months Evelyn Garside would be Ernest's wife. It was no question now of vexation or sorrow, no accepting or refusing the bitter truth; the hammer had fallen, at one blow it had shivered her hopes into a thousand particles. She got back to her humble lodgings and went straight to her room. For a minute or so the feeling of suffocation was unbearable; she strove to cry aloud, but nothing came of it, save an inarticulate gasp. She put her hands to her throat, turning wildly round and round like a dumb animal caught in a noose; then she sank upon her knees—her shoulders heaved and her bosom sobbed to bursting. We will leave her alone for a time with her sorrow. There are griefs for which it is mockery to offer consolation.

CHAPTER XIX.

DISMISSED.

‘The tide of time flowed back with me,
The forward flowing tide of time.’—TENNYSON.

THE sound of ever-rolling wheels mingle at times with the occasional music of the street organ, struggling feebly to be heard above the noise and din, and tell of active, stirring life, the life of the pleasure-seeking and the busy work-a-day world.

Evelyn Garside sat with her head buried in her hands, deep in thought, after Lord Brockington had left her. She knew at last that all hope of ever becoming his wife was over. All the strength of feeling, all the power of affection she had lavished on him, she now knew was wasted, as the sea lays its treasures upon some bare and thankless strand;

and even as the waves of that sea, meeting some tiny stream, force back the waters of the rivulet and prevent it mingling with the ocean, so the very force and vehemence of her passionate love for Ernest made her shrink back into herself; she felt as one standing out unsheltered in a hurricane.

Mrs. Garside bore up bravely through a wearisome round of afternoon calls, preferring to undergo the platitudes of her dowager friends rather than endure her own society in the carriage. She was absent-minded, no doubt, and answered somewhat at random, not listening very attentively to the conversation, which consisted chiefly of remarks concerning the weather, the dresses worn at a crush the night before, the professional beauty who was first favourite for the time. It was a great relief to get home to her own arm-chair in the luxurious boudoir up-stairs.

‘I’ll ring when I want you,’ said Mrs. Garside to her officious maid, bustling in with the indispensable cup of tea; and then she locked the door, and put off the heavy armour she had worn so bravely for hours, and laid it by for a

season, and bathed her wounds, so to speak, encouraging them to bleed freely now that the pressure was withdrawn. She was no longer the gay, fashionable lady, but the helpless, yielding woman, burying her face in her white hands, and weeping as if her heart would break. It did her good though. The frost must break up with storms and rain, and the floods burst wildly down, carrying before them many a tangled fence and artificial embankment, ere the saturated soil can teem with life and hope, ere the violet can peep out, and the meadow don her grass-green kirtle and soft-eyed spring smile, welcome upon earth once more.

After a sleepless night, Evelyn woke with her mind quite decided on one subject at least. She felt sure that it was Miss Smith—Miss Burgoyné, as she now called her—who had come between her and her lost lover, and Miss Smith should no longer be a visitor at her house. She was fully determined that Lord Brockington should not marry this poor dependant, and either by fair means or foul she would stop it.

‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay.’

All the little incidents of her meeting with

Ernest had come back to her; they had known each other before, slightly—was it slightly? Mrs. Garside asked herself—and then they were a sort of cousins. Oh, death, whatever you are, terrible as you must be, will your icy fingers cause her so keen a pang as that which she experienced when she found that he whom she so loved was lost? Ah, me, shall I ever laugh with heart merriment any more? Evelyn asks herself.

Never, never!

She longed to get away from everybody—every-thing. Peter alone could have told how she gave vent to all the fierce jealousy that was raging within her. Never, she told herself in her passion, should her thoughts revert to that man again, save with scorn; and yet, the next minute she caught herself indulging in a fantastic hope that he might come again, and a whole week dragged itself by, and still he did not come.

The London season was drawing to a close; like the dying notes of a musical-box, gaiety after gaiety took place at longer intervals, and with obviously failing energy. Shutters had begun to appear in the first-floor windows of well-known houses, and

more than one scaffolding was already up for the repairs and decorations that should be completed against next year. The trees in the Park were acquiring that uncomfortable and thirsty look which none but London trees ever put on, and the young ladies still left were getting so pale and faded that the philanthropist felt quite concerned lest their roses should never bloom again. Misguided man ! he little knows what a fortnight's sea-breezes at Cowes could do, or a few quiet rides and drives about the shady country place with its out-of-doors enjoyments and early hours, where papa assumed gaiters and a straw hat once more, and mamma, always busy, rustled about in faded dresses and shabby boots, whilst the daughters rejoiced in the broad brims and gardening gloves of a coquetry none the less attractive for its apparent simplicity.

Yes, a few showers of rain, a cooling breeze or two, soon bring back the bloom and the freshness to our English roses, always supposing there is no worm feeding at the core. Even the environs of London seemed to sympathize with the worn-out, dried-up, exhausted appearance of the metropolis.

The grass in Richmond Park was burnt to a gamboge tint; whilst the frequent picnics of which beautiful Bushey had been the scene, left its smooth sward covered with broken bottles and brown paper.

Mrs. Garside made up her mind to leave town at once; she would go down to Sharpham Court, her place in Devonshire, and see if the country air would bring the roses back to her faded cheeks.

She went to her writing-table and wrote the following note to Miss Burgoyne—

'Portland Place, July 23.

'DEAR MISS BURGOYNE,

'I find I am obliged to leave London at once, therefore I shall not require your services again. I enclose a cheque for £10, which I think will about pay what I owe you. In great haste,

'I am, yours very truly,

'EVELYN GARSIDE.'

'I wonder how you will like that, Miss Burgoyne,' said Evelyn, dashing down her pen and spluttering the ink all over the gilt inkstand and

her own fingers, to say nothing of a large blot on the front width of her *écru* muslin gown.

Having despatched her note, she sat down to think out her plans. There was much to be done before she could really leave town and shut up her house. She woke from her reverie with a slight start, as the door was thrown open, and Colonel St. Aubyn was announced.

She rose to meet him with a look of shy confusion stealing over her face. She had just been thinking for some reasons she would be rather sorry to rush away from town—and—

Oh no, nonsense! What was she thinking about? He's nothing to her!

'I am very fortunate,' said Colonel St. Aubyn, softly, 'in finding you at home, and alone. I think you must know why it is that I have come.'

He had never been so much in earnest in his life. There was a passionate tenderness in his tones and in his eyes, but they were not real. He was a thorough man of the world though, and knew how to play his cards.

It was superb July weather, bright and sultry,

and an errant sunbeam lit up Evelyn's face, tinted like a rich damask rose, and Colonel St. Aubyn thought how handsome she looked.

She could not help being conscious that he regarded her with an admiration more eloquent than many words; the blood deepened in her cheeks under his gaze as he poured forth his passionate words of love. She felt half scared—as if in spite of herself she would be won—as if the man's very eagerness and longing would make her his, although she knew she could never love him.

She rose from her seat, but he held her hand gently, and yet with sufficient firmness to detain her.

'I think I have some right to be heard,' pleaded Colonel St. Aubyn, gently.

He had the art of throwing a sort of caress into his voice when he made the most trivial remarks, which may have been one reason for the great successes which he usually obtained among the opposite sex.

A worn-out heart that had been exhausted by one passion after another, and never a true,

unselfish love amongst them, a shattered constitution, and impaired fortune—this is the best he had to offer to Evelyn Garside. But there was enough pathos in his voice to move her. She did not know how little ‘the best’ was worth, and she had some pity for the man who *seemed* to love her; besides, she was smarting under the cold indifference of Lord Brockington, and her heart was caught at the rebound.

There were many dark pages in Colonel St. Aubyn’s life-book, could she have turned back the leaves and read all that was written there; but luckily for him they were hidden, and as yet no one had breathed a word to her about Colonel St. Aubyn’s antecedents.

‘I don’t ask for a final answer yet,’ he pleaded, ‘I fear it would not be in my favour. But give me one word of hope,’ he continued, rising and going across to where Evelyn sat, and dropping on one knee by the side of her arm-chair. ‘Don’t give me my answer now, my darling,’ he whispered. ‘I am obliged to go abroad for a month on important business, but I could not leave without telling you how dear you are to

me. Give me my answer when I come back.
Oh, do not cast my love away, Evelyn.'

An officer in an expensive regiment, in which his expenditure trebled his receipts, beset by Jewish cormorants as insatiable almost as Shylock himself, and at his wits' ends how to find the El Dorado that could relieve him, the idea of a marriage with the rich Mrs. Garside had come like manna in the wilderness. It was the only event that could wrest him from the gulf of trouble and poverty that yawned at his feet. He looked on Evelyn Garside as a somewhat unpleasant but necessary appendage to the £ s. d. that he was in search of, and he went through a certain amount of love-making, but minus all those trivial but delicious attentions that only real feeling can prompt. Luckily for him, Mrs. Garside was too much occupied with her own thoughts to notice the deficiency, she was in a maze; could she marry this man, who certainly rather interested her, but as for loving him—oh !

How could she ever love any one as she loved Ernest Buchanan ? But no, she must banish *him*

from her thoughts. After a few moments' silence she took one of Colonel St. Aubyn's hands in hers, and looking up into his face with just a visible touch of sadness, said—

‘I will do as you wish. Come back in a month's time, and I will give you my answer then.’

She looked straight into his eyes, which quivered slightly. Her own face was pale, but not as pale as it seemed to him. All the light had faded from it, her mouth had a mournful droop like that of a child about to cry.

Colonel St. Aubyn rose to go, feeling it would be better to leave without further talk, and once more taking both her hands in his, he bent down and just touched them lightly with his lips and left the room.

Evelyn Garside heard his measured steps going down the stairs, and felt a relief in his departure.

What had she done ?

Had she raised up a barrier between herself and the man she loved ? Oh, what did it matter now ? The sunshine had gone out of her life the moment she learnt Ernest Buchanan did not love

her, and now she must live out her life as best she could.

The idea of being Colonel St. Aubyn's wife was not altogether distasteful to her. He was decidedly handsome, and held a certain position in society. She might do worse, she thought. And then she would let Ernest see by her marriage with the Colonel that there was some one who loved her.

Loved her !

Ah, poor, weak, misguided woman. If you could have penetrated into the dark depths of Colonel St. Aubyn's thoughts, what answer would you give him then ?

CHAPTER XX.

BACK AT EXTON PARK.

‘Full of the riddle of the painful earth,
Flashed thro’ her as she sat alone.’

TENNYSON.

DAISY BURGOYNE was sitting by the open window in her humble lodgings, trying to get as much air as was possible on a hot, sultry day in London, when Mrs. Stone brought her two letters on a round Japanese tray, with as much pomp as though she had been a powdered footman handing the letters on a massive silver waiter. Daisy’s letters were never very interesting, and she was in no hurry to look at them, so asked Mrs. Stone to put them on a small round table that stood by her side.

After a few minutes she glanced carelessly at them, and saw that one had a mourning border.

She hastily broke the very official-looking seal, and read the contents, which ran thus—

‘120, *Throgmorton Place, London.*

‘DEAR MADAM,

‘After much difficulty we have succeeded in obtaining your address, and now write to acquaint you with the death of your great-aunt, Miss Gordon, which sad event took place at Brighton, on the 1st instant. We have much pleasure in informing you, that by her will she leaves you the whole of her fortune, which, as far as we can tell at present, will amount to between eighty and ninety thousand pounds. Awaiting your instructions,

‘We are, Madam,

‘Your obedient servants,

‘WIGGINS & WADE,

‘*Solicitors to the Deceased.*’

Her hand fell listlessly on to her knees, her brain seemed all in a whirl, she could hardly believe her eyes; there must be some mistake. She sat for a few moments, and then took up

the other letter, the contents of which the reader already knows.

This letter astonished her even more than the other had done. What could it mean? Why was Mrs. Garside leaving London so suddenly? And without one word or expression of hoping to see her again, without giving any reason why she was to be thus summarily dismissed!

At any other time it would have been a great blow to Daisy; her genial and loving nature would have smarted under the apparently intended severance of her intercourse with Mrs. Garside, for although she felt that lately a sort of cloud had overshadowed their friendship, still she clung to Mrs. Garside as a kind benefactress, and had grown to look upon her as one of her best friends.

But now it did not matter so much—everything was changed. With an ample income there would be no longer any need for her to give singing lessons, or to add to her hitherto very slender means by writing Mrs. Garside's or any one's letters.

Daisy's thoughts at once turned to Exton and

Colonel Burgoyne. What a disappointment for Mrs. Burgoyne, who had always been so civil to old Miss Gordon, hoping that they would participate in her wealth, to some extent at least. Why Aunt Gordon had chosen to leave all her money as she had was a problem Daisy could not possibly solve.

She read the lawyer's letter through again, to see there was no mistake. No, there it was in black and white—no mistake about that; she was the possessor of a fortune, a large fortune, and there seemed only one course open for her to pursue. She could now afford to be generous, and she resolved at once to write to the Burgoynes. She must forgive the past and help them.

Daisy had frequently read in the papers of the hopeless state of the mines, where Colonel Burgoyne put the little money she had inherited from her father, and she knew that the finances of the Burgoyne family must be at a very low ebb. Better still, she would go back and live with them, and repay them in some sort for the care they had taken of her in the past.

The glamour of the world had fallen from her eyes considerably during her stay in London, and Exton Park did not seem nearly such an undesirable place in which to reside now. At any rate the life was peaceful, and there would be no worries, even as there would be no excitements.

Ernest was lost to her, of that she felt certain, and she had estranged Mrs. Garside in some unaccountable manner. Perhaps, after all, this was as well, she thought, for how could she bear to meet her friend calmly if she was to be the wife of the man she—Daisy—loved?

And then her thoughts travelled back to the early days of her acquaintance with Ernest, to her heroic if unappreciated and unloved wooer. Had she done right in running away from him? It seemed now a most unfortunate step to have taken; but how could she know that a man's vows could mean so little, could be so easily forgotten?

Tears came unbidden to her eyes, in spite of her cumulative fortunes, until her pride rose to her assistance, and forbade her to sorrow for a man who could so lightly avow his love for her and desert her for another.



Daisy was a young lady of considerable promptitude, and the letter to Colonel Burgoyne announcing her return was barely received before she herself was amongst them again, kissing away the reproaches of her uncle and aunt, and laughing, chattering, and crying in a very inconsistent way, that suggested the generally accepted conception of April weather, in its obvious attempt to prevent herself breaking down altogether by an assumption of exaggerated and absurd cheerful light-heartedness.

Mrs. Burgoyne was at first inclined to be fretful and complaining; but perchance a reflection of Daisy's altered fortunes restrained her from giving this mood fair play. The hard school of adversity had matured the good lady's natural selfishness, using the word in its broadest sense, and unknown possibilities of a more hopeful and comfortable future for them all lay in her niece's power, if the said niece should elect to take up her abode with them again, and to share her prosperity with those who had the first claim on her.

With the exception of maintaining a reserved

and impenetrable silence regarding her life for the past few months, Daisy was accommodation itself; she met her aunt's suggestions almost before they were expressed, took her unprepossessing cousins into her affections, and boated, and rode, and drove with them, and gave them promises of such joys in store of the nature that the simple maidens had longed for vainly ever since they were past the age of dolls and hoops, that they became her devoted slaves, and swore fealty to her even to the extent of deprecating their mother's private references anent the wrongful disposal of Miss Gordon's money.

Even the bluff old Colonel was completely won over. He had always liked Daisy in his rough, undemonstrative way; but despite his selfish moroseness, there was a suspicious huskiness in his voice, and his eyes were decidedly moist, when of her own accord she caught him in his den, and told him frankly that she was aware of his pecuniary troubles, and that her own money sunk in the unfortunate mine was not to cause him any uneasiness.

‘I have more money than I want, uncle,’ she



said, 'and you must not let that wretched old mine bother you. I dare say it will all come right in the end, and I am in no hurry, you must remember.'

Colonel Burgoyne did remember, and although he deprecated the idea of living on his niece's money, which had been entrusted to him, the knowledge that he would not be called upon to account for it eased his mind greatly, and rendered him a much more tractable and comfortable individual to get along with. Many a substantial present too, in gifts in kind and money, found their way into the possession of Mrs. Burgoyne and her daughters, and the house became altogether a pleasanter and a happier place of abode under the influence of Daisy's wealth, generously and lavishly bestowed.

For many months Daisy lived a placidly contented life, filling up her time with her music at home, and with expeditions aided by small local dissipations in the company of her cousins abroad. Her love was not dead, but it slumbered passively under the influence of her changed life. Stormy passions, when violently checked, will

sometimes mercifully retire upon themselves, and remain quiescent until circumstances—a word or a chance meeting will suffice—shall rouse them into activity, when they will blaze forth with redoubled strength. Sometimes they die altogether; but it is more rare than the novelist would have us believe, that they gnaw secretly, like the worm at the heart of the rose, until the face blanches and the life is destroyed. A healthy type of maidenhood possesses a mind usually too well-balanced to be thrown out of gear by a disappointment, and after the first shock has worn off it will assert itself in the interest of things that are about it. Life is lived from day to day, and unless one withdraws from it altogether, and nurses the grief in solitude, its many claims on us save us from that continued introspection which means ultimate madness, if not death.

The recollection of her lost love came to her once. She had driven into Burton with her uncle one morning, and as he had business which promised to detain him there many hours, had elected to walk back to Exton Park by herself.

The walk would do her good, she had remarked laughingly, and her collie, Rover, would form ample bodyguard in the unlikely contingency of meeting any undesirable character when crossing the bleak and desolate moorland.

She had just got away from the big manufacturing town, when a carriage, coming rapidly along the narrow lane, caused her to seek safety by the hedge-side. The equipage betokened evident wealth, and it was easy to see that the elderly lady who occupied it was well-to-do in this world's goods. She stared hard at Daisy as she whirled rapidly by, and then signaling the coachman to stop, beckoned back to her.

Daisy approached, and found herself face to face with Lady Parker.

‘I thought it was you, my dear Miss Burgoyne,’ the latter observed, extending a limp and flaccid hand. ‘What an age it is since I saw you last. I must congratulate you on your good fortune. And how are Colonel and Mrs. Burgoyne? Well, I trust?’

‘Quite well, thank you, Lady Parker,’ said Daisy.

‘That’s a good thing then,’ was the rejoinder. ‘It won’t do to keep the horses standing; but you must come and pay me a visit when I return. I am going up to London to-morrow to see an old school-friend married, Evelyn Garside, I don’t know if you know her; but she has written to me to ask me to be present, and I make it a point to attend all my friends on these interesting occasions. I shall have the pleasure of being present at your marriage, I hope, some day. Good-bye, my dear. Come and see me when I get back.’

‘Some day, Lady Parker,’ echoed Daisy feebly, her face blanching, and a cold terror seizing hold of her.

The carriage rolled away with a parting wave of Lady Parker’s jewelled hand, and left Daisy standing there helpless and bewildered.

Going to be married to-morrow! And this, then, was the end of her dream of love. She stumbled aimlessly on for half-a-mile or more, until, coming to a low stack of moorland grass standing off the wood, she threw herself at length upon it, and burying her face in her hands,

sobbed out her trouble in the hearing only of her sympathetic collie, who, discerning that something was amiss with his young mistress, thrust his cold nose against her cheek, and endeavoured to comfort her in the only fashion his doggy nature was acquainted with, by alternately licking her hands and face, and barking round her in short, sharp barks.

Ten minutes sufficed for her to regain her self-control, and rising, she dried her eyes, smoothed away the outward signs of her abandonment to grief, and patting the dog, walked quietly home with Rover frisking and barking playfully round her, as though to call her attention to the efficacy of the consolation he had administered.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

‘A cloud of incense of all odours steamed
From out a golden cup.’—TENNYSON.

LADY PARKER had spoken truly when she had announced her intention of being present at Mrs. Garside’s marriage, though, had she only mentioned the name of the fortunate man, the said misunderstanding under which Daisy was labouring would have been effectually cleared away.

There was a slight excitement around the church railings of St. George’s, Bloomsbury, the following morning, when successive carriages drove up and deposited their fair (and otherwise) burdens, and the masculine contingent. The children round about abandoned their tops and skipping-ropes for the nonce and gathered about



the big iron gates, or appropriated insecure coigns of vantage on the top of the coping, or squeezed their grimy little faces through the bars to obtain a fleeting glimpse of the proceedings.

It was a quiet wedding ; Evelyn Garside wished it so. She had no heart for a magnificent display, and already misgivings were beginning to force themselves on her mind, that pique was not altogether a satisfactory motive for going to the altar with a man whom at best she only liked and respected.

Colonel St. Aubyn, on the contrary, was in the best and gayest of spirits. He had obtained his wish, and was in a position to defy fate as represented by the Jewish money-lending fraternity, so that he could afford to act as a chivalrous and devoted groom, whose cherished affection was being at length rewarded. To do him justice, he really felt kindly towards the woman he was marrying, and he had a very honest intention of sinking his past life with his debts, and starting afresh with a clean page.

The service, so short, and yet so pregnant with possibilities, either for happiness or sorrow, came

to a close, and Evelyn Garside, now Mrs. St. Aubyn, left the church on the arm of the man of whom she knew nothing, and yet into whose keeping she had given her life.

She parted with her friends at the door, and the pair drove straight to Charing Cross on their way to Paris, and eventually to the Riviera, where they proposed spending their honeymoon.

Alas for good intentions. Barely three months had passed, and Evelyn St. Aubyn found herself neglected and more lonely than she had been in the days of her widowhood. Colonel St. Aubyn was one of those men who have a fatal passion for play, and the attractions of the Casino, and the companionship of the many 'good fellows' he encountered in the smoking-room at the Hôtel de Londres, where they were stopping, proved too much for his selfish, pleasure-loving nature to combat against. He didn't even try, but with some mumbled excuse would stroll off after breakfast with his cigar between his lips, and leave his wife of a few weeks' standing to her own devices for occupation or amusement.

'I don't see very much of you, St. Aubyn,' she

ventured to remark one morning, when his neglect had been more than usually flagrant. 'I think you might contrive to give me the benefit of your society a little oftener.'

'Well, I cannot be for ever tied to your apron-string, Evelyn,' he replied, somewhat irritably, for the measure of truth in her complaint angered him, as a just reproach will oftentimes do when the most absurd and outrageous charges would be met good-humouredly. 'Surely you can find something to amuse yourself with without my dangling round for ever after you like a love-lorn school-boy. However, I *must* go this morning, as I have promised to meet Wesley and young Larrington. By the way, I hear that an old friend of yours, Brockington, is coming over from Nice. He has been staying there with his mother, and I suppose he is anxious to dissipate a little of the Brockington fortune on the cloth.'

With a cheerful nod, which was not responded to, he went out, and left his wife to the tumultuous feelings his announcement called up in her heart. She had expected to assert herself in Ernest's eyes over this mistaken marriage of hers, and yet what

an assertion it would be! One that would call forth a half-contemptuous pity, probably, at the neglect that was so palpable that it was even a subject for comment in the hotel.

Tears of mortification stood in her eyes, and before they were cleared away she had resolved within herself that she would, on some pretext or other, leave the place, with or without her husband, and go back to Paris. After all, the money belonged to her, and although she couldn't command his attentions, she had a legitimate right to act in accordance with her own wishes and for her own happiness.

Colonel St. Aubyn made no objection when she announced her intention to him; in fact, he seemed rather relieved, and entered into her proposal with a zeal that would have appeared uncomplimentary, to say the least of it, at any other time.

She on her side was so engrossed in her project of removing herself from the neighbourhood of Lord Brockington, that she failed to observe the readiness with which her husband listened to her plans, and arranged for her early departure. She

was, in a measure, gratified too by his unexpected solicitude, and when he proposed travelling back with her, and seeing her comfortably installed, the poor woman vainly imagined that the future might even yet contain happiness for them together, and forbore to dwell on her husband's shortcomings.

He spent almost the whole of the following day in her company, and was as devoted as he had been during the most ardent time of his courtship, up to the day when he left her in Paris to return 'for a few days' to Monte Carlo.

She timidly observed that she hoped he wouldn't extend his visit longer, when they parted; and gaily assuring her that he would be back by the middle of the following week, he had left her. In life she never saw him again. A fortnight passed, and then a telegram summoned her back to Monte Carlo, to what had been her husband. He lay in a coffin in an ante-room of the hotel, struck down by an assassin's knife for the gains he had made an hour or two previously at the Casino.

CHAPTER XXII.

DAISY GOES ABROAD.

‘In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease.’—TENNYSON.

DAISY had been ill, very ill indeed—nigh on to death’s door, the grave, kind-faced old family doctor had said, and anxiously indeed they had watched and waited for the fever to run its course. Now she was well on the way towards convalescence, and they breathed freely again at Exton Park, the servants as well as the family. The natural kind-heartedness, brought out and intensified by her own trouble, had endeared her to all of them, and her frank generosity, coupled with her ability to be generous, was a trait that even Mrs. Burgoynes couldn’t be insensible to.

There had been much sickness among the

colliery towns. Strikes and labour disputes, owing to the bad state of the market and the necessity of reducing wages, had culminated in an epidemic of scarlet-fever, the results of the privations and hard living amongst the unfortunate colliers and their families, and in and around Burton it had raged violently.

Daisy had sympathized strongly with the starving women and children, and had done what she could with her own hands to relieve the sufferings of her own immediate neighbours. Many a basketful of provisions had she taken to one and another of them, with words of sympathy and hope, and this in spite of her aunt's exhortations.

That good lady was sympathetic of course; but she had a mortal terror of infectious diseases, and would sooner have braved fire and flood, than have gone amongst the cottages and hovels in which her less fortunate fellow-creatures were constrained to dwell.

'Of course, my dear, I can quite understand you wish to help them,' she had said once, when expostulating with Daisy about the matter of her

personal charity ; ‘ though I think they are greatly to blame for striking for more wages when your uncle was being ruined with the heavy expenses and the bad trade ; but surely you can send it to them without carrying it yourself ? ’

‘ Ah, but you see I should miss their thanks that way, aunty,’ she had replied with a laugh ; ‘ and I am worldly enough to prefer the actual personal and genuine expression of gratitude and pleasure over my acts to the mere knowledge that I deserve them.’

Her aunt said no more ; she felt that it would be useless, for she had pretty well come to understand that when Daisy had made up her mind to do a thing, she would do it, despite all arguments and entreaties to the contrary.

As a result of her kind-hearted thought, considered from a worldly point of view imprudent actions, Daisy one Sunday morning awoke with an intense aching in all her limbs, and a painful headache. She managed to keep about during the day, but as evening came on she developed symptoms which alarmed her aunt, who put her to bed, and hastily summoned the doctor.

‘Scarlet-fever, undoubtedly,’ said he, when he had seen her; and then ensued a five weeks’ period of anxiety, by the end of which time she had come safely through the illness, thanks to her splendid constitution. But she was terribly weak and listless, and an additional fortnight bringing no further signs of increasing strength, it was decided that a change of air should be tried to see what that might do for her.

‘The South of France or Italy,’ said good old Doctor Jarvis, when approached on the subject. ‘Menton, now, I should think would do us a world of good,’ pinching her cheek playfully. ‘Only mind and don’t get the gambling fever, or I might not be able to pull you through so successfully. Breaking the bank is the only remedy I know of, and that is deadly.’

Daisy smiled faintly at her old friend’s ponderous attempt at joking, and left her uncle and aunt to make what arrangements they chose in the matter.

The cousins were wild with delight at the very idea of going to that deliciously romantic and exciting place that had been the scene of so many

of the stories they had read, and they begged Daisy to give them the opportunity of seeing it. So she forbore to put any obstacle in the way of their going, though it is more than probable that, had she known that Lord Brockington was there, the eager girls would not have had their dreams realized.

She had liked Mrs. Garside very much indeed, although she resented their parting, all the more that she couldn't in the least understand her friend's action; but she felt that it would be many and many a long month before she could meet her again as the wife of the man she, Daisy, still acknowledged she loved, although she knew that her passion was wrong. As for Ernest himself, it would be an outrage on her tenderest feelings to meet him now, or at any time, with the love-light, which she knew she would be powerless to conceal from him, shining in her eyes, and confessing more plainly than words the passion she still nourished for him, the husband of another woman.

But she did not know he was there, and so she took a listless interest in the preparations that

were being made for this journey ; the dear girls were not disappointed, and so to Mentone they went.

Colonel Burgoyne stayed at home ; he was too old, he said, to care about running over the Continent sight-seeing ; besides, although he didn't acknowledge it, he would have been miserable away from the mines. He was miserable enough at them at times ; but although he could not do anything to change the state of affairs, he had somehow come to think that his presence was necessary to save a complete fiasco.

He went up to London with them and put them into their carriage at Charing Cross, and then, considering that he had done his duty, returned to the North again, and alternated between Exton Park and Burton, in his anxiety respecting the fluctuation of the shares of the various mines in which he was interested.

Mrs. Burgoyne was well able to look after her charges though, better, in fact, than the Colonel would have been. She carried her economical principles always with her, and acting on a general working basis, that all foreigners who let their

rooms or keep hotels, or are in any way brought commercially into contact with the travelling English public, are rogues, capable of any and every variety of cheating, she laid her plans accordingly, and cheapened and scolded indiscriminately, to the amusement of her scarcely dutiful daughters and the distress of Daisy, who hated the situation of being surrounded by a troop of grinning servants, while her aunt fretted and fumed in the best French she could muster.

At Cannes there was such a scene. The town was already full when they arrived, and many other visitors poured in with the same train in the afternoon by which they had travelled. The vestibule of the only promising hotel was piled high with trunks and bags and boxes, and the servants were running hither and thither to attend the numerous wants of the tired and hungry and irritable visitors.

‘Oh, yes, I dare say you are crowded,’ she exclaimed in her high-pitched voice, to the demure and dapper little Frenchman, who was straining his imperfect knowledge of English to make her understand that the rooms he had

allotted to them were the only ones he had at his disposal. Had he been an Englishman he would have told her that it was a case of Hobson's choice, and if she didn't like the apartments she could leave them for others who might. Being French, he was polite and conciliating, and got bullied in proportion.

'What is the use, aunt?' Daisy exclaimed at length, wearied with the journey, and anxious to end a situation which was bringing a crowd of the hotel attendants round to enjoy the scene; 'we *must* take the rooms, if there are no others to be had, and we are only wanting them for a few days.'

'I know that,' snapped Mrs. Burgoyne in her own tongue, which, curiously enough, she had forgotten would be understood by the hotel people. 'But we can take them at a cheaper rate, I suppose, if they find that we are too wide-awake to allow ourselves to be imposed upon. Be quiet, Rachel! What is there to laugh about, I should like to know?' And then, turning to the attendant, who was with difficulty keeping his risible faculties under a decent control, she exclaimed—

'Parfum entièrement des étables ; ma fille elle volontier mourirait dans cet appartement.'

Rachel laughed outright, and even Daisy smiled, although she deemed it best to interpose and end the ridiculous scene.

'Thank you,' she said sweetly. 'I think the rooms will suit us very well. Kindly have our luggage sent up, and we should like some tea, please.'

A look of pleasure, not unmixed with admiration, crossed the official's face, and he turned to see personally that the pleasant-spoken young lady's wishes were attended to, while her aunt allowed herself to be dragged away in speechless indignation at thus having the matter so calmly taken out of her hands.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

‘A subtle, sudden flame,
By veering passion fanned.’—TENNYSON.

‘My dear Miss Burgoyne! Whoever would have thought of seeing you here?’

It was Colonel St. Aubyn who thus cordially advanced to meet Daisy with outstretched hands, some three days later, in the gardens at Monte Carlo. She had been sitting on a seat overlooking the sea, and idly watching the beautiful colouring of the water, the green verdure of the surrounding hills, and the whole scene, which to her mind seemed more like a page from the *Arabian Nights* than an actual reality.

Mrs. Burgoyne had been dubious about going

to the Casino at all. She was just sufficiently narrow-minded to have doubts as to whether it was the right sort of place to go to; but the pleading of her daughters, and Daisy's expressed wish, more on her cousins' account than on her own, overcame her scruples, and she consented.

They were staying at Mentone, and came in by one of the morning trains to pay their first visit to the shrine of the great god of Chance, without much difficulty, for Mrs. Burgoyne exercised her common-sense to the extent of expressing her wishes in good plain English; they procured the familiar buff card of admittance issued by the Monaco administration, and wandered through the crowded rooms, stopping occasionally to look over the shoulders of the devotees at the roulette table, and to watch the game whose fascinations have ruined so many a promising career and cut short so many a man's life; ay, and many a woman's too!

Mrs. Burgoyne, in spite of her principles, was fascinated, and if the truth were known, the good lady's fingers itched to throw just one five-franc-

piece on to the cloth, and to see what her fortune would be. Her daughters were equally fascinated, although it was more by the surroundings in which they found themselves than by any actual interest in the play going on; so that when Daisy pleaded a headache, and expressed a wish to roam through the gardens, they were loth to leave the salon. She waited about for some time longer, and then, seeing that her relatives were too absorbed to be able to drag themselves away, she left them, after arranging that they should seek her later, and strolled out on to the broad open walks. A sheltered seat overlooking the sea invitingly offered itself as a place for rest and dreamy reflections, and she made her way to it, and sat down where laburnums drooped their graceful blossoms, and lilacs filled the air with their perfume.

It was there that Colonel St. Aubyn, luckily unaccompanied by any one, as he thought to himself, found her. He knew Daisy well, having frequently met her at his wife's home when she was still Mrs. Garside, and he had always admired



her. His admiration was 'all right and platonic enough; but a man doesn't want to be *chained* to a woman simply because he has married her; but people are so stupid in these matters sometimes.'

Some women undoubtedly are stupid, though not quite in the way the gallant Colonel's reflections indicated, and it is well for men of his stamp that they are.

By a singular chance no mention was made of the absent Mrs. St. Aubyn. The Colonel, if he thought of the matter at all, assumed that Daisy was acquainted with her friend's marriage to himself, and, as we know, nothing was farther from Daisy's mind than the idea of any such thing; she believed that Evelyn Garside had married Lord Brockington—Ernest, her Ernest—and the remembrance was still too keen and painful for her to refer to it needlessly to a casual friend.

Colonel St. Aubyn was an entertaining companion when he chose to be, and as Daisy was young and pretty and interesting enough to be

worth the effort, he took pains—unusual pains—to amuse her, and succeeded so well that she was positively sorry when the appearance of her aunt put an end to the *tête-à-tête*.

She introduced her companion to her relatives, and Mrs. Burgoyne, perhaps scenting a possible 'catch' for one of her daughters, invited him back to lunch with them. This invitation the Colonel declined, however. Daisy's society was pleasing, but that of the two shy and uninteresting girls and a garrulous old woman, their mother, possessed no attractions that could induce him to forego the tables in the Casino, and the lounge round the smoking-room of his hotel in company with his choice companions. He excused himself on a plea of previous engagements, and, hoping to meet them again, raised his hat and retired.

Somehow or other Daisy often met the Colonel after that, and, singularly enough, it was more often than not when she was left to her own resources for occupation and amusement. She liked the man well enough, and was in a measure



grateful to him for the evident trouble he took for her pleasure. His conversation, too, was a change from the exceedingly commonplace nature of that in which the home circle of Exton Park indulged. It was not particularly intellectual, but it was brilliant and amusing and entertaining. The Colonel had a fund of varied experiences to draw upon; he knew many people and most places, and was well at home on subjects which would be likely to please an unsophisticated little stay-at-home like Daisy.

Lord Brockington had chanced to run over to Cannes on the morning of Daisy's first visit to Monte Carlo, and had she but known it, they were within a hundred yards of each other when she had left the station in the company of her aunt and cousins, and he had strolled into the buffet to pass the few minutes before the train he was travelling by departed.

As it was, not so much as the mention of his name came to her ears to trouble the serenity of her mind or to mar the pleasure of her visit.

The society of Colonel St. Aubyn gave her a

new interest in her surroundings, and she was thankful enough to accept it without questioning the wisdom of the proceeding. The meetings were purely accidental, so far as Daisy was concerned, and she had not the slightest conception that the wily Colonel's frequent presence about the walks where she was promenading or resting was due to anything more than chance. Any other idea would have seemed ridiculous to her, for Colonel St. Aubyn could very well have been her father by actual years, though he looked very much younger than he was, being remarkably well-preserved despite the dissipation of his earlier life. This may be accounted for by the care he took of his own precious self; selfish people who consider themselves before everything and everybody always wear well, and are fresh and young at an age when less self-considerate people are beginning to show the strain of thinking and feeling for others before or in addition to themselves.

And at the end of the friendly relations existing between them, scandal, which had hitherto been



blind to the opportunity of using its spiteful and malicious tongue, suddenly awoke to the fact that it really was not the correct thing for a man of the world like the Colonel to pass so many hours in the company of so attractive a young lady. Perhaps a certain Miss Mabel Aubrey could have explained, had she chosen, the origin of the innuendoes, the witty remarks, and the meaning smiles over the attention Colonel St. Aubyn was paying Miss Burgoyne. She was not a young lady of particularly refined feelings, and it may be that, resenting 'having her nose put out of joint,'—an expression she herself was heard to make use of,—she had started the many-tongued mouth of scandal wagging; and gaining impetus from its own motion, it had travelled to greater purpose than she had intended, and was beyond her control even had she wished to control it. Being weak and vain, and petty and spiteful, it is possible, I say, that she could have accounted for the connecting of Daisy's name with that of Colonel St. Aubyn; if she could not, it was difficult to see what could have set ill-natured

gossip rife over a few idle hours spent in company, a few drives, and a few moonlight walks.

Whatever the cause, however, the result might have been serious to Daisy only that Fate willed it otherwise, and against Fate even the voice of scandal is powerless.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE TOILS.

'The knots that tangle human creeds ;
The wounding cords that bind and strain the heart
until it bleeds.'—TENNYSON.

COLONEL ST. AUBYN sat at a *trente et quarante* table in the Casino; he was playing steadily and winning. His gains lay in a pile of notes and coins at his elbow, and were sufficient to have justified a more cautious man in leaving off. Not so the Colonel. Although cool-headed and self-possessed, he was bitten by the true gambler's frenzy, and success only intensified it. Others sitting at the table left their game to watch his play, and some few followed it. If he saw this he gave no sign, unless the cold, cynical smile that spread over his face as the croupier

pushed the results of each successful deal towards him was intended to include these less daring gamesters, who preferred to follow another's lead to playing for themselves. Rats will leave a sinking ship, it is said, and they will also stick pretty closely to a safe one.

It was nearing the hour of eleven, at which time the tables are closed for the day, and there was an added excitement in the uncertainty as to whether luck would desert the plungers, or whether closing time would save the bank from breaking. The Colonel seemed suddenly to notice this new factor in the bank's chances, for a recklessness appeared to seize him, and gathering up a handful of notes, he placed the maximum on black, and black turned up. Again, and yet again, amidst breathless silence, he repeated his game, and each time he won, and then, sweeping his winnings into his bag, he rose from his seat and left the table.

There was a murmur of suppressed excitement. For a man to desert the game when it was so evidently in his favour was something these



worshippers at Fortune's shrine were unable to comprehend, though to the habitual and systematic gamblers present there was nothing remarkable in the action; they were only concerned with the loss of a sensation in seeing their common enemy, the bank, preserved, when it seemed certain that it would be broken before closing time. There was an immediate rush for the vacant chair, and the gainer, a tall, thin, white-headed man, immediately placed the maximum on *noir*—and lost, as the clocks pealed the hour of eleven, and the officials called out—‘*Messieurs, la banque est fermée pour ce soir.*’

Seemingly calm and collected, Colonel St. Aubyn threaded his way through the rooms with a small ransom contained in his bag, although, in reality, he was greatly agitated by the excitement of the past half-hour.

He stopped and lit a cigar when he reached the open, and the cool sea-breezes coming in from the open expanses of water, and the glorious beauty of the moonlit night, acted as a charm

in soothing him back to his ordinary calm and placid demeanour.

A young lady, evidently unaccompanied, was walking slowly in front of him, and he was greatly surprised to find, on overtaking her, that it was Daisy.

‘Good gracious, Miss Burgoyne!’ he exclaimed, with unaffected astonishment. ‘What are you doing here at this time of night?’

‘Oh, I am so glad to see you, Colonel St. Aubyn,’ she replied, with a suspicious catch in her voice. ‘I have missed my aunt somehow; I left her early in the evening at one of the tables, and I have been looking for her everywhere since nine. She cannot have gone home without me. Do you think she has?’

‘She may have concluded that you had got tired of waiting and returned to Mentone,’ he answered, wishing to comfort her evident anxiety and alarm. ‘At any rate, it will be better for you to go back now, or you will lose the train, and be compelled to wait here until the morning. I dare say you will find her at home safely enough, and anxious about you.’



They were some distance down the road towards the station by that time, and this explanation, natural enough, but unthought-of by Daisy in her state of alarm, had restored her to comparative cheerfulness. An idea seemed suddenly to strike the Colonel; he stopped short and exclaimed—

‘We may perhaps be wrong; but if you will walk on to the station and wait for me there, I will just run back and make sure that your aunt is not still here. The place is closed by now, and there will be no difficulty in ascertaining if she is waiting for you. If she is not, I will see you safely back to your hotel; you might take my bag, if you don’t mind. Be careful of it,’ he concluded, with a light laugh. ‘It is not heavy, but it contains something like fifty thousand francs in value. Don’t miss the train if I shouldn’t turn up before it starts.’

‘*If I shouldn’t turn up!*’ Colonel St. Aubyn did not turn up. The train came in and left, carrying Daisy with it, and the valuable bag in her possession. Her aunt and cousins were all

at the station, Mrs. Burgoyne snappish with suppressed anxiety, which was not lessened by her sense of responsibility.

Whatever could she say to her husband if anything had happened to Daisy? had been her constant fretful and fearful exclamation, to the irritation of her two daughters, who, though genuinely concerned at Daisy's absence, couldn't be brought to see that petulant whinings would mend matters to any appreciable extent. And there at the end of it all was Daisy herself, cheerful enough and safe enough, though 'hungry as a hunter,' and too light-hearted at the termination of her adventure to profit much by her aunt's complaints and reproaches.

By an unfortunate chance she made no mention of Colonel St. Aubyn's timely aid, and she carried the bag up to her room with her when she retired, and locked it away in one of her trunks, until she could deliver it to its rightful owner, without explaining the nature of its contents or the fact of its being in her possession. None of her relatives had noticed it, or if they

had, had not questioned her concerning it, and there it remained to be discovered in her possession, with no single witness to substantiate her statement when it began to be looked upon as damaging evidence against her.

And what of Colonel St. Aubyn ? He lay in a heap on his face by the roadside, with the blood trickling from a small wound in the back, struck down by an assassin's knife a few minutes after he had left Daisy to return to the Casino. His pockets had been rifled, although his personal effects, including a valuable watch and chain, and a diamond finger-ring, had been left; but the brown leather bag, known to contain a small fortune, the amount of his winnings that evening at the Casino, was missing.

Tracked down, murdered, and robbed on their account, was the general verdict when the tragedy became known. Stupid fellow ! not to have provided himself with a companion to see him back to his hotel. He must have known that in that hell by the sea there were dozens of needy and desperate characters, who would stick at nothing

to secure a third of the wealth he had amassed under their very eyes, even though they dissipated it the very next hour on that fatal cloth. It was just a foolhardy tempting of Providence, said the old stagers, who knew the place and the men it contained, and doubtless enough they were correct generally speaking, though not so in this particular instance.

As we happen to know, the unfortunate Colonel had had a companion, and, alas for poor Daisy, others very soon knew it too, and amongst them the police officials.

The Colonel had been seen in the company of a young lady almost immediately after leaving the Casino. This fact was speedily whispered abroad, and the scandal-mongers took it up.

‘Dear me!’ they exclaimed, with a show of virtuous indignation. ‘And at that time of night too. How very wrong! We are sorry for the poor man, of course; but really, you know, such “goings on” are exceedingly improper. I wonder who she could have been?’

They wondered and kept wondering, until one,

more bold than the others, suggested that perhaps it was the Colonel's (of late) very frequent companion. Policemen are—well, policemen all the world over, and in France they are no exception to the rule. In fact, I believe the average gendarme possesses all the stolid stupidity of his English *compère*, and a little of his own in addition.

Colonel St. Aubyn, they argued, had left the Casino with a young English lady who was staying at Mentone. Miss Burgoyne her name was, and she was well known to be a constant companion, a—what you may call it—a *bonne amie*. Good, very good! Then, of course, the Colonel would not leave her at least until he had seen her into her train, and he had been murdered on the way to the station. Very good again! Then this Miss Burgoyne had not raised any alarm, or appeared to take any interest in the case. Ergo—if Miss Burgoyne had not been murdered too, and her body made away with, Miss Burgoyne had committed the murder, or had been an accomplice in the deed.

Daisy had been out walking with her cousins during the morning, and on her return she was surprised to find her aunt, like Niobe, dissolved in tears, and gesticulating and clamouring with a wooden-faced, stolid gendarme, who was listening patiently to the good lady's exposition of the French language, and probably trying to decide within himself whether it was really French, or only a bad English dialect; some of the words sounded rather familiar, but the sobbing and the gesticulation prevented him forming any conclusion.

'Oh, Daisy,' exclaimed the weeping woman when she appeared, wondering, on the scene. 'Poor Colonel St. Aubyn! he has been murdered, and this man'—with a glare at the offending officer, and a stress expressive of mingled sarcasm and irritation on the 'man'—'says you were the last person seen in his company. You did not see Colonel St. Aubyn at all yesterday, did you?'

'Yes, aunt,' the girl replied, her face going ashen at the dreadful shock the news so roughly imparted gave her. 'I met him outside the

Casino last night, when I was looking for you, and he—he—he was——'

‘Was what, child?’ demanded her aunt sharply.

‘W—was—so kind,’ sighed Daisy, almost in a whisper, and then sank fainting to the floor, for she was still far from strong, and the dreadful news had proved too much for her nerves and strength.

CHAPTER XXV.

OUT OF TRIBULATION.

‘Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.’—TENNYSON.

‘Ah, well, of course it was possible, but we must arrest mademoiselle for complicity in the murder until she can give us some explanation as to the events of last night,’ the gendarme was saying in intention, if not in those actual words, when Daisy next came to consciousness.

‘Good heavens! aunt, does the man think that it was I who murdered poor Colonel St. Aubyn?’ she asked, as the nature of the gendarme’s visit began to dawn on her.

The idea seemed perfectly absurd to her, as well it might; but it served one good and use-

ful purpose, inasmuch as it aided her to recover her fortitude and self-command, which, not unnaturally, had been quite upset by having the sad tidings of Colonel St. Aubyn's dreadful fate so abruptly broken to her. It is a shock to the strongest nerves to be brought into the presence of such a tragedy, when the victim has been a constant and pleasant associate, and has left one's presence only a few hours previously in full health and strength, to be next heard of a pitiful heap of lifeless humanity.

This explanation of Daisy's agitation didn't seem to occur to the police official, for he looked at her curiously once or twice, and observed—

‘Mademoiselle seems discomposed at the death of her friend *le Colonel*’

‘That is singular,’ remarked Mrs. Burgoyne sarcastically. ‘Perhaps it is because we are not quite so used to having our acquaintance butchered in England as you seem to be here, and have not got so acquainted with the sensation. Now I think you had better go. My niece acknowledges that she saw Colonel St. Aubyn last

night, and doubtless she will be ready enough to give you all the information in her power; only she must have a little time in which to recover herself first, for you can see for yourself the state she is in, and she has only just got over a long illness. Bless the man! why doesn't he go? Does he suppose we are going to run away?' she concluded, seeing that the gendarme made no attempt to move.

'I must wait for Monsieur le Préfet de Police,' said the man firmly, with that irritating show of respect which seems to say—'I am perfectly civil to you, you see, although I know you to be a rogue, or a robber, or a murderer; but I am a Frenchman, and therefore courteous.' 'Made-moiselle is a suspect, and my orders are not to leave her out of my sight,' he concluded.

Happily for himself—for Mrs. Burgoyne was rapidly arriving at such a pitch of exasperation at the man's persistence that she seemed to be capable of doing him a bodily injury—his superior officer just then arrived on the scene, and took all further responsibility on his own shoulders. He

was a brisk and fussy little man, a typical Frenchman, and it was easy to see that his sympathies were with the unfortunate girl, who, he was firmly convinced on seeing her, was the victim only of a chain of unfortunate circumstances. However, duty was duty, and although he had made up his mind to render its performance as light as he possibly could in her interests, it nevertheless had to be gone through with.

He asked many questions respecting Daisy's encounter with the Colonel, all of which she was able to answer freely and frankly. The story was simple and plausible enough to satisfy even a French police-officer, and it was substantiated materially by the testimony of her aunt and cousins. She had missed her aunt early in the evening, she explained, and had wandered about seeking for her until just before the Casino closed. And then she had met with the Colonel, and at his suggestion had returned to the station in time to catch the train to Mentone. She had looked out for her companion until the train started, but he did not return, and she had travelled on by

herself, and had been met on her arrival by her aunt and cousins. And the bag? She had forgotten even its very existence.

The police-officer showed himself pleased with her straightforward explanation. There was nothing in her statement inconsistent with perfect truth and innocence, and he was glad enough at the prospect of ridding himself of his unpleasant duty so easily. But his next question, a chance one, drove the blood from Daisy's face, and caused his own to set hard and firm—

‘The bag? Had Monsieur le Colonel the bag in his possession when he returned to the Casino?’

‘No,’ Daisy faltered, the hideous possibility even then beginning to dawn on her as to what her confession might mean; ‘Colonel St. Aubyn asked me to take it on to the station for him. He said it contained a great deal of money, and he didn't wish to carry it further than was necessary. I had forgotten the circumstance until you spoke.’

‘And did you tell your aunt this?’

‘No.’

‘Where is the bag now?’

‘In my trunk,’ stammered Daisy, turning sick and faint as the tightly-drawn lips and serious expression of the police-officer, and her aunt’s dismayed scream of ‘Oh, Daisy! Daisy!’ forced her to realize the serious nature of her acknowledgment.

‘And why did not mademoiselle tell her aunt about the possession of the bag? Surely such a valuable trust would have been better left in the hands of her relative,’ was the official’s comment-ing inquiry.

He was still courteous, but the kindly consider-ation was gone from his face and his manner, and its place was taken by a look and bearing of hardness and suspicion amounting almost to a conviction of her guilt.

‘I don’t know, I am sure,’ replied Daisy, lapsing into tears. ‘Aunt was cross at my missing her, and I was very tired, and I suppose I didn’t think anything about it.’

‘That will do,’ said the official sternly.

‘Mademoiselle will consider herself under arrest on suspicion of having caused the death of *le Colonel*. She will now show me where the bag is hidden.’

Far and wide the news flew. The dainty young English lady had murdered Colonel St. Aubyn to obtain possession of his winnings at the Casino, and the bag and its contents intact, as far as they knew, had been found secreted in her trunk by the police.

‘Who could have thought it possible? And yet she is said to be possessed of a very comfortable fortune; had probably been gambling and got into difficulties.’ So commented the gossips, some with severe condemnation, others with a touch of pity for the terrible situation of the hapless girl.

And that was the story Lord Brockington gathered, when, coming in by the afternoon train, he left it and strolled over to his hotel.

‘Daisy Burgoyne! Daisy Burgoyne! ’ he repeated to himself, dazed and stupefied as the nature of the intelligence dawned on his senses. ‘Daisy

accused of murdering a gambler for the sake of his wretched gains ! It is not, cannot be possible !'

He had no liking or respect for Colonel St. Aubyn—he knew the man too thoroughly for that; but he felt naturally sorry for his untimely fate, and more than all for the widow of the short-lived marriage. He had no inkling of the real reason of Evelyn St. Aubyn's action in her hasty marriage. He wondered somewhat, after her profession of a still existing attachment to himself; but he preferred to believe that that had been the result of a romantic recollection of their early connection, and in no way attributable to the real dictates of her heart and conscience. But Daisy, his little Daisy ! His whole sympathies were with her in this her hour of trial and suffering, and all the love and tenderness in his heart came to the fore, and dissipated the past impressions and misunderstandings which had separated them.

His had been a small life, with too many petty considerations and a want of necessity for the

display of energy and ambition to allow the really sterling qualities in his character a chance of asserting themselves ; but now, in the hour of their need by the girl he loved, they were present, to be exerted to the utmost in her interests.

Mrs. St. Aubyn had been telegraphed to at Paris, and on alighting at the station at Monte Carlo, it was Lord Brockington who met her, and saw to the necessary arrangements for her comfort. He waited upon her with a silent sympathy and the tenderness which a brother might have displayed, and although she was stunned by the terrible fate of her husband, she noted it to his and Daisy's subsequent advantage.

After seeing her comfortably settled, he went off and telegraphed to a brilliant young lawyer, a friend of his of the name of Lansdowne, who was sojourning at Cannes, to join him immediately. That done, he lit a cigar, and let it out, and lit it again, and attempted to play a game of billiards, and to read, until, recognizing that he was not in a fit state to settle tranquilly to anything in the shape of pastime, which he might just as well

have done at first, he took his hat, and tramping down to the station, worried the life out of the officials there until the train bearing his friend came in.

Without giving him a minute's rest, he rushed him off to his private room, and seating him with a cigar and some choice liqueur, unfolded his story, and begged his friend's advice and assistance.

'It is a matter of more than life and death to me, Jack, old man,' he said brokenly—'it is a matter of love.' And his friend perfectly understanding, good-naturedly allowed the chaff at the other's love-lorn state to remain unsaid, and became the prim, professional man of law immediately—a wonderful metamorphosis from the gay, easy-going, pleasure-loving Jack Lansdowne of ten minutes before.

'It isn't a convicting case, old man,' he announced, 'at least not yet, although it will be a rare trouble to get the young lady out of the grip of the law. Why on earth couldn't the little idiot—I beg your pardon, old chap—why

couldn't she have told the officers about the bag in the first instance? It would have made all the difference. I know these French beggars: they will make a greater point of the secrecy maintained about its possession than of the possession itself. And now we had better go down to the police bureau to pin the authorities and arrange for an interview, and get Miss Burgoyne's permission to act on her behalf. We must save the verdict of "wilful murder" against her at the inquest if we possibly can. Where is she? Here?'

'No, at Mentone,' was Lord Brockington's reply; and thither they went.

With some little difficulty, which was eventually overcome by Lord Brockington's gold and his friend's authoritativeness, they managed to obtain an interview with the unfortunate girl in the office of *le Maire*. She looked up on their entrance, and gave a little cry when she saw Ernest, his face expressive of love and commiseration, confronting her.

Her gratitude for their interest and concern for

her was pitiful, although she made no scene—that detestation of the average Englishman—and conducted herself calmly, and with a sweet, maidenly reserve. She thankfully accepted Lansdowne's offer to act on her behalf, and told him the simple story of her connection with the tragedy, just as she had told it to the police-officer—only this time she did not forget to mention the bag and her dealings with it from the time it was handed to her by Colonel St. Aubyn, to when it was discovered in her box.

And then Lansdowne withdrew, leaving the two together alone, save for the stolid old gendarme, who, thinking perhaps of his own Angela, and more likely still of the English lord's good gold, discreetly busied himself with some minor operation that required the whole of his time and attention.

Then it was that she learnt the fact that her friend, Evelyn Garside, was the wife of the man whom she was accused of murdering; that Lord Brockington had not, and had not intended to marry her; and that it was she, Daisy Burgoyne,

whom he did intend to marry, carrying her straight back to London as soon as he could set her free.

So he told her, laughingly ; and so she accepted his offer, the colour returning to her cheeks and happiness to her heart.

Poor, helpless Mrs. Burgoyne and her two tearful daughters were inexplicably thankful for Lord Brockington's timely aid. He went to see her at Daisy's suggestion as soon as he left the bureau, and comforted her by the assurance that her niece's position, though bad enough, was not nearly so serious as she might suppose. He didn't believe for one moment that she could be convicted, he told her ; but to absolutely clear her fair name from so dark a suspicion, a task they must all set themselves, would be extremely difficult, and he rather rated the old lady, in his new-born sense of possession, for the laxity she had exercised over the care of her charge. For the present, all she could do would be to adhere to her simple account of the last night's proceedings, so far as they served to substantiate Daisy's own story ; and he was of opinion that Colonel Burgoyne

'should be telegraphed for to come over at once.

Having thus done his duty in this direction, he went off to see how Mrs. St. Aubyn was getting on, and easily prevailed upon her to pay *Daisy* a visit. It would go far in the eyes of the authorities, he knew, that the widow of the victim should thus practically demonstrate her belief in the innocence of the accused.

The meeting between the bereaved woman and *Daisy* was touching in the extreme. All *Daisy*'s sweet, sympathetic nature went out in sorrow for her friend's great trouble, and past sorrows were, in this, the greatest of all, forgotten. Mrs. St. Aubyn's late neglect on the part of her husband had rendered her peculiarly susceptible to the kindness she was experiencing, and she resolutely put the latest fragments of her affection for Lord Brockington from her, and determined to do what she could to save *Daisy* from her painful position, and to further the happiness of the young couple.

Thanks to Jack Lansdowne's efforts, the case,

which had hitherto looked black indeed against Miss Burgoyne, now assumed a much less sombre hue, and the verdict at the inquest when it was recorded was, 'Murdered by some person or persons unknown,' and she was discharged from custody, although it soon appeared that she was still a suspect in the eyes of the police. Her movements were shadowed wherever she went, and her hotel was under constant surveillance. The position was intolerable, and if it had not been for the constant companionship and loving attention with which Lord Brockington took pains to surround her, the spirits of the sensitive girl would have broken down altogether under the strain.

As it was, she was growing daily more and more silent and preoccupied, while her health visibly declined. Lord Brockington fumed at his impotence to do anything towards her relief; he lustily cursed the French law, and all concerned in its administration, and the ill-fortune which had led the girl he loved into such a situation of suspicion and mistrust. The very servants at the hotel looked askance at her, and the visitors at

Mentone—she would not go near Monte Carlo—especially the feminine portion, viewed her with expressions of cold interest, as we might look at a lion with a reputation for having killed and eaten its keeper. They shrugged their shoulders and passed her by on the other side.

‘Of course,’ said they, ‘if the police say she didn’t do it, presumably she didn’t, but it’s very suspicious—very suspicious indeed.’

Daisy implored her aunt and uncle, who had then arrived, to take her back to England; but Ernest, when he heard of her wish, at once negatived it.

‘The police wouldn’t allow it,’ he said. ‘They have set her free within limits; but they believe her to be implicated in the murder,—damn them—and if she attempted to leave the country they would arrest her immediately. Better to wait a bit, and see if anything comes out.’

What the friends and relatives of Daisy failed to accomplish was accomplished for them a few days later by the indirect agency of the police themselves.

Mrs. St. Aubyn had made application to have the bag and its contents restored to her, and after some little delay this was done. A gendarme was told off for the purpose of carrying the bag back to Mentone from Monte Carlo, where it had been taken to be produced at the inquest on Colonel St. Aubyn. In going down to the station with his precious charge, he had been attacked just as the unfortunate Colonel had been a few weeks before, only, being more suspicious, or perhaps receiving timely warning of the assassin's action, he had managed to avoid the fatal blow, and had then, in self-defence, shot the robber through the breast as he sought to accomplish his murderous intention.

An alarm was raised, and the wounded man was taken to the hospital in charge of the police. His case was hopeless from the first, and when this fact was broken to him, he made a full confession of his crime, and also of having murdered Colonel St. Aubyn for the sake of the same bag, which he had then supposed him to have in his possession. He was a hanger-on at the Casino, a Mexican by

birth, who, having run through all the money he could lay his hands on, had managed to continue to satisfy his gambling instincts precariously by any kind of rascality that came in his way, including pilfering and pocket-picking.

He had been present when Colonel St. Aubyn had made his famous run on the bank, and after he had left, the spirit of greed had impelled him to follow his victim in the hopes of being able to secure possession of the bag containing the money.

He had met the deceased gentleman returning in the direction of the Casino, and had struck him down almost as soon as they passed each other, only to find, however, that his crime had been practically useless. The bag was not in his possession, and the sole reward he had obtained had been a few francs from his victim's pockets, for he had been deterred from touching the jewellery and personal effects owing to the danger which might attend their possession when search was made for the murderer. He died in the early morning, and by noonday all Mentone was doing tardy justice to

the English girl, whose character was thus unexpectedly and providentially vindicated.

The whole of the Burgoyne family were sickened of the Riviera, and they returned as fast as rail and boat could take them to England. Needless to say, Lord Brockington was in their company.

THE END.



HURST & BLACKETT'S

LIST OF NEW WORKS.



LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.



MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

FOURTH AND CHEAP EDITION.

FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE, IN THE WORLD OF SPORT AT HOME AND ABROAD. By SIR JOHN DUGDALE ASTLEY, BART. (The Mate.) Dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. 1 vol. crown 8vo. With Portrait. 6s.

"We never read a book into the treasures and attractions of which it is more impossible to give an insight by a few quotations. It is the work of a thoroughly genial and good fellow, who has seen nearly every vicissitude of life that the open air can afford, and has touched nothing without adorning it."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"We can say that Sir John Astley's sporting readers will find their money's worth."—*Daily News*.

"A volume that will bring tears of delight into the eyes of all lovers of sport; it is crammed full of good hearty stories."—*Morning Leader*.

"It will do the world good to read the life of such a sportsman written by himself, and we can with the utmost confidence guarantee a rich treat to those who are proud of their country for its sporting attributes."—*Sporting Life*.

"How well Sir John and Mr. Thorold accomplished their joint work may be gauged by the popularity which the 'Reminiscences' have secured and by the important criticisms which the book has obtained in the Press. That Sir John Astley has not made the fortune by it that the inexpert in these matters pretend, need not be said; but he has already received a handsome sum, and as the book will for long rank as a standard in sporting literature, he may expect, especially when a cheap reprint is issued, to reap an annual royalty which will be of material assistance to the popular but now, unhappily, impecunious 'Mate.'"—*Truth*: June 28, 1894.

A BOOK OF RECOLLECTIONS. By JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON, Author of "A Book about Lawyers," "A Book about Doctors," "A Book about the Clergy," &c. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

"The book is readable enough and full of pleasant gossip about men of letters and other celebrities great and small, whom Mr. Jeaffreson has known."—*The Times*.

"There are plenty of good stories in Mr. Jeaffreson's volumes, which are sure to have a large number of delighted readers."—*Globe*.

"Mr. Jeaffreson's volumes are a rich storehouse of anecdotes to which the prudent reader will himself resort without a moment's delay."—*Daily Telegraph*.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

BENCH AND BAR: REMINISCENCES OF ONE OF THE LAST OF AN ANCIENT RACE. By MR. SERJEANT ROBINSON. With Appendix and Portrait of the Author. *Fourth Edition.* 1 vol. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"For some time previous to his decease, Mr. Serjeant Robinson had been engaged upon the preparation of a second series of his Reminiscences. He had written several chapters, and had extracted from his diaries a collection of interesting notes, but failing health prevented him from making much progress with his self-imposed task. Some of this matter has been selected and edited, and is to be found here in the form of supplementary chapters. On the whole, the humorous anecdotes at the conclusion of 'Bench and Bar' are scarcely as good as those at the beginning. Taking it for all in all, however, 'Bench and Bar' is one of the raciest volumes of reminiscences ever published."—*Graphic.*

FAR CATHAY AND FARTHER INDIA. By MAJOR-GENERAL A. RUXTON MAC MAHON, formerly Her Majesty's Political Agent at the Court of Ava. With Eight Full-Page Illustrations. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 12s.

"General Mac Mahon has given us an almost exhaustive monograph on what is now become British Burmah, and on the independent or semi-independent tribes occupying the debatable land between undefined frontiers"—*Saturday Review.*

LADY BELCHER AND HER FRIENDS. By the REV. A. G. L'ESTRANGE, Author of 'The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford,' &c. With PORTRAIT OF LADY BELCHER. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 12s.

"Mr. L'Estrange has given a pleasant account of a clever and genial woman well-known in society. There is thus scarcely a name distinguished during the eighty years of her life but finds some mention in these pages. Many of the anecdotes have the charm of novelty as well as of raciness, and render the book eminently readable and attractive."—*Athenaeum.*

MONSIEUR GUIZOT IN PRIVATE LIFE (1787- 1874). By His Daughter, MADAME DE WITT. Translated by MRS. SIMPSON. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 15s.

"Madame de Witt has done justice to her father's memory in an admirable record of his life. Mrs. Simpson's translation of this singularly interesting book is in accuracy and grace worthy of the original and of the subject"—*Saturday Review.*

POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND ART. By CARDINAL WISEMAN. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 5s.

"Cardinal Wiseman's interesting work contains suggestions of real value. It is divided into three heads, treating respectively of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The Cardinal handles his subject in a most agreeable manner."—*Art Journal.*

COMMENTARIES OF THE LIFE AND REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF ENGLAND. By ISAAC DISRAELI. A New Edition, Revised by the Author, and Edited by his SON, the late EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 28s.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

MY CONTEMPORARIES: 1830—1870. By WIL- LIAM ARCHER SHEE. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 12s.

"Most writers of reminiscences adopt the plan of sitting down when they are, say, sixty years old, trusting mainly to memory to supply them with details of their past career. Mr. Archer-Shee, in his lively volume called 'My Contemporaries, 1830-1870,' published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, has certainly improved upon this system. He took the trouble of jotting down in a journal written at the time his records of meetings with famous people and his notes on striking events of the day. Thus his book 'palpitates with actuality,' and, as its author evidently moved in the best circles and kept his eyes open, his book constitutes attractive reading."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE LAST OF THE BUSHRANGERS. AN ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF THE KELLY GANG. By FRANCIS AUGUSTUS HARE, P.M., Late Superintendent of Victorian Police. With Eight full-page Illustrations. *Third Edition.* 1 vol. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

NOTE.—The true history of the exploits and doings of the four men, Ned and Dan Kelly, Steve Hart and Joe Byrne, who, rising from the less romantic profession of horse-stealers and petty thieves, banded together, and, under the title of the Kelly Gang, 'stuck up' whole towns at a time, robbed banks, and for nearly two years set the authorities and police of the colony of Victoria at defiance. The story of their lives furnishes an unprecedented record in the annals of adventure, while their tragic end, though only brought about after an expenditure of £115,000, proved the death-warrant of this description of crime, as far as the colony was concerned, for with the execution of Ned Kelly ended 'The Last of the Bushrangers.'

PRINCE CHARLES AND THE SPANISH MARRIAGE: A Chapter of English History, 1617 to 1623; from Unpublished Documents in the Archives of Simancas, Venice, and Brussels. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 30s.

"We doubt not that the reception of Mr. Gardiner's valuable and interesting volumes will be such as is due to their high merit. For the first time in our literature the real history of the Spanish match, and what took place when Charles and Buckingham were at Madrid, is here revealed. In these interesting volumes Mr. Gardiner has brought to bear upon his subject an amount of historical reading and consultation of authorities which we believe to be almost without a parallel."—*Notes and Queries.*

"These valuable volumes are profoundly and vividly interesting."—*Telegraph.*
"Mr. Gardiner has given us a more complete and perfect account of this interesting period of our history than any which has yet appeared."—*Observer.*

TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s. "This is one of the very best of Miss Bremer's works. We have read many accounts of Palestine, but never remember to have read in any author more charming descriptions of places, persons, and events."—*Messenger.*

MY PILGRIMAGE TO EASTERN SHRINES. By ELIZA C. BUSH. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 15s.

"This work contains a great deal of interesting matter, and it will be read with pleasure by all who are interested in the country to which so many devout Christians have made their pilgrimage."—*Observer.*

Under the Especial Patronage of Her Majesty.
Published annually, in December, in One Volume, royal 8vo,
the Arms engraved, bound with gilt edges, 31s. 6d.



LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE, CORRECTED BY THE NOBILITY.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Historical View of the Peerage.	The Archbishops and Bishops of England and Ireland.
Parliamentary Roll of the House of Lords.	The Baronetage alphabetically arranged.
English, Scotch, and Irish Peers, in their orders of Precedence.	Alphabetical List of Surnames assumed by members of Noble Families.
Alphabetical List of Peers of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, holding superior rank in the Scotch or Irish Peerage.	Alphabetical List of the Second Titles of Peers, usually borne by their Eldest Sons.
Alphabetical List of Scotch and Irish Peers, holding superior titles in the Peerage of Great Britain and the United Kingdom.	Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who, having married Commoners, retain the title of Lady before their own Christian and their Husband's Surnames.
A Collective List of Peers in their order of Precedence.	Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Viscounts and Barons, who, having married Commoners, are styled Honourable Mrs. ; and, in case of the husband being a Baronet or Knight, Hon. Lady.
Table of Precedency among Men.	A List of the Orders of Knighthood.
Table of Precedency among Women.	Mottos alphabetically arranged and translated.
The Queen and the Royal Family.	
Peers of the Blood Royal.	
The Peerage, alphabetically arranged.	
Families of such Extinct Peers as have left Widows or Issue.	
Alphabetical List of the Surnames of all the Peers.	

"This work is the most perfect and elaborate record of the living and recently deceased members of the Peerage of the Three Kingdoms as it stands at this day. It is a most useful publication. We are happy to bear testimony to the fact that scrupulous accuracy is a distinguishing feature of this book."—*Times*.

LONDON : HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

STANDARD EDITIONS

EACH IN ONE VOLUME CROWN 8vo—FIVE SHILLINGS.

LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

BY MISS FREER.

"We have read this book with great pleasure, and have no hesitation in recommending it to general perusal. It reflects the highest credit on the industry and ability of Miss Freer. Nothing can be more interesting than her story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Morning Post*.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. 'Irving's Life' ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review*.

THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES DUKE YONGE.

"A work of remarkable merit and interest, which will, we doubt not, become the most popular English history of Marie Antoinette."—*Spectator*.

THE REAL LORD BYRON—THE STORY OF THE POET'S LIFE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"Mr. Jeaffreson comes forward with a narrative which must take a very important place in Byronic literature; and it may reasonably be anticipated that this book will be regarded with deep interest by all who are concerned in the works and the fame of this great English poet."—*The Times*.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review*.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"This is a pleasant book for the fireside season, and for the seaside season. Mr. Jeaffreson has, out of hundreds of volumes, collected thousands of good things, adding thereto much that appears in print for the first time, and which, of course, gives increased value to this very readable book."—*Athenaeum*.

FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half-an-hour."—*Standard*.

LONDON : HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

EDNA LYALL'S NOVELS

EACH IN ONE VOLUME CROWN 8vo—SIX SHILLINGS.

DONOVAN: A MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

"This is a very admirable work. The reader is from the first carried away by the gallant unconventionality of its author. 'Donovan' is a very excellent novel; but it is something more and better. It should do as much good as the best sermon ever written or delivered extempore. The story is told with a grand simplicity, an unconscious poetry of eloquence which stirs the very depths of the heart. One of the main excellencies of this novel is the delicacy of touch with which the author shows her most delightful characters to be after all human beings, and not angels before their time."—*Standard*.

WE TWO.

"There is artistic realism both in the conception and the delineation of the personages; the action and interest are unflaggingly sustained from first to last, and the book is pervaded by an atmosphere of elevated, earnest thought."—*Scotsman*.

IN THE GOLDEN DAYS.

"Miss Lyall has given us a vigorous study of such life and character as are really worth reading about. The central figure of her story is Algernon Sydney; and this figure she invests with a singular dignity and power. He always appears with effect, but no liberties are taken with the facts of his life."—*Spectator*.

KNIGHT-ERRANT.

"The plot, and, indeed, the whole story, is gracefully fresh and very charming; there is a wide humanity in the book that cannot fail to accomplish its author's purpose"—*Literary World*.

WON BY WAITING.

"The Dean's daughters are perfectly real characters—the learned Cornelia especially;—the little impulsive French heroine, who endures their cold hospitality and at last wins their affection, is thoroughly charming; while throughout the book there runs a golden thread of pure brotherly and sisterly love, which pleasantly reminds us that the making and marring of marriage is not, after all, the sum total of real life."—*Academy*.

A HARDY NORSEMAN.

"All the quiet humour we praised in 'Donovan' is to be found in the new story. And the humour, though never demonstrative, has a charm of its own. It is not Edna Lyall's plan to give her readers much elaborate description, but when she does describe scenery her picture is always alive with vividness and grace."—*Athenaeum*.

TO RIGHT THE WRONG.

"We are glad to welcome Miss Lyall back after her long abstraction from the fields of prosperous, popular authorship which she had tilled so successfully. She again affronts her public with a very serious work of fiction indeed, and succeeds very well in that thorny path of the historical novel in which so many have failed before her. That 'glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,' John Hampden, lives again, to a certain extent, in that dim half-light of posthumous research and loving and enthusiastic imagination which is all the novelist can do for these great figures of the past, resurrected to make the plot of a modern novel."—*Black and White*.

LONDON: HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

Each in One Volume, Crown Octavo, 3s. 6d.

THE AWAKENING OF MARY FENWICK.

By BEATRICE WHITBY.

"We have no hesitation in declaring that 'The Awakening of Mary Fenwick' is the best novel of its kind that we have seen for some years. It is apparently a first effort, and, as such, is really remarkable. The story is extremely simple. Mary Mauseer marries her husband for external, and perhaps rather inadequate, reasons, and then discovers that he married her because she was an heiress. She feels the indignity acutely, and does not scruple to tell him her opinion—her very candid opinion—of his behaviour. That is the effect of the first few chapters, and the rest of Miss Whitby's book is devoted to relating how this divided couple hated, quarrelled, and finally fell in love with one another. Mary Fenwick and her husband live and move and make us believe in them in a way which few but the great masters of fiction have been able to compass."—*Athenaeum*.

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By MABEL HART.

"This story is distinguished by its pure and elegant English, and the refinement of its style and thought. It is a lively account, with many touches of humour, of Art study in Florence, and the story weaved into it exhibits a high ideal of life . . . The lively, pleasant, and refined tone of the narrative and dialogue will recommend the story to all cultivated readers."—*Spectator*.

"Beatrice Hamlyn is an emancipated young woman of the most pleasing type, and her friend Evelyn is hardly less amiable. But the cleverness of Miss Hart's story lies in the simple yet effective portrait of the Italian character. The elder Vivaldi is presented to us in a way that shows both knowledge and sympathy. There are pleasing touches of humour, too, in the minor personages."—*Saturday Review*.

HIS LITTLE MOTHER, AND OTHER TALES.

By the Author of 'JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.'

"'His Little Mother' is the story of a sister's self-sacrifice from her childhood until her early death, worn out in her brother's and his children's service. It is a pathetic story as the author tells it. The beauty of the girl's devotion is described with many tender touches, and the question of short-sighted though loving foolishness is kept in the background. The volume is written in a pleasant informal manner, and contains many tender generous thoughts, and not a few practical ones. It is a book that will be read with interest, and that cannot be lightly forgotten."—*St. James's Gazette*.

"The book is written with all Mrs. Craik's grace of style, the chief charm of which, after all, is its simplicity."—*Glasgow Herald*.

MISTRESS BEATRICE COPE :

OR, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A JACOBITE'S DAUGHTER.

By M. E. LÉ CLERC.

"This is a new one-volume edition of one of the prettiest stories that has been written for a long time. It has all the charm and glamour of the most romantic and heroic period of English history, yet it never for an instant oversteps the limit of sober fact and probability in the way which . . . so many romantic stories. The tone of the book is absolutely fair and just, and . . . good qualities of both parties are done justice to. Not that politics as such do more than form a background for the sweet figure of Mistress Beatrice, one of the simplest, most charming, tender, and heroic maidens of fiction. It is a good story well and dramatically told, which gives a life-like picture of the end of the most stirring and heroic period of our national history."—*Queen*.

LONDON : HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

Each in One Volume, Crown Octavo, 3s. 6d.

A MARCH IN THE RANKS.

By JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

"Ever since Miss Jessie Fothergill wrote her admirable first novel, 'The First Violin,' one has looked forward to her succeeding books with interest. The present one is a pleasant book, well-written, well-conceived. A book that is written in good sensible English, and wherein the characters are mostly gentlefolk and 'behave as such,' is not to be met with every day, and consequently deserves a considerable meed of praise."—*World*.

"The characters are so brightly and vividly conceived, and the complications which go to make up the story are so natural, so inevitable, and yet so fresh, that the interest awakened by the opening of the tale never declines until the close, but rather, as is fitting, becomes richer and deeper."—*Academy*.

NINETTE.

By the Author of 'VERA,' 'BLUE ROSES,' ETC.

"A story of sustained power from beginning to end, it is put together according to the true principles of art; moreover, we congratulate the author upon her hero and heroine. Ninette, in her simple untaught rectitude of conduct, her innate modesty, and child-like faith, recalls some of the happiest touches in the Lucia of the immortal 'Promessi Spini'."—*Church Quarterly Review*.

"'Ninette' is something more than a novel; it is a careful and elaborate study of life among the Provençal hills, and, as such, deserves special attention. It is a pretty tale of true love, with its usual accompaniments of difficulty and trouble, which are all overcome in the long run."—*Literary World*.

"'Ninette' is evidently based on long and intimate acquaintance with French rural districts, is excellently written, and cannot fail to please."—*Scotsman*.

A CROOKED PATH.

By MRS. ALEXANDER.

"'A Crooked Path' is, to say the least, as good a novel as the best of the many good novels which Mrs. Alexander has written; indeed, most people, even those who remember 'The Wooing O't,' will consider it the most satisfactory of them all, as a piece of literary work, as well as the most interesting as a story. Starting from a point so common as the suppression of a will, the reader before long finds himself following her into the least expected yet the most natural developments, reaching poetical justice at the end by equally natural and equally unlooked-for means. The portraiture is invariably adequate, and the background well-filled."—*Graphic*.

ONE REASON WHY.

By BEATRICE WHITBY.

"Our old friend the governess makes a re-entry into fiction under the auspices of Beatrice Whitby in 'One Reason Why.' Readers generally, however, will take a great deal more interest, for once, in the children than in their instructress. 'Bay' and 'Ellie' are charmingly natural additions to the children of novel-land; so much so, that there is a period when one dreads a death-bed scene for one of them—a fear which is happily unfilled. The name of the authoress will be remembered by many in conjunction with 'The Awakening of Mary Fenwick'."—*Graphic*.

"Every page of 'One Reason Why' shows the mark of a fresh, vigorous mind. The style is good—in some parts excellent. It is clear, expressive, and often rhythmic."—*Scotsman*.

LONDON : HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

Each in One Volume Crown Octavo, 3s. 6d.

MAHME NOUSIE.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

"Mr. Manville Fenn has the gift of not only seeing truth, but of drawing it picturesquely. His portrait of Mahme Nousie is faithful as well as touching. Like all her race, she is a being of one idea, and that idea is her child. To keep her away from the island, to have her brought up as a lady, it is for this that Nousie has opened a cabaret for the negroes and has sat at the receipt of custom herself. Of course she never once thinks of the shock that the girl must undergo when she is plunged suddenly into such a position, she never thinks about anything but the fact that she is to have her child again. Her gradual awakening, and the struggles of both mother and daughter to hide their pain, are finely told. So is the story of how they both remained 'faithful unto death.' History has a power to charm which is often lacking in tales of higher pretensions."—*Saturday Review*.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

By G. M. ROBINS.

"'The Ides of March' is a capital book. The plot does not depend for its interest upon anything more fantastic than an old gentleman's belief that a family curse will take effect unless his son marries by a given date. The complications which arise from this son's being really in love with a girl whom he believed to have treated his friend, Captain Disney, very badly, and getting engaged to another girl, who transfers her affections to the same Captain Disney, are skilfully worked out, while the dialogue is, in parts, extremely bright, and the description of the founding of the Norchester branch of the Women's Sanitary League really funny."—*Literary World*.

"'The Ides of March,' in spite of its classical name, is a story of the present time, and a very good one, full of lively conversation, which carries us merrily on, and not without a fund of deeper feeling and higher principle."—*Guardian*.

PART OF THE PROPERTY.

By BEATRICE WHITBY.

"The book is a thoroughly good one. The theme is fairly familiar,—the rebellion of a spirited girl against a match which has been arranged for her without her knowledge or consent; her resentment at being treated, not as a woman with a heart and will, but as 'part of the property'; and her final discovery, which is led up to with real dramatic skill, that the thing against which her whole nature had risen in revolt has become the one desire of her heart. The mutual relations each to each of the impetuous Madge, her self-willed, stubborn grandfather, who has arranged the match, and her lover Jocelyn, with his loyal, devoted, sweetly-balanced nature, are portrayed with fine truth of insight; but perhaps the author's greatest triumph is the portrait of Mrs. Lindsay, who, with the knowledge of the terrible skeleton in the cupboard of her apparently happy home, wears so bravely the mask of light gaiety as to deceive everybody but the one man who knows her secret. It is refreshing to read a novel in which there is not a trace of slipshod work."—*Spectator*.

CASPAR BROOKE'S DAUGHTER.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

"'Caspar Brooke's Daughter' is as good as other stories from the same hand—perhaps better. It is not of the sort that has much really marked originality or force of style, yet there is a good deal of clever treatment in it. It was quite on the cards that Caspar himself might prove a bore or a prig or something else equally annoying. His daughter, too—the fair and innocent convent-bred girl—would in some hands have been really tedious. The difficulties of the leading situation—a daughter obliged to pass from one parent to another on account of their 'incompatibility'—are cleverly conveyed. The wife's as well as the husband's part is treated with feeling and reticence—qualities which towards the end disappear to a certain extent. It is a story in some ways—not in all—above the average."—*Athenaeum*.

LONDON: HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

Each in One Volume, Crown Octavo, 3s. 6d.

JANET.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

"'Janet' is one of the ablest of the author's recent novels; perhaps the ablest book of the kind that she has produced since the Carlingford series; and its ability is all the more striking because, while the character material is so simple, it is made to yield, without any forced manipulation, a product of story which is rich in strong dramatic situations."—*Manchester Examiner*.

"Mrs. Oliphant's hand has lost none of its cunning, despite her extraordinary—and, one would think, exhausting—industry. 'Janet' may fairly rank among the best of her recent productions."—*St. James's Gazette*.

"'Janet' is really an exciting story, and contains a great deal more plot and incident than has been the case in any of Mrs. Oliphant's recent novels. The character sketches are worthy of their authorship."—*Queen*.

A RAINBOW AT NIGHT.

By the Author of 'MISTRESS BEATRICE COPE.'

"In common, we should imagine with a large circle of novel-readers, we have been rather impatiently looking forward to the time when M. E. Le Clerc, the author of 'Mistress Beatrice Cope,' would produce a successor to that singularly interesting and charming tale, 'A Rainbow at Night,' though it certainly lacks the romantic and dramatic character, combined with the flavour of a fascinating period, which gave special distinction to its forerunner, has no trace of falling off in the essential matters of construction, portraiture, and style."—*Graphic*.

"Thanks to an interesting plot and a graphic as well as refined manner, 'A Rainbow at Night,' when once commenced, will not readily be laid aside."—*Morning Post*.

IN THE SUNTIME OF HER YOUTH.

By BEATRICE WHITBY.

"A description of a home stripped by the cold wind of poverty of all its comforts, but which remains home still. The careless optimism of the head of the family would be incredible, if we did not know how men exist full of responsibilities yet free from soliditudes, and who tread with a jaunty step the very verge of ruin; his inconsolable widow would be equally improbable, if we did not meet every day with women who devote themselves to such idols of clay. The characters of their charming children, whose penury we deplore, do not deteriorate, as often happens in that cruel ordeal. A sense of fairness pervades the book which is rarely found in the work of a lady. There is interest in it from first to last, and its pathos is relieved by touches of true humour."—*Illustrated London News*.

MISS BOUVERIE.

By MRS. MOLESWORTH.

"Mrs. Molesworth has long established a reputation as one of the freshest and most graceful of contemporaneous writers of light fiction; but in 'Miss Bouverie' she has surpassed herself, and it is no exaggeration to say that this is one of the prettiest stories which has appeared for years."—*Morning Post*.

"Everyone knows Mrs. Molesworth by her exquisite Christmas stories for children, and can guess that any novel she writes is interesting, without sensationalism. The refinement which pervades all Mrs. Molesworth's stories comes evidently from a pure, spiritual nature, which unconsciously raises the reader's tone of thought, without any approach to didactic writing."—*Spectator*.

LONDON : HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

Each in One Volume, Crown Octavo, 3s. 6d.

FROM HARVEST TO HAYTIME.

By the Author of 'TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.'

"The accomplished author of 'Two English Girls' has produced another novel of considerable merit. The story is one of a rural district in England, into which there introduces himself one day a foot-sore, hungry, sick tramp, who turns out to be a young man of education and consideration, whose career in the past is strange, and whose career in the future the author has depicted as stranger still. The writer is successful chiefly in the excellent life-like pictures which she presents of Rose Purley, the young lady who manages the farm, and of the village doctor, Gabriel Armstrong. The book is one which may be read with pleasure."—*Scotsman*.

THE WINNING OF MAY.

By the Author of 'DR. EDITH ROMNEY.'

"It is the writing of one who is determined, by dint of conscientious and painstaking work, to win success from that portion of the public that does not look for the brilliant achievements of genius, but can recognise meritorious work. The tale is an agreeable one, and the character of Mr. Beresford is admirably drawn, showing considerable insight and understanding. The author has a steady mastery over the story she wishes to tell, and she tells it clearly and eloquently, without hesitation and without prolixity. The book has this merit—the first merit of a novel—that the reader is interested in the people rather than the plot, and that he watches the development of character rather than that of event."—*Literary World*.

SIR ANTHONY.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

"It is a good story of the kind (and, on the whole, the excellent and wholesome kind) which Miss Adeline Sergeant publishes at intervals with almost mechanical regularity. Sir Anthony introduces two mysterious children, Henry and Elfrida, into his house, and compels his wife, whom he dislikes, to protect and virtually adopt them. In due course he tells these children, in his own vigorous Anglo-Saxon, 'You two are my eldest son and daughter, lawfully begotten of my wife, once Mary Derrick, and known afterwards as Mary Paston. You will be Sir Henry Kesterton when I die, and Elfrida is heiress to her grandmother's money and jewels.' Lady Kesterton overhears this terrible statement. He repeats it in a still more offensive form. Thereupon she gives him an overdose of chloral, and fights desperately, and with temporary success, for what she regards as the rights of her children, but especially of her son Gerard. Failure overtakes her, and Elfrida, though not poor Henry, comes by her own. The plot is good and thoroughly sustained from first to last."—*Academy*

MARY FENWICK'S DAUGHTER.

By BEATRICE WHITBY.

"This is one of the most delightful novels we have read for a long time. 'Bab' Fenwick is an 'out of doors' kind of girl, full of spirit, wit, go, and sin, both original and acquired. Her lover, Jack, is all that a hero should be, and great and magnanimous as he is, finds some difficulty in forgiving the *insouciant* mistress all her little sins of omission and commission. When she finally shoots him in the leg—by accident—the real tragedy of the story begins. The whole is admirable, if a little long."—*Black and White*.

LONDON: HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

In One Volume, Crown Octavo, 3s. 6d.

THUNDERBOLT

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY

BY

THE REV. J. MIDDLETON MACDONALD

BENGAL CHAPLAIN.

"We can congratulate the author on the production of a book at once amusing, interesting, and graphic, which has already obtained considerable popularity."—*Athenaeum*.

"The story is one crammed full of adventure, and the chapters that deal with the problems of Imperial Federation are decidedly good reading from the patriotic standpoint."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The book might well be placed in the hands of boys, who would enjoy the sympathetic descriptions of football matches, races, and so forth, and at the same time make an agreeable acquaintance with an important part of our Imperial possessions."—*The Globe*.

"'Thunderbolt' is an Australian rival of Claude Duval, and Mr. Macdonald records his daring feats with unflagging verve. Never was police officer more defied nor bewildered than the Major Devereux, of brilliant Indian reputation, who, in the Australian bush, finds that to catch a robber of Thunderbolt's temperament and ability requires local knowledge, as well as other gifts undreamt-of by the Hussar officer. Thunderbolt goes to races under the Major's nose, dances in the houses of his friends, robs Her Majesty's mails and diverse banks, but conducts himself with (on occasion) the chivalrous courtesy that characterised his prototype. His tragical end is told with spirit, while the book has excellent descriptions of Australian life, both in town and country."—*Morning Post*.

"Anything which tends to draw nearer to each other in knowledge and sympathy the members of the British Empire is good; therefore we commend Mr. Macdonald's object in writing this book. Though confessedly a story of a bushranger, the book contains many descriptions of Australian life, both domestic and political, and it discusses local, social, and imperial questions by the mouths of its characters. Mr. Macdonald is an Australian born and bred, and he gives us plenty of 'local colour.' Though a parson, he is far from squeamish, and his language is doubtless racy of the new country which he represents, and there are several tales told at the expense of the 'cloth.' The story of the famous bushranger, Thunderbolt, is told with considerable detail; though we doubt if such a blood-spilling robber would have behaved with quite such exemplary gallantry to ladies as he is represented to have done. There are plenty of exciting incidents, including the 'bailing up' of banks, and the 'sticking up' of farms and public houses, lots of love-making, and some clever characterization. Though the book has some defects, it yet shows close observation, much sympathy, and considerable narrative power, and we shall look forward with pleasure and interest to Mr. Macdonald's next venture. 'Thunderbolt' is issued in one volume at 3s. 6d., and is therefore quite 'up to date' in its form. It can can be heartily recommended to all lovers of a good exciting story."—*St. James Budget*.

LONDON: HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS. PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

JANET DELILLE. By E. N. LEIGH FRY, Author of
'A Scots Thistle,' &c. 2 vols.

"We like 'Janet Delille' as a novel, and no reader will feel his time wasted in perusing it, which cannot in truth be said of most novels."—*Glasgow Herald*.

IN CUPID'S COLLEGE. By MABEL HART, Author of 'Two English Girls,' 'From Harvest to Haytime.' 3 vols.

"The writing is always bright and pleasant, the dialogues are natural and characteristic, and some of the situations are exceedingly pathetic. 'In Cupid's College' is well above the average novel in tone, in feeling, and in writing."—*Literary World*.

HETTY'S HERITAGE. By NOEL DENE, Author of 'The Aftermath.' 2 vols.

"Simple in manner, 'Hetty's Heritage' has an interesting and well-sustained plot, while the number of personages is wisely limited to that necessary for its development"—*Morning Post*.

THE WHITE AIGRETTE. By VIN VINCENT, Author of 'Cathedral Bells,' 'Wrong on both Sides,' &c. 3 vols.

"'The White Aigrette' should find favour with the old-ideal haunter of circulating libraries, and to such an one, if she still exist, we commend it"—*Athenaeum*.

THE PRICE OF A PEARL. By ELEANOR HOLMES, Author of 'Through Another Man's Eyes,' &c. 3 vols.

"The story is very pleasantly told, for the authoress has the knack of presenting even the most trivial details of her scheme in language that is always refined and telling."—*Daily Telegraph*.

GOOD DAME FORTUNE. By MARIA A. HOYER. 3 vols.

"'Good Dame Fortune' is the delightful story of a perfectly charming young English girl."—*Daily Telegraph*.

BROKEN FORTUNES. By HENRY CRESSWELL,

Author of 'A Modern Greek Heroine,' 'A Wily Widow,' &c. 3 vols.
"The novel, whatever its imperfections, is not only clever, but engrossing, and bears many marks of Mr. Cresswell's artistic touch."—*Morning Post*.

IN AN ALPINE VALLEY. By G. MANVILLE FENN, Author of 'The Master of the Ceremonies,' &c. 3 vols.

"Mr. Fenn knows how to amuse, and he carries his readers along with him to his triumphant finish."—*Athenaeum*.

AT SOCIETY'S EXPENSE. By ALGERNON GISSING, Author of 'A Moorland Idyl,' &c. 3 vols.

"Mr. Gissing is a clever writer, and his new story is smart, original, and piquant."—*Scotsman*.

CHRISTINE. By ADELINE SERGEANT, Author of 'Caspar Brooke's Daughter,' 'Sir Anthony,' &c. 3 vols.

"Told with the alertness and vigour which invariably characterise Miss Sergeant's work."—*Athenaeum*.

A HEART'S REVENGE. By B. LOFTUS TOTTENHAM, Author of 'More Kin than Kind.' 3 vols.

"As far as ingenuity of construction and originality of plot are concerned, 'A Heart's Revenge' may be pronounced considerably above the average of contemporary novels."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS. PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

IN A NEW WORLD. By MRS. HANS BLACKWOOD.
1 vol. (Now first published.) Price 6s.

VENTURED IN VAIN. By REGINALD E. SALWEY,
Author of 'The Finger of Scorn,' 'Wildwater Terrace,' &c. 2 vols.

ADAM THE GARDENER. By MRS. STEPHEN BATSON,
Author of 'Dark: a Tale of the Down Country,' &c. 3 vols.

"Mrs. Batson's story is not merely a piece of exceedingly agreeable fiction, it is also a contribution of value to the vexed question of the democratic possibilities of our race."—*Globe*.

ST. MAUR. By ADELINE SERGEANT, Author of
'Caspar Brooke's Daughter,' 'Sir Anthony,' &c. 3 vols.

"It would be unjust to deny that 'St. Maur' is an excellent specimen of its class, and will be read with much more delight and avidity than the average three-volume novel."—*Glasgow Herald*.

SUIT AND SERVICE. By MRS. HERBERT MARTIN,
Author of 'Bonnie Lesley,' 'Britomart,' &c. 2 vols.

A VAGABOND IN ARTS. By ALGERNON GISSING,
Author of 'A Moorland Idyl,' &c. 3 vols.

"There is much profound thought and brilliant writing in 'A Vagabond in Arts.'"—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS. By MRS. FOR-
RESTER, Author of 'Viva,' 'My Lord and My Lady,' &c. 2 vols.

HOIST WITH HER OWN PETARD. By REGINALD
LUCAS. 3 vols.

"An interesting novel, with a careful plot, which the author manages so well as never to let it get confused."—*Glasgow Herald*.

MARY FENWICK'S DAUGHTER. By BEATRICE
WHITBY, Author of 'The Awakening of Mary Fenwick,' 'One
Reason Why,' &c. *Third Edition.* 3 vols.

"The atmosphere of this novel is delicious, and the tone is as pure as the soft
air of Devon which blows over the hills and valleys, the gardens and meadows,
in which the scene is set."—*Lady's Pictorial*.

SHALLOWS. By MYRA SWAN. 2 vols.

"The book has very pretty pictures of Thames scenery, not the less welcome
because familiar."—*Morning Post*.

THE FOOL OF DESTINY. By COLIN MIDDLETON,
Author of 'Innes of Blairavon,' 3 vols.

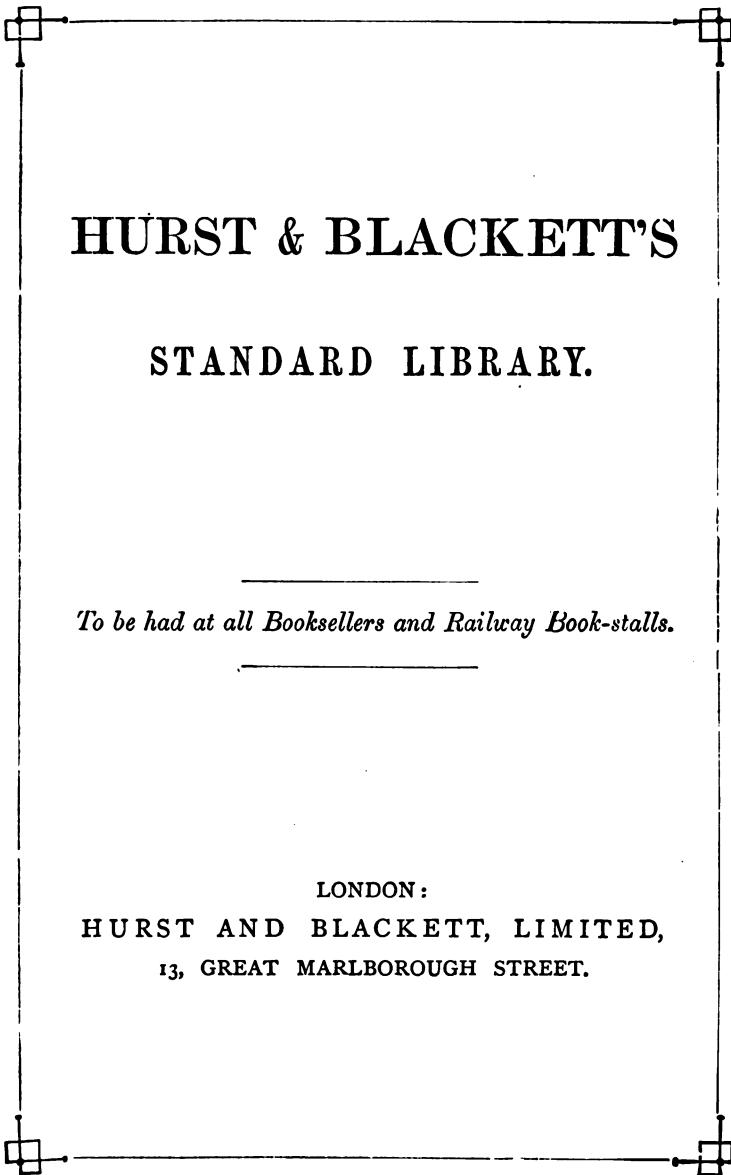
"A pleasant and well-written novel."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE HUSBAND OF ONE WIFE. By MRS. VENN,
Author of 'Some Married Fellows,' &c. 3 vols.

"Mrs. Venn's book is eminently readable, in virtue of the striking characteri-
sations and brilliant dialogue with which it teems from beginning to end."—
Daily Telegraph.

ORCHARD DAMEREL. By ALAN ST. AUBYN, Author
of 'A Fellow of Trinity,' 'An Old Maid's Sweetheart,' &c. 3 vols.

"Taken altogether, the work is the strongest that has come from the author's
pen, and does not gain its strength by any abandonment of the peculiar refine-
ment which characterises this writer's books. It is a thoroughly enjoyable
story."—*Scotsman*.



HURST & BLACKETT'S
STANDARD LIBRARY.

To be had at all Booksellers and Railway Book-stalls.

LONDON :
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.



HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

OF NEW EDITIONS OF
POPULAR MODERN WORKS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, SIR J. GILBERT, HOLMAN HUNT, BIRKET FOSTER,
JOHN LEECH, JOHN TENNIEL, LASLETT J. POTT, ETC.

Each in a Single Volume, with Frontispiece, price 5s.

I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

“The first volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type and good paper, the lesser, but attractive merits of being well illustrated and elegantly bound.”—*Morning Post*.

II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

“The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and many of the scenes are full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better.”—*Scotsman*.

“This story is very interesting. The attachment between John Halifax and his wife is beautifully painted, as are the pictures of their domestic life, and the growing up of their children; and the conclusion of the book is beautiful and touching.”—*Athenaeum*.

III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

“Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit.”—*Quarterly Review*.

“Mr. Warburton has fulfilled the promise of his title-page. The 'Realities of Eastern Travel' are described with a vividness which invests them with deep and abiding interest; while the 'Romantic' adventures which the enterprising tourist met with in his course are narrated with a spirit which shows how much he enjoyed these reliefs from the ennui of every-day life.”—*Globe*.

IV.—NATHALIE.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

“'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant. We should not soon come to an end were we to specify all the delicate touches and attractive pictures which place 'Nathalie' high among books of its class.”—*Athenaeum*.

V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”

“These thoughts are good and humane. They are thoughts we would wish women to think: they are much more to the purpose than the treatises upon the women and daughters of England, which were fashionable some years ago, and these thoughts mark the progress of opinion, and indicate a higher tone of character, and a juster estimate of woman's position.”—*Athenaeum*.

“This excellent book is characterised by good sense, good taste, and feeling, and is written in an earnest, philanthropic, as well as practical spirit.”—*Morning Post*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

VI.—ADAM GRAEME OF MOSSGRAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

“‘Adam Graeme’ is a story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The plot is cleverly complicated, and there is great vitality in the dialogue, and remarkable brilliancy in the descriptive passages, as who that has read ‘Margaret Maitland’ would not be prepared to expect? But the story has a ‘mighty magnet still,’ in the healthy tone which pervades it, in its feminine delicacy of thought and diction, and in the truly womanly tenderness of its sentiments. The eloquent author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in the life, with a delicacy, a power, and a truth which can hardly be surpassed.”—*Morning Post*.

VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

“We have not the slightest intention to criticise this book. Its reputation is made, and will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's novels. The remarkable originality of its purpose, and the happy description it affords of American life and manners, still continue the subject of universal admiration. To say thus much is to say enough, though we must just mention that the new edition forms a part of the Publishers' Cheap Standard Library, which has included some of the very best specimens of light literature that ever have been written.”—*Messenger*.

VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

“A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has here treated a special subject with so much generality and geniality that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination.”—*Athenaeum*.

IX.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”

“‘A Life for a Life’ is a book of a high class. The characters are depicted with a masterly hand; the events are dramatically set forth; the descriptions of scenery and sketches of society are admirably penned; moreover, the work has an object—a clearly defined moral—most poetically, most beautifully drawn, and through all there is that strong, reflective mind visible which lays bare the human heart and human mind to the very core.”—*Morning Post*.

X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

“A book which has afforded us no slight gratification.”—*Athenaeum*.

“From the mixture of description, anecdote, biography, and criticism, this book is very pleasant reading.”—*Spectator*.

“A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson.”—*Observer*.

XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.”

“We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming, and there is a certain nobleness in the treatment both of sentiment and incident which is not often found.”—*Athenaeum*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XII.—THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFE IN A COLONY.

BY SAM SLICK.

"A peculiar interest attaches to sketches of colonial life, and readers could not have a safer guide than the talented author of this work, who, by a residence of half a century, has practically grasped the habits, manners, and social conditions of the colonists he describes. All who wish to form a fair idea of the difficulties and pleasures of life in a new country, unlike England in some respects, yet like it in many, should read this book."—*John Bull*.

XIII.—DARIEN; OR, THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"This last production of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe*.

"Eliot Warburton's active and productive genius is amply exemplified in the present book. We have seldom met with any work in which the realities of history and the poetry of fiction were more happily interwoven."—*Illustrated News*.

XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour. It is not the least of their merits that the romances are founded on fact—or what, at least, has been handed down for truth by long tradition—and the romance of reality far exceeds the romance of fiction."—*Standard*.

XV.—THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"We have had frequent opportunities of commanding Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library. For neatness, elegance, and distinctness the volumes in this series surpass anything with which we are familiar. 'The Laird of Norlaw' will fully sustain the author's high reputation. The reader is carried on from first to last with an energy of sympathy that never flags."—*Sunday Times*.

"'The Laird of Norlaw' is worthy of the author's reputation. It is one of the most exquisite of modern novels."—*Observer*.

XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

BY MRS. G. GRETTON.

"Mrs. Gretton had opportunities which rarely fail to the lot of strangers of becoming acquainted with the inner life and habits of a part of the Italian peninsula which is the very centre of the national crisis. We can praise her performance as interesting, unexaggerated, and full of opportune instruction."—*The Times*.

"Mrs. Gretton's book is timely, life-like, and for every reason to be recommended. It is impossible to close the book without liking the writer as well as the subject. The work is engaging, because real."—*Athenaeum*.

XVII.—NOTHING NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day. There is a force and truthfulness about these tales which mark them as the production of no ordinary mind, and we cordially recommend them to the perusal of all lovers of fiction."—*Morning Post*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XVIII.—LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

BY MARTHA WALKER FREER.

"We have read this book with great pleasure, and have no hesitation in recommending it to general perusal. It reflects the highest credit on the industry and ability of Miss Freer. Nothing can be more interesting than her story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Morning Post*.

XIX.—THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

"If asked to classify this work, we should give it a place between 'John Halifax' and 'The Caxtons.'"—*Standard*.
"The spirit in which the whole book is written is refined and good."—*Athenaeum*.
"This is in every sense a charming novel."—*Messenger*.

XX.—THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM; OR, NARRATIVES, SCENES, AND ANECDOTES FROM COURTS OF JUSTICE.

BY PETER BURKE, SERJEANT AT LAW.

"This attractive book will be perused with much interest. It contains a great variety of singular and highly romantic stories."—*John Bull*.
"A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm and absorb the reader's attention. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn."—*Illustrated News*.

XXI.—ADELE.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Adèle' is the best work we have read by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story, full of delicate character-painting. The interest kindled in the first chapter burns brightly to the close."—*Athenaeum*.
"'Adèle' will fully sustain the reputation of Miss Kavanagh, high as it already ranks."—*John Bull*.
"'Adèle' is a love-story of very considerable pathos and power. It is a very clever novel."—*Daily News*.

XXII.—STUDIES FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These 'Studies' are truthful and vivid pictures of life, often earnest, always full of right feeling, and occasionally lightened by touches of quiet, genial humour. The volume is remarkable for thought, sound sense, shrewd observation, and kind and sympathetic feeling for all things good and beautiful."—*Morning Post*.

"These 'Studies from Life' are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author."—*Saturday Review*.

XXIII.—GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

"We commend 'Grandmother's Money' to readers in search of a good novel. The characters are true to human nature, and the story is interesting."—*Athenaeum*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XXIV.—A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet*.

"This is a pleasant book for the fireside season, and for the seaside season. Mr. Jeaffreson has, out of hundreds of volumes, collected thousands of good things, adding thereto much that appears in print for the first time, and which, of course, gives increased value to this very readable book."—*Athenaeum*.

XXV.—NO CHURCH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

"We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book. It is well worth the study."—*Athenaeum*.

"A work of great originality, merit, and power."—*Standard*.

XXVI.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A good wholesome book, gracefully written, and as pleasant to read as it is instructive."—*Athenaeum*.

"A charming tale, charmingly told."—*Standard*.

XXVII.—LOST AND SAVED.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

"'Lost and Saved' will be read with eager interest by those who love a touching story; it is a vigorous novel."—*Times*.

"This story is animated, full of exciting situations and stirring incidents. The characters are delineated with great power. Above and beyond these elements of a good novel, there is that indefinable charm with which true genius invests all it touches."—*Daily News*.

XXVIII.—LES MISERABLES.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Authorised Copyright English Translation.

"The merits of 'Les Misérables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole; it abounds with details of unequalled beauty. M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius."—*Quarterly Review*.

XXIX.—BARBARA'S HISTORY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, LL.D.

"It is not often that we light upon a novel of so much merit and interest as 'Barbara's History.' It is a work conspicuous for taste and literary culture. It is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. The dialogues especially sparkle with repartee. It is a book which the world will like. This is high praise of a work of art, and so we intend it."—*The Times*.

XXX.—LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times*.

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. 'Irving's Life' ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XXXI.—ST. OLAVE'S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JANITA'S CROSS."

"This novel is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as experience and knowledge of the world. The whole book is worth reading."—*Athenaeum*.

"St. Olave's" belongs to a lofty order of fiction. It is a good novel, but it is something more. It is written with unflagging ability, and it is as even as it is clever. The author has determined to do nothing short of the best, and has succeeded."—*Morning Post*.

XXXII.—SAM SLICK'S TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

"Dip where you will into this lottery of fun, you are sure to draw out a prize. These 'Traits' exhibit most successfully the broad national features of American humour."—*Post*.

XXXIII.—CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A more charming story has rarely been written. It is a choice gift to be able thus to render human nature so truly, to penetrate its depths with such a searching sagacity, and to illuminate them with a radiance so eminently the writer's own."—*Times*.

XXXIV.—ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"No account of this story would give any idea of the profound interest that pervades the work from the first page to the last."—*Athenaeum*.

"A novel of uncommon merit. Sir Walter Scott said he would advise no man to try to read 'Clarissa Harlowe' out loud in company if he wished to keep his character for manly superiority to tears. We fancy a good many hardened old novel-readers will feel a rising in the throat as they follow the fortunes of Alec and Annie."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

XXXV.—A G N E S.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"'Agnes' is a novel superior to any of Mrs. Oliphant's former works."—*Athenaeum*.

"Mrs. Oliphant is one of the most admirable of our novelists. In her works there are always to be found high principle, good taste, sense, and refinement. 'Agnes' is a story whose pathetic beauty will appeal irresistibly to all readers."—*Morning Post*.

XXXVI.—A NOBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Few men and no women will read 'A Noble Life' without feeling themselves the better for the effort."—*Spectator*.

"A beautifully written and touching tale. It is a noble book."—*Morning Post*.

"'A Noble Life' is remarkable for the high types of character it presents, and the skill with which they are made to work out a story of powerful and pathetic interest."—*Daily News*.

XXXVII.—NEW AMERICA.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

"A very interesting book. Mr. Dixon has written thoughtfully and well."—*Times*.

"We recommend everyone who feels any interest in human nature to read Mr. Dixon's very interesting book."—*Saturday Review*.

XXXVIII.—ROBERT FALCONER.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"'Robert Falconer' is a work brimful of life and humour and of the deepest human interest. It is a book to be returned to again and again for the deep and searching knowledge it evinces of human thoughts and feelings."—*Athenaeum*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XXXIX.—THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'The Woman's Kingdom' sustains the author's reputation as a writer of the purest and noblest kind of domestic stories."—*Athenaeum*.

"'The Woman's Kingdom' is remarkable for its romantic interest. The characters are masterpieces. Edna is worthy of the hand that drew John Halifax."—*Morning Post*.

XL.—ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

BY GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L.

"A racy, well-written, and original novel. The interest never flags. The whole work sparkles with wit and humour."—*Quarterly Review*.

XLI.—DAVID ELGINBROD.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"A novel which is the work of a man of genius. It will attract the highest class of readers."—*Times*.

XLII.—A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"We earnestly recommend this novel. It is a special and worthy specimen of the author's remarkable powers. The reader's attention never for a moment flags."—*Post*.

"'A Brave Lady,' thoroughly rivets the unmingled sympathy of the reader, and her history deserves to stand foremost among the author's works."—*Daily Telegraph*.

XLIII.—HANNAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A very pleasant, healthy story, well and artistically told. The book is sure of a wide circle of readers. The character of Hannah is one of rare beauty."—*Standard*.

"A powerful novel of social and domestic life. One of the most successful efforts of a successful novelist."—*Daily News*.

XLIV.—SAM SLICK'S AMERICANS AT HOME.

"This is one of the most amusing books that we ever read."—*Standard*.

"'The Americans at Home' will not be less popular than any of Judge Halliburton's previous works."—*Morning Post*.

XLV.—THE UNKIND WORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These stories are gems of narrative. Indeed, some of them, in their touching grace and simplicity, seem to us to possess a charm even beyond the authoress's most popular novels. Of none of them can this be said more emphatically than of that which opens the series, 'The Unkind Word.' It is wonderful to see the imaginative power displayed in the few delicate touches by which this successful love-story is sketched out."—*The Echo*.

XLVI.—A ROSE IN JUNE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"'A Rose in June' is as pretty as its title. The story is one of the best and most touching which we owe to the industry and talent of Mrs. Oliphant, and may hold its own with even 'The Chronicles of Carlingford.'"—*Times*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XLVII.—MY LITTLE LADY.

BY E. FRANCES POYNTER.

"This story presents a number of vivid and very charming pictures. Indeed, the whole book is charming. It is interesting in both character and story, and thoroughly good of its kind."—*Saturday Review*.

XLVIII.—PHŒBE, JUNIOR.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"This last 'Chronicle of Carlingford' not merely takes rank fairly beside the first which introduced us to 'Salem Chapel,' but surpasses all the intermediate records. Phœbe, Junior, herself is admirably drawn."—*Academy*.

XLIX.—LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES DUKE YONGE.

"A work of remarkable merit and interest, which will, we doubt not, become the most popular English history of Marie Antoinette."—*Spectator*.

L.—SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"Sir Gibbie" is a book of genius."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"This book has power, pathos, and humour."—*Athenaeum*.

LI.—YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Young Mrs. Jardine" is a pretty story, written in pure English."—*The Times*.

"There is much good feeling in this book. It is pleasant and wholesome."—*Athenaeum*.

LII.—LORD BRACKENBURY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS, LL.D.

"A very readable story. The author has well conceived the purpose of high-class novel-writing, and succeeded in no small measure in attaining it. There is plenty of variety, cheerful dialogue, and general 'verve' in the book."—*Athenaeum*.

LIII.—IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"In 'It was a Lover and his Lass,' we admire Mrs. Oliphant exceedingly. It would be worth reading a second time, were it only for the sake of one ancient Scottish spinster, who is nearly the counterpart of the admirable Mrs. Margaret Maitland."—*Times*.

LIV.—THE REAL LORD BYRON—THE STORY OF THE POET'S LIFE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"Mr. Jeaffreson comes forward with a narrative which must take a very important place in Byronic literature; and it may reasonably be anticipated that this book will be regarded with deep interest by all who are concerned in the works and the fame of this great English poet."—*The Times*.

LV.—THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.

"It is scarcely necessary to sign 'Through the Long Night' for the practised pen of Mrs. Lynn Linton stands revealed on every page of it. It is like so many of its predecessors, hard and bright, full of entertaining reflection and brisk development of plot."—*Saturday Review*.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

Each in One Volume, Frontispiece, and Uniformly Bound, Price 5s

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman; and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand as a gift-book in many households."—*Examiner*.

"The story is very interesting. The attachment between John Halifax and his wife is beautifully painted, as are the pictures of their domestic life, and the growing up of their children, and the conclusion of the book is beautiful and touching."—*Athenaeum*.

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and is full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."—*Scotsman*.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well written, true hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."—*Examiner*.

"These thoughts are worthy of the earnest and enlightened mind, the all-embracing charity, and the well-earned reputation of the author of 'John Halifax'."—*Standard*

"This excellent book is characterised by good sense, good taste, and feeling, and is written in an earnest, philanthropic, as well as practical spirit."—*Post*.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

"We are always glad to welcome this author. She writes from her own convictions, and she has the power not only to conceive clearly what it is that she wishes to say, but to express it in language effective and vigorous. In 'A Life for a Life' she is fortunate in a good subject, and she has produced a work of strong effect. The reader, having read the book through for the story, will be apt (if he be of our persuasion) to return and read again many pages and passages with greater pleasure than on a first perusal. The whole book is replete with a graceful, tender delicacy; and, in addition to its other merits, it is written in good careful English."—*Athenaeum*.

NOTHING NEW.

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day."—*Post*.

"The reader will find these narratives calculated to remind him of that truth and energy of human portraiture, that spell over human affections and emotions, which have stamped this author as one of the first novelists of our day."—*John Bull*.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

"'The Woman's Kingdom' sustains the author's reputation as a writer of the purest and noblest kind of domestic stories. The novelist's lesson is given with admirable force and sweetness."—*Athenaeum*.

"'The Woman's Kingdom' is remarkable for its romantic interest. The characters are masterpieces. Edna is worthy of the hand that drew John Halifax."—*Post*.

STUDIES FROM LIFE.

"These studies are truthful and vivid pictures of life, often earnest, always full of right feeling, and occasionally lightened by touches of quiet genial humour. The volume is remarkable for thought, sound sense, shrewd observation, and kind and sympathetic feeling for all things good and beautiful."—*Post*.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF
JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.
(CONTINUED.)

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.

"A more charming story, to our taste, has rarely been written. Within the compass of a single volume the writer has hit off a circle of varied characters, all true to nature—some true to the highest nature—and she has entangled them in a story which keeps us in suspense till the knot is happily and gracefully resolved; while, at the same time, a pathetic interest is sustained by an art of which it would be difficult to analyse the secret. It is a choice gift to be able thus to render human nature so truly, to penetrate its depths with such a searching sagacity, and to illuminate them with a radiance so eminently the writer's own. Even if tried by the standard of the Archbishop of York, we should expect that even he would pronounce 'Christian's Mistake' a novel without a fault."—*The Times*.

"This is a story good to have from the circulating library, but better to have from one's bookseller, for it deserves a place in that little collection of clever and wholesome stories which forms one of the comforts of a well-appointed home."—*Examiner*.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

"A good, wholesome book, as pleasant to read as it is instructive."—*Athenaeum*.

"This book is written with the same true-hearted earnestness as 'John Halifax.' The spirit of the whole work is excellent."—*Examiner*.

"A charming tale charmingly told."—*Standard*.

A NOBLE LIFE.

"This is one of those pleasant tales in which the author of 'John Halifax' speaks out of a generous heart the purest truths of life."—*Examiner*.

"Few men, and no women, will read 'A Noble Life' without finding themselves the better."—*Spectator*.

"A story of powerful and pathetic interest."—*Daily News*.

A BRAVE LADY.

"A very good novel, showing a tender sympathy with human nature, and permeated by a pure and noble spirit."—*Examiner*.

"A most charming story."—*Standard*.

"We earnestly recommend this novel. It is a special and worthy specimen of the author's remarkable powers. The reader's attention never for a moment flags."—*Post*.

HANNAH.

"A powerful novel of social and domestic life. One of the most successful efforts of a successful novelist."—*Daily News*.

"A very pleasant, healthy story, well and artistically told. The book is sure of a wide circle of readers. The character of Hannah is one of rare beauty."—*Standard*.

THE UNKIND WORD.

"The author of 'John Halifax' has written many fascinating stories, but we can call to mind nothing from her pen that has a more enduring charm than the graceful sketches in this work. Such a character as Jessie stands out from a crowd of heroines as the type of all that is truly noble, pure, and womanly."—*United Service Magazine*.

YOUNG MRS. JARDINE.

"'Young Mrs. Jardine' is a pretty story, written in pure English."—*The Times*.

"There is much good feeling in this book. It is pleasant and wholesome."—*Athenaeum*.

"A book that all should read. Whilst it is quite the equal of any of its predecessors in elevation of thought and style, it is perhaps their superior in interest of plot and dramatic intensity. The characters are admirably delineated, and the dialogue is natural and clear."—*Morning Post*.

LONDON : HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER.’

Each in One Volume, Frontispiece, and Uniformly Bound, Price 5s.

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

“We enjoy our old friend’s company with unabated relish. This work is a rattling miscellany of sharp sayings, stories, and hard hits. It is full of fun and fancy.”—*Athenaeum*.

“Since Sam’s first work he has written nothing so fresh, racy, and genuinely humorous as this. Every line of it tells in some way or other—-instructively, satirically, jocosely, or wittily. Admiration of Sam’s mature talents, and laughter at his droll yarns, constantly alternate as with unabating avidity we peruse the work. The Clockmaker proves himself the fastest time-killer a-going.”—*Observer*.

WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

“This delightful book will be the most popular, as beyond doubt it is the best, of all the author’s admirable works.”—*Standard*.

“The book before us will be read and laughed over. Its quaint and racy dialect will please some readers—its abundance of yarns will amuse others. There is something to suit readers of every humour.”—*Athenaeum*.

“The humour of Sam Slick is inexhaustible. He is ever and everywhere a welcome visitor; smiles greet his approach, and wit and wisdom hang upon his tongue. We promise our readers a great treat from the perusal of these ‘Wise Saws,’ which contain a world of practical wisdom, and a treasury of the richest fun.”—*Morning Post*.

THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFE IN A COLONY.

“By common consent this work is regarded as one of the raciest, truest to life, most humorous, and most interesting works which have proceeded from the prolific pen of its author. We all know what shrewdness of observation, what power of graphic description, what natural resources of drollery, and what a happy method of hitting off the broader characteristics of the life he reviews, belong to Judge Haliburton. We have all those qualities here; but they are balanced by a serious literary purpose, and are employed in the communication of information respecting certain phases of colonial experience which impart to the work an element of sober utility.”—*Sunday Times*.

TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

“No man has done more than the facetious Judge Haliburton, through the mouth of the inimitable ‘Sam,’ to make the old parent country recognise and appreciate her queer transatlantic progeny. His present collection of comic stories and laughable traits is a budget of fun, full of rich specimens of American humour.”—*Globe*.

“Yankeeism, portrayed in its raciest aspect, constitutes the contents of these superlatively entertaining sketches. The work embraces the most varied topics—political parties, religious eccentricities, the flights of literature, and the absurdities of pretenders to learning, all come in for their share of satire; while we have specimens of genuine American exaggerations and graphic pictures of social and domestic life as it is. The work will have a wide circulation.”—*John Bull*.

THE AMERICANS AT HOME.

“In this highly entertaining work we are treated to another cargo of capital stories from the inexhaustible store of our Yankee friend. In the volume before us he dishes up, with his accustomed humour and terseness of style, a vast number of tales, none more entertaining than another, and all of them graphically illustrative of the ways and manners of brother Jonathan. The anomalies of American law, the extraordinary adventures incident to life in the backwoods, and, above all, the peculiarities of American society, are variously, powerfully, and, for the most part, amusingly exemplified.”—*John Bull*.

“In the picturesque delineation of character, and the felicitous portraiture of national features, no writer equals Judge Haliburton, and the subjects embraced in the present delightful book call forth, in new and vigorous exercise, his peculiar powers. ‘The Americans at Home’ will not be less popular than any of his previous works.”—*Post*.

LONDON : HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

WORKS BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Each in One Volume, Frontispiece, and Uniformly Bound, Price 5s.

ADAM GRAEME OF MOSSGRAY.

" 'Adam Graeme' is a story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The plot is cleverly complicated, and there is great vitality in the dialogue, and remarkable brilliancy in the descriptive passages, as who that has read 'Margaret Maitland' would not be prepared to expect? But the story has a 'mightier magnet still,' in the healthy tone which pervades it, in its feminine delicacy of thought and diction, and in the truly womanly tenderness of its sentiments. The eloquent author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in the life, with a delicacy, a power, and a truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Morning Post*.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.

"We have had frequent opportunities of commanding Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library. For neatness, elegance, and distinctness the volumes in this series surpass anything with which we are familiar. 'The Laird of Norlaw' will fully sustain the author's high reputation. The reader is carried on from first to last with an energy of sympathy that never flags."—*Sunday Times*.
" 'The Laird of Norlaw' is worthy of the author's reputation. It is one of the most exquisite of modern novels."—*Observer*.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

"In 'It was a Lover and his Lass,' we admire Mrs. Oliphant exceedingly. Her story is a very pretty one. It would be worth reading a second time, were it only for the sake of one ancient Scottish spinster, who is nearly the counterpart of the admirable Mrs. Margaret Maitland."—*Times*.

AGNES.

" 'Agnes' is a novel superior to any of Mrs. Oliphant's former works."—*Athenaeum*.
"Mrs. Oliphant is one of the most admirable of our novelists. In her works there are always to be found high principle, good taste, sense, and refinement. 'Agnes' is a story whose pathetic beauty will appeal irresistibly to all readers."—*Morning Post*.

A ROSE IN JUNE.

" 'A Rose in June' is as pretty as its title. The story is one of the best and most touching which we owe to the industry and talent of Mrs. Oliphant, and may hold its own with even 'The Chronicles of Carlingford'."—*Times*.

PHŒBE, JUNIOR.

"This last 'Chronicle of Carlingford' not merely takes rank fairly beside the first which introduced us to 'Salem Chapel,' but surpasses all the intermediate records. Phœbe, Junior, herself is admirably drawn."—*Academy*.

LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times*.
"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. 'Irving's Life' ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review*.

LONDON : HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

WORKS BY
GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

Each in One Volume, Frontispiece, and Uniformly Bound, Price 5s.

ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.

"No account of this story would give any idea of the profound interest that pervades the work from the first page to the last"—*Athenaeum*.

"A novel of uncommon merit. Sir Walter Scott said he would advise no man to try to read 'Clarissa Harlowe' out loud in company if he wished to keep his character for manly superiority to tears. We fancy a good many hardened old novel-readers will feel a rising in the throat as they follow the fortunes of Alec and Annie."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The whole story is one of surpassing excellence and beauty."—*Daily News*.

"This book is full of good thought and good writing. Dr. Mac Donald looks in his stories more to the souls of men and women than to their social outside. He reads life and Nature like a true poet."—*Examiner*.

ROBERT FALCONER.

"'Robert Falconer' is a work brimful of life and humour and of the deepest human interest. It is a work to be returned to again and again for the deep and searching knowledge it evinces of human thoughts and feelings."—*Athenaeum*.

"This story abounds in exquisite specimens of the word-painting in which Dr. Mac Donald excels, charming transcripts of Nature, full of light, air, and colour."—*Saturday Review*.

"This noble story displays to the best advantage all the powers of Dr. Mac Donald's genius."—*Illustrated London News*.

"'Robert Falconer' is the noblest work of fiction that Dr. Mac Donald has yet produced."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"The dialogues in 'Robert Falconer' are so finely blended with humour and pathos as to make them in themselves an intellectual treat to which the reader returns again and again."—*Spectator*.

DAVID ELGINBROD.

"A novel which is the work of a man of genius. It will attract the highest class of readers."—*Times*.

"There are many beautiful passages and descriptions in this book. The characters are extremely well drawn."—*Athenaeum*.

"A clever novel. The incidents are exciting and the interest is maintained to the close. It may be doubted if Sir Walter Scott himself ever painted a Scotch fireside with more truth than Dr. Mac Donald."—*Morning Post*.

"David Elginbrod is the finest character we have met in fiction for many a day. The descriptions of natural scenery are vivid, truthful, and artistic; the general reflections are those of a refined, thoughtful, and poetical philosopher, and the whole moral atmosphere of the book is lofty, pure, and invigorating."—*Globe*.

SIR GIBBIE.

"'Sir Gibbie' is a book of genius."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"This book has power, pathos, and humour. There is not a character which is not lifelike. There are many powerful scenes, and the portraits will stay long in our memory."—*Athenaeum*.

"'Sir Gibbie' is unquestionably a book of genius. It abounds in humour, pathos, insight into character, and happy touches of description."—*Graphic*.

"'Sir Gibbie' contains some of the most charming writing the author has yet produced."—*Scotsman*.

"'Sir Gibbie' is one of the most touching and beautiful stories that has been written for many years. It is not a novel to be idly read and laid aside; it is a grand work, to be kept near at hand, and studied and thought over."—*Morning Post*.

LONDON : HUBST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.

STANDARD EDITIONS

EACH IN ONE VOLUME CROWN 8vo—FIVE SHILLINGS.

LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

BY MISS FREER.

"We have read this book with great pleasure, and have no hesitation in recommending it to general perusal. It reflects the highest credit on the industry and ability of Miss Freer. Nothing can be more interesting than her story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Morning Post*.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. 'Irving's Life' ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review*.

THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES DUKE YONGE.

"A work of remarkable merit and interest, which will, we doubt not, become the most popular English history of Marie Antoinette."—*Spectator*.

THE REAL LORD BYRON—THE STORY OF THE POET'S LIFE.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"Mr. Jeaffreson comes forward with a narrative which must take a very important place in Byronic literature; and it may reasonably be anticipated that this book will be regarded with deep interest by all who are concerned in the works and the fame of this great English poet."—*The Times*.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review*.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

"This is a pleasant book for the fireside season, and for the seaside season. Mr. Jeaffreson has, out of hundreds of volumes, collected thousands of good things, adding thereto much that appears in print for the first time, and which, of course, gives increased value to this very readable book."—*Athenaeum*.

FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half-an-hour."—*Standard*.

LONDON : HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED.



Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 001 742 522

DATE DUE

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004

